

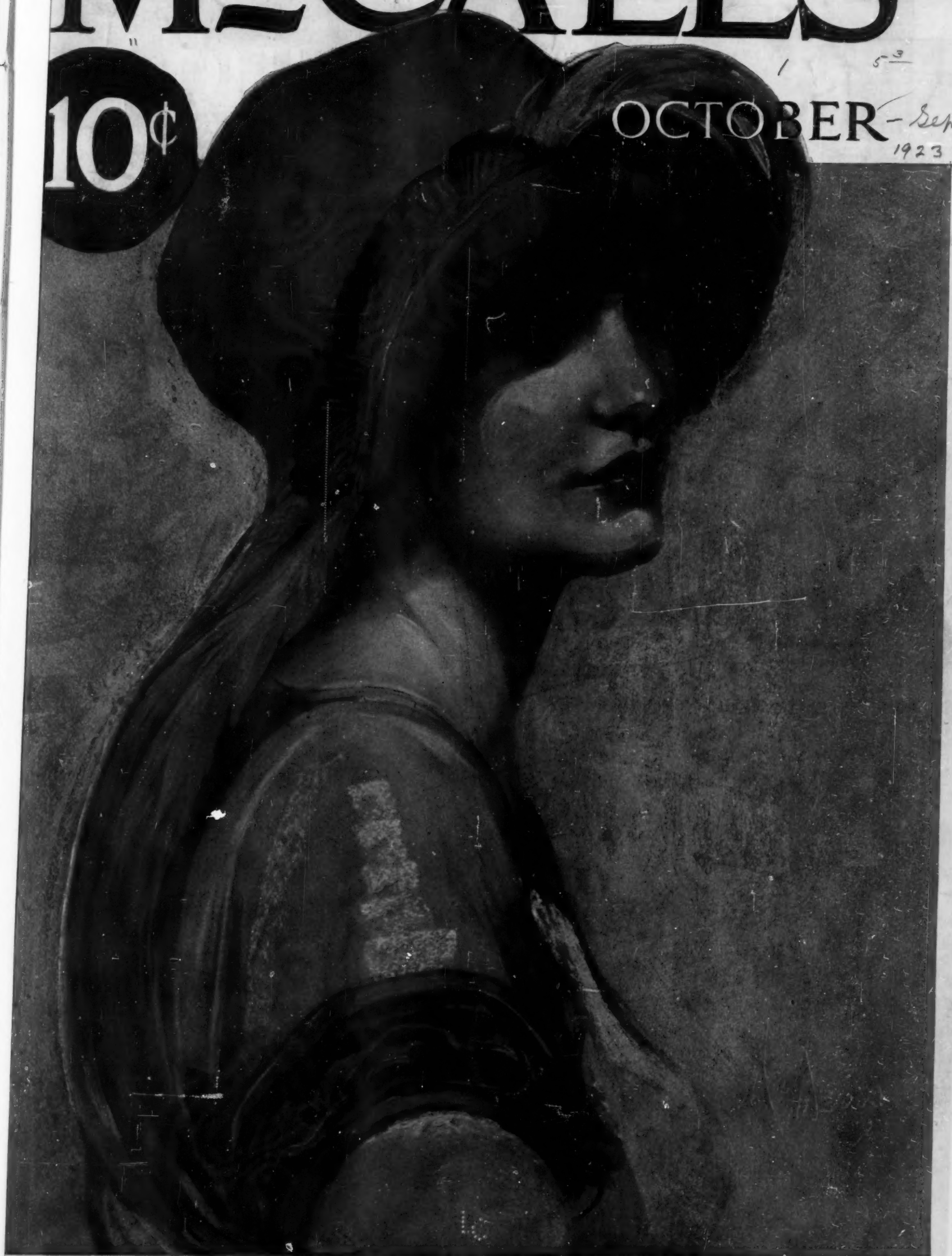
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OCTOBER - Sept  
1923



DOUBLE DOOM by Louis Joseph Vance *Begins in This Issue*

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# Housecleaning

with

## Old Dutch Cleanser

—is easy and  
economical



*Give Old Dutch the run of the house.* From cellar to garret, from garage to front porch, the job will be cleaned up quickly with a saving of time, money and energy.

*Old Dutch is a natural-born cleanser*—a fine, flaky substance, mined out of the earth. It contains no hard, sharp grit and doesn't scratch.

*Its soft, flat flakes erase the dirt* instead of scratching at it as grit does. The surface is left smooth and bright. No dirt is ground in. The things you clean are *cleaner* and last longer.

Use it today; use it every day  
—for every cleaning job.

Old Dutch removes the dirt—not the surface





## As American As Corn . . . . .

WITH the coming of October, the summer fields of green have given way to golden tints of autumn-time, the cribs are bursting with stored grains, the corn is in the shock and the reddened pumpkins lie mellowing along the ground. It is the most typical American scene of all the year, the scene no other country duplicates and which we, conscious of its being quite our own, have elevated to the rank of festival at Hallowe'en. At this time, when everything American seems so finely significant, the Editor wishes McCall's, too, to be a recognizable part of the great American scene, something as distinctly a product of our particular place and time as is our own yellow maize, and with an obviously American tang to every page.

To his mind this means, then, that McCall's shall first and foremost have the spirit of happiness throughout; for America, before all else, is the land where ideals are made manifest and where a true optimism is an integral part of life. He believes that the dwellers on McCall Street are true, sturdy, up-and-coming Americans who know that "God's in His heaven and all's right with the world" and who have no sympathy with the pessimistic view of life that so much modern fiction, spawned in the attics of Greenwich Village, celebrates.

The Editor holds a story does not have to be one of bleak and unrelieved gloom in order to be artistic, and moreover he does not believe that stories steeped in sordidness are truly representative of life, and especially of our American life. He wants to present to McCall Street stories that show our American life as it is and not as if it were being lived under rule of Czar or Bolshevik—American life with all the charm and humor and striving which are inherent in it, and as it is pictured so well from time to time by writers like Booth Tarkington, Gene Stratton-Porter, Kathleen Norris and Robert W. Chambers. In attempting to reflect in McCall's fiction the true America and not a fictitious picture of it, the Editor believes he is performing a patriotic service, for surely we wish the whole world to know that life as lived in America is life lived at its best and at its happiest; that perhaps, eventually, the rest of the world may be persuaded to try our way, too. And if we would not hide our light under a bushel we must see to it that our native fiction reflects truly the beauty of our manner of living, a manner our own and as American as corn.

—The Editor.

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McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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### McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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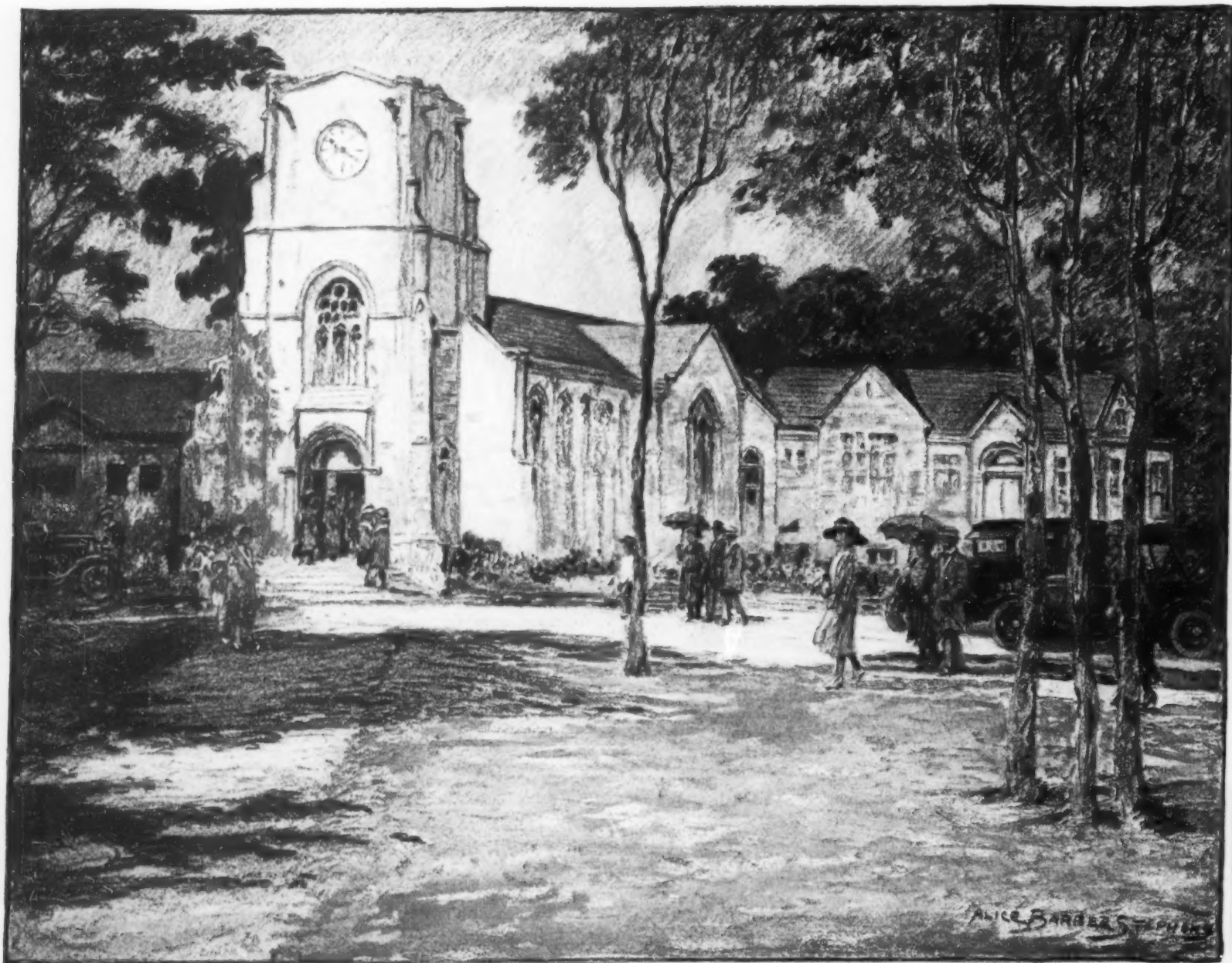
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Vice-President

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.





## Our Churches, Our Schools and Our Colleges

By Gene Stratton-Porter

I HAVE not the statistics at hand to prove how many churches have been built in this country during its life as a nation, but I do know that the number keeps pace with the settlement of new land and the growth of the cities, and I do know that many of the churches in existence today are almost miraculous in the scope of the work they perform and in the spiritual and social opportunities they afford to people. I am not a particular stickler for particular creeds. Any effort at religion is an effort to bring about the brotherhood of man, to save alive the soul of man, a striving to reach the same place by different paths.

As I think over my experience with the church, it seems to me that its recent history falls into three distinct periods. The churches I knew as a child were for everyone, and the poor received special attention. They had the front seats, the warmest places by the fire, the most cordiality shown them, and every unobtrusive effort possible was made for their benefit. In that day everything was more nearly on a level.

The sharp distinction drawn by better educational opportunities and the amassing of great fortunes, occurred in the next period. Then the rich and aspiring built beautiful church edifices and monopolized the desirable portions of them, having special cushioned and carpeted pews. If the poor wanted to slip in, they might take the back seats and the gallery. Highly cultured ministers were hired to tell the people what they wanted to hear, and I could not see much of the love of God or the brotherhood of man apparent in them.

But the war did a great deal toward changing spiritual and social conditions in the whole world, nowhere so markedly as in the churches; and during the past ten years such edifices have been erected for worship as the world never has known before. A church that has an audience room, a Sunday-school room, a kitchen equipped with every modern convenience, and a big reception room for social

### Mrs. Porter Does Another Great Service for Her Native America

IN its resolve to feature native American literature, McCall's has been signally fortunate in enlisting the talents of Gene Stratton-Porter, for this famous and much-beloved author's nature studies and nature novels have the very tang of the American countryside in them. Only a bred-in-the-bone American, steeped early in the frontier life of our country, could have produced them. They smack in every line of our great midwestern corn-lands. But her achievement as the authentic spokesman of primitive American life Mrs. Porter has only now crowned by the publication of "The Fire Bird," a story



of Indian life told in the form of poetic drama. This is destined for a high place in native literature, for in harking back to our rich but neglected Indian folklore, Mrs. Porter will help turn the trend of our writing from European sources to those of our own country. She says that this is only the first of the narrative poems she expects to write, exploiting aboriginal American themes, and McCall's hopes to be able to print some of these writings of Mrs. Porter, because in giving currency to such works we believe we will be performing an inestimable service to this development of a really national literature.

occasions, is ready to meet very nearly any emergency. In my childhood it very frequently occurred that the zeal of a minister far exceeded his knowledge. At the present day ministers are quite as eager as ever they were for the saving of souls, and in addition they are finely cultured along broad, sympathetic lines. The clergy of the United States today is a magnificent body of men; and unceasingly the church is working to educate, to entertain and to uplift.

THERE is one church in rich and prosperous country, forty miles from a city of any size, that is doing unusual things. It stands in a large tract of pleasing ground. There are long buildings for automobiles, teams and carriages. The members gather on Sunday, and hold their morning service and Sunday-school. They bring their well-filled dinner baskets and make a day of it. In the church kitchen coffee is made and anything heated that the members

want to bring. On long tables in the dining-room the feast is spread. In the afternoon there is a love feast or prayer meeting.

At the morning service the pastor attends to the spiritual needs of his flock. At the evening service he looks after their material wants. He conducts experiments and shows the men how to select good seed grain, how to fertilize and how to fight slug and aphids. He discusses with the women the very latest improvements in housekeeping, plans how to install comforts and conveniences in their homes, teaches them how to prepare for the approach of maternity and the care of children. He takes the orders of his congregation, goes to the city and buys at wholesale shrubs, flowers, flower seeds, seed grains and fruit trees. The church provides nurses for maternity cases and for continued illness.

Musicians come from Chicago once a week to teach the youth of the congregation what can be learned of instrumental music and song in community teaching. One night out of the week the young people of the church are given instruction in wood-carving and allied arts.

I have known this pastor to deliver a lecture to the women of his congregation on how to keep their complexions and hands in good order, how to treat their hair, and to take physical exercises for the benefit of their health.

This pastor makes a yearly visit, spending a day, in the home of each member of his congregation. He goes over the house suggesting conveniences and comforts for the women. He plans with the men, examining the stock, the barns, the grain and the fields. He comes closer to the kind of pastor Jesus Christ would have upon earth today than any other one man I ever have known. He probably knows more concerning the mental, moral and physical well-being of his people than any other pastor in the country. If a member of his congregation makes a shady business deal, breaks the laws of the church or the community by working on the Sabbath, or sins against the moral code, punishment

[Turn to page 64]



# The names that every one knows— are in the *Victor* catalog

ALDA	GARRISON	PADEREWSKI
AMATO	GERVILLE-RÉACHE	PATTI
BATTISTINI	GIGLI	PLANÇON
BESANZONI	GILIBERT	POWELL
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GALLI-CURCI	MELBA	ZIMBALIST
	MORINI	

Victor artists are the really great artists of this present generation. Their names are inseparably associated with noteworthy musical performances and their number is constantly increasing. Whenever a new artist of exceptional ability appears, that artist chooses to become identified with the host of world-famed artists whose masterful interpretations are so faithfully portrayed on Victrola instruments and Victor records.

Victrolas \$25 to \$1500. New Victor Records on sale at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.



# Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

**Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey**



Evie Holmes  
Copyright

## Now to brighten up after dusty summer!

Whenever soap comes into contact  
with the skin—use Ivory

Winter ahead!

Down with curtains, off with  
slip-covers and bed-spreads, up with  
rugs!

And—

"Good morning, Mr. Robinson.  
Please send me a half dozen cakes  
of Ivory Soap, laundry size, right  
away."

Curtains! Cretonne, silk, lace—  
all their bright colors and delicate  
traceries grimed by open-window  
fluttering—almost shout with relief  
when they feel the dust and soot  
depart in Ivory's gentle, safe suds.  
No fear of fading or tearing for them!

And Ivory Soap jelly for scouring  
rugs—

Dissolve half a large cake of Ivory,  
shaved in 3 pints of hot water, and

let cool. Scour rugs with a brush,  
dipped in the jelly, and wipe off  
suds with a damp cloth—all the  
colors will be restored. Safe for the  
finest Orientals! For complete di-  
rections see booklet referred to at left.

*Think of being able to use  
economically for such house-  
hold cleaning a soap as fine as  
Ivory—so fine that millions of  
people preserve the softness of  
face and hands with it every  
day.*

Have you ever listed the seven de-  
sirable qualities you think a fine  
soap should have? They would  
probably be:

- |               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1 Purity      | 4 Mildness        |
| 2 Whiteness   | 5 Abundant Lather |
| 3 Fragrance   | 6 Easy Rinsing    |
| 7 "IT FLOATS" |                   |

Ivory Soap has them all.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP



99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE

### This Unique Book —FREE

How to clean a piano, to  
restore grimy uphol-  
stery, to brighten and  
preserve the surface of  
automobiles, to clean  
wicker furniture, to clean  
and revive rugs and mat-  
ting—these and a hun-  
dred other household  
problems are solved for  
you in this book—"Un-  
usual Uses of Ivory  
Soap." FREE, if you  
write to Section 14-J,  
Department of Home  
Economics, The Procter  
& Gamble Co., Cin-  
cinnati, Ohio.

*Ivory Soap comes in  
a convenient size and  
form for every purpose*

#### Small Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo,  
fine laundry. Can be divided in  
two for individual toilet use.

#### Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also  
preferred by many for the bath.

#### Ivory Soap Flakes

Especially for the washbowl wash-  
ing of delicate garments. Sample  
packages free on request to Divi-  
sion 14-J, Dept. of  
Home Economics,  
The Procter & Gam-  
ble Co., Cincinnati,  
Ohio.





# Is Flapperism Making Our Colleges Unsafe for Youth?

Former Professor, Investigating Morals in America's Universities, Answers the Great Question Now Agitating Parents as They Release Their Children from Home Ties

By Lucian Cary

Special investigator for McCall's Magazine, author, editor, and formerly Instructor of English at Wabash College

THE present younger generation is the most startling thing that has happened to these United States since the war. Everybody has attacked its dress, its manners and its morals for two years. But nobody has explained it.

The change in the attitude of young people (and particularly in the attitude of the girl of the period) came spontaneously. It is still only partly conscious and almost inarticulate. But it has now reached the proportions of a revolt—a revolt of action—against the older generation's ideals of conduct. And the adult reaction is still to look aghast while listening to the latest scandal about the young. There is scarcely any attempt to understand what the scandal means.

Even so serious a student of youth as Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the president of Clark University and the author of "Adolescence," is content merely to state the change.

"Never since civilization began," he says in a recent review, "has the girl in the early teens seemed so self-sufficient and sure of herself, or made such a break with the rigid traditions of propriety and convention which have hedged her in. From this, too, it follows that the tension which always exists between mothers and daughters has greatly increased and there now seems to be almost a chasm between successive generations."

Now "chasm" is a good word. It describes effectively the space between the two generations of our day. But it doesn't explain; it doesn't tell why. And it is only possible to deal with a social change when you know the why.

With the intention of going as far as I could toward understanding the younger generation, I have visited some of the great coeducational colleges of the Middle West. I wanted to know

if the charges that are so constantly made against the younger generation are true. I wanted to know just how different the dress and manners and morals of this generation are from those of its predecessors. And then I wanted to know why.

There was a very special reason for choosing western colleges as the place to find out. These colleges are communities of young men and young women—such as do not exist anywhere else in the world. Coeducation is an American invention. Indeed, it is a Western-American invention. No country in Europe—unless it is soviet Russia—has yet dreamed of sending thousands of girls between sixteen and twenty years of age away from home to spend four years on the same campus and in the same classrooms with boys of the same age. I can now remember but one western college of standing that is not coeducational. Throughout the immense region from Pittsburgh to the Pacific, "going to college" means going to a co-educational college.

I went from New York to the Middle West with certain prejudices. I was born on one side of the Mississippi and grew up on the other. I saw the prairie country

and the corn lands and the Rocky Mountains as a boy; but not the Atlantic Ocean. I attended a coeducational state university. I never saw a college to which women were not admitted until I taught in one of the exceptions.

I HAD heard that coeducation had changed its sober habit. I had heard that young men with heads for business no longer worked their way through college as laundry agents, that they had found a more profitable enterprise in bootlegging. I had heard that young women in college not only bobbed their hair and rolled their stockings and smoked cigarettes and kissed promiscuously and turned up their insouciant noses at the ideas and ideals of their mothers, but that they drank the stuff that bootleggers sell. I had heard it from people who thought they knew and who were not in the habit of lying. But I did not really believe it.

When I was in college fifteen or twenty years ago, drinking was perhaps the most universal social diversion among men students. Drinking was not regarded as a serious vice so long as it was masculine. The town was full of saloons. Students sat around these saloons drinking

beer from eight o'clock in the evening until closing time or after. Beer was believed to be "healthful." Of course it was considered entirely inadequate after a football game or in that great release which followed the writing of the mid-year examinations. At such times convention demanded whisky, and the streets were full of drunken students. There was even a fraternity of drunkards, a society to which only those who got drunk congenially and frequently were invited.

The faculty never disciplined a man for drinking unless his drinking led to his arrest by the police. There was only one rule about drinking: the fraternities all forbade their members to bring liquor into their chapter houses, and this rule they rather rigidly enforced.

But, paradoxical as it may seem, the tone of the college was sober and industrious. The community was chiefly composed of young men who took getting an education seriously. And, of course, drinking was practically unknown among the women.

I knew, in four years, of only one co-ed who drank anything containing alcohol, and she disappeared from the university rolls and from the sorority of which she was a member, suddenly and forever.

[Turn to page 49]

They were co-eds  
—the new generation  
I had come  
to see



I had heard that young women in college bobbed their hair and smoked cigarettes

# A Flyer in Glass Slippers

By Fannie Kilbourne

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy



"Till Saturday,"  
said the man.  
"Till Saturday,"  
echoed the girl.

SARAH PENFIELD was one of the writers of advertisements for the Harson Advertising Agency, and after she had helped on two or three campaigns of "atmospheric" advertising, she made a discovery. She did not think of it at first as having any bearing on herself. The discovery was this: One does not need the only good mousetrap or motor car in the world to justify the "atmospheric" method.

She was working on some copy for Van Dell perfume when she arrived at this decision. The picture which was to illustrate the advertisement—done in oil by James R. James, the most highly paid artist ever touching commercial work—was leaning against her desk telephone to serve as inspiration. It showed the slim crystal bottle of Van Dell amidst the expensive, exquisite litter of an actress's dressing table.

"Van Dell," said Sarah thoughtfully to herself, "stacks up as a perfume just about the way I do as a girl."

Van Dell, as a perfume, was a good average domestic make. Sold on its merit alone, it would have had, perhaps, a dozen domestic rivals commanding about the same price, giving about the same satisfaction. But advertised by the Harson Agency by "atmospheric" methods, given a "quality background," it was out-pricing and out-selling the expensive imported brands.

"Stacks up as a perfume just about the way I do as a girl!" Sarah's thoughts repeated suggestively.

It was then, quite naturally, that the big idea came to Sarah Penfield. If the quality background could do so much

for an average perfume, wouldn't it do a good deal for an average girl?

Her eyes, apparently studying the luxury, the shimmer and sheen of the Van Dell picture, were in reality seeing a far less luxurious, less shimmering scene, the illustration of her own next few decades.

"Next January," she thought, "I'll get a raise to forty a week. The next January, I'll get forty-five—maybe. After that, raises come slower. If I can save five hundred dollars a year in, say, twenty-five years, I'd have twenty thousand dollars. That would mean a hundred dollars a month—enough to live on the rest of my life."

SHE looked at the littered dressing table in the Van Dell picture, the gold-backed brushes gleaming in the light of the electric candles.

"Twenty-five years," her thoughts repeated, "of getting up at seven o'clock every morning, of going home at five in the subway jam, of eating lunch at Childs', of trying on thirty-dollar hats and then buying one for eight. Twenty-five years. I'll be nearly fifty then. Then, I could stay up late to dance as many nights a week as I liked without having to worry about what it would do to my work the next day. But I probably won't care much about dancing when I'm fifty."

"Or maybe," Sarah's thoughts went on, "I'll marry somebody and live in a two-family house somewhere in the suburbs, and can my own tomatoes, and get to thinking that only silly people expect any romance in life."

"And all the time," she thought on wistfully, "there are girls who have chinchilla coats while they're still young enough to look pretty in them, girls who can sleep till noon and dance all night while they're still young enough to love dancing. And when these girls come to get married, they marry men—like Harrington Wheeler, for instance."

HARRINGTON WHEELER was part owner of the Van Dell perfumes. He was young, handsome, charming. Sarah knew nothing more than this about him, but he did very well for a symbol of the part of life that does not can its own tomatoes.

He had passed Sarah's desk a score of times, he had been introduced to her, he had even talked to her one day in regard to the shape of Van Dell's new crystal container, but he had never really seen her.

"Any more than the prince would have seen Cinderella if he'd been introduced to her while she was still sitting in the ashes. Cinderella was a raving beauty and yet nobody ever noticed her at all until she had the most beautiful gown in the world and a coach and eight. Then, even if she'd been just an average girl, she would probably have got by all right. That's what her fairy godmother did for Cinderella—just what the Harson Agency did for Van Dell's—gave her a quality background."

"I wonder," Sarah Penfield thought on, "what the quality background right now would do for just an average girl, what it would do for—well, say, for me."

Then for a few minutes she sat looking at the James R. James painting, which, picturing merely the corner of a deserted room, could make one think so unmistakably of cherished femininity, fragrance, beauty.

"I wish," thought Sarah Penfield, "that I had a fairy godmother."

There stood the slender crystal bottle of Van Dell, not a whit better perfume than Clark's or Babson's or Breath-of-the-Garden, yet suggesting just by its subtle background that it was rare, exquisite, different. Sarah looked down at her own dark-blue tricot dress, her wool stockings, neatly darned in the heels, at her serviceable leather handbag lying on the desk, containing her savings-bank passbook, some nickles for the subway turnstiles, the address of a good washwoman, a clean, folded handkerchief.

"My background!" she thought in the argot of her profession. "It classifies me. I'm advertised like a cake of Stanby Soap, 'good for washing the baby or the bathtub, a worksaver for washday, a satisfactory shampoo, an answer to every household need, good to the last scrap. Twelve cakes for a dollar.'"

And all the time the world was full of average girls who seemed rare and exquisite just because they stepped from the sheltered warmth of limousines, average girls who were thought beauties just because they smiled above the soft flattery of sable or ermine.

"I haven't any fairy godmother, but—I have a thousand dollars in the bank!"

This is the way Sarah Penfield's experiment was conceived and born.

WHEN it came to the presenting of herself as a quality product, Sarah Penfield had the advantage of her Harson Advertising Agency experience.

If Sarah had not heard advertising budgets discussed, and seen the bills OK'd, she might have begun her experiment timidly, economically, hunting up a dressmaker who could make over her blue tricot dress, buying a new hat, eating her luncheons in a tearoom.

One thing which her Agency experience had taught her was the value of professional service, expert advice. So her first step was to telephone Miss Bettina Gray, a very successful actress, for whose films the Harson Agency had handled the advertising. Miss Gray remembered Miss Penfield and was glad to answer her appeal.

"Oh, don't go to any shop where they sell ready-mades, my dear!" Her accents were horrified. "Go to Vesey's and have them make you something. Ask for Leontine, and mention my name."

Vesey's occupies a marble-front house in one of the still fairly exclusive east fifties. You ring the door-bell, and a butler, who looks as though he came out of *Alice in Wonderland*, lets you in. You ask for your saleswoman by name and are left to wait in a little mulberry and gold reception room. It is like calling on the daughter of the house.

Sarah felt even the confidence born of a thousand dollars in the bank wilting away like a marcel on a hot afternoon, while she waited for Leontine to appear. Leontine, however, when she did appear, was a young woman of real personality. She had flashing white teeth, an adorable French accent, and a sympathetic way with her. She understood at once what Sarah wanted.

"A frock, dark, plain for the street but a real air it must have, n'est-ce pas?"

[Turn to page 28]



# That Twins Are Destined to Meet a Common Fate

Is the  
Ancient  
Tradition  
Upon  
Which  
That  
Master  
Story-teller,  
Louis Joseph  
Vance,  
Bases  
This, His  
Latest and  
Greatest  
Romance  
of Love  
and  
Mystery



Rodney's cry and the spring with which Angelo found his feet were simultaneous. . . . The latter whipped out a pistol and fired point-blank at his sister

## Double Doom

By Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The Lone Wolf", "The Brass Bowl" and "The Coast of Cockaigne"

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

### Part One

**B**ENEATH one of those skies of immaculate aquamarine which only a New York winter boasts, lilac dusk was shading into violet, golden windows were gaily blossoming in the austere façades of Murry Hill, motor-cars were unclosing yellow orbs to guide them through the heaped drifts of the season's first considerable snowfall—and Rodney Manship was bucking into a bleak headwind that, sweeping down Madison Avenue, stung his ears till they burned and his eyes till they wept.

He discovered at length the legend in letters of gold upon the lightly frosted windows of a corner shop—

#### BAROQUE BROS.

—and with a grunt of relief he steered for the door, and to the cheery salutation of a bell that tinkled overhead, let himself into an atmosphere stuffy with steam heat and

heady with strange scents, musk and myrrh and sandalwood mingling with the indescribable smell of the dust that clings to old, used things.

The shop occupied all the ground floor of a remodeled mansion. Even so, it was too small for the heterogeneous accumulation of objects of more or less debatable virtue which huddled the floor, climbed the walls, and even in part depended by wires and chains from the ceiling, a riot of color, a jumble of forms. Pieces great and small of antique furniture, paintings, tapestries, stands of armor, Oriental as well as Occidental, churchly vestments and secular, squat heathen idols, vases of every shape and sort, glass cases

housing confused collections of curious jewelry and trays of unset gems, tiles mosaics, marbles, bronzes, even ancient books and autographed letters in frames, things that were worthless, things that were priceless, things that were neither, herded into anachronistic and otherwise unnatural promiscuity, from every period and every clime and place.

Here and there odd lamps glimmered, casting freakish shadows that enhanced the illusion of chaos beyond repair. Mr. Manship, peering hither and yon for sign of mortal life, was visited by a fancy that they were less ordinary shadows which he beheld than shades of artists dead and gone, jealously haunting the deathless works of their creation.

Though he found a smile for the conceit, it was not quite sincere. The tintinnabulation of the bell overhead, dying out in spasms, only stressed a silence that seemed to hold a curious quality of suspense. And he was fairly startled to see one of the shadows, as if tardily conjured into life by the final flutter of the bell, detach itself from the back-

ground of rich gloom and move toward him by a devious way through the clutter.

But a reassuring slap-slap of roomy slippers accompanied its progress; and as it drew nearer, the shadow took on the shape and substance of a man of middle-age or more, powerfully made, if overstout in physical decadence, with a rubicund countenance and a cavalier carriage. He might have been Pan turned antiquary—Pan masking in a skull cap set at a rakish angle, shapeless coat of black mohair, and trousers so baggy that one could not have said whether their wearer were stooping or standing erect.

Rings of incalculable value bedizened his fat and grimy fingers. A crocheted necktie of crimson silk was knotted through a circlet of diamonds. Above this rose a head cast in a mold of striking nobility, such as one may see minted on old Roman coins, though its younger beauty had been debased—God knew by what covert indulgences—and there were deep pouches under the bold eyes. The full lips had gone slack, the complexion was mottled beneath a hoary stubble, and the whole was framed in tufts of grizzled hair like an indignant halo.

The young man saluted civilly, "Mr. Baroque?"

"I am Mr. Baroque," said a resonant voice strongly touched with Italian accent, and Rodney caught a whiff of alcoholic breath, "but so is my brother. Which of us do you wish to see?"

"Mr. Aniello Baroque, I believe."

"I am Liborio Baroque. But I will call my brother Aniello if you will be pleased to state the nature of your business."

"I'm not sure I understand it myself," Rodney said cautiously, offering his professional card. "I received a note from your brother this morning, asking me to call and advise him on a personal matter."

"A personal matter?" Liborio Baroque repeated thoughtfully. "A personal matter!"

**B**UT evidently the shrewd eyes studied the eyes of candor only to persuade the Italian that to try to pump Rodney would be waste of time. And he shrugged and led the way to the back of the shop.

Here, in a sort of office contrived by fencing off with desks and show-cases the recess of a bay-window, he unhooked a flexible speaking-tube and blew into the mouth-piece. After a moment the mouthpiece responded with an asthmatic wheeze, whereupon the Italian confided to it several words in his native tongue. Then he replaced the tube, and with a smile of singular charm addressed himself anew to Rodney.

"My brother will be here in one minute, signor."

"Thank you."

"The day is cold, yes?" Baroque grasped the neck of a decanter on a console nearby. "Perhaps a drop to warm you up—?"

"No, thank you very much."

"A great pity," the Italian commented amiably. "One is averse to drinking alone."

Nevertheless, drink alone he did, and that with great gusto; and while he was thus engaged his brother entered the shop by way of a masked door in the rear wall.

The appearance of this gentleman was to Rodney a cause of genuine astonishment—he was so like Liborio Baroque yet so unlike him. Physically, at least, he was all that Liborio was not, all that he must have been before the insidious corruption of the spirit had sealed the flesh with its ineffable stamp. Feature for feature, gesture for gesture, the two were the same yet weirdly not the same; as if Satan had fashioned Liborio in impish caricature of God's handiwork made manifest in Aniello; or as if Aniello were Liborio reflected in some mirror of generous magic.

Liborio's insinuating smile was in Aniello, ingratiating; the hand that clasped Rodney's was firm and cordial, the voice that welcomed him had all the vibrancy of Liborio's but its modulations had none of the subtle suavity which characterized the other.

Rodney made shift to introduce himself, but for the life of him he could not help looking wittlessly from brother to brother. And observing this, Aniello laughed frankly.

"It is true," he answered Rodney's thought, "we are much alike in more ways than one, Liborio and I, in more than looks alone."

"A cross which each bears with due humility," Liborio interposed with affected urbanity.

"Still, it is not so strange, seeing we are twins."

"Really?"

"Born in the same hour—"

"As we shall die," Liborio intoned in a voice like a tolling bell.

Aniello lifted an indulgent eyebrow.

"But if you will be good enough to come to my study, Mr. Manship, we can discuss my business without fear of being interrupted by casual customers."

"Or your dearly beloved brother," Liborio amended.

"Certainly, Mr. Baroque."

"Barocco, if you don't mind," Aniello corrected pleasantly. And at this Liborio uttered a short, derisive laugh. "It's true, the firm style is Baroque, but only because we found your Anglo-Saxon tongues had trouble pronouncing the family name we brought from Italy, Barocco; which, as you of course know, is Italian for 'baroque.'"

"Meaning," Liborio volunteered, "—if one may trust your English dictionaries—*odd, fantastic, bizarre, grotesque, in corrupt taste*." Ah, well! Who knows? If it comes to that, who cares? Let Aniello remain Barocco, if it pleases him; me, I am well content to be Baroque!"

By way of an exceptionally stout door of steel plates fitted with a massive lock and bolts, Aniello Barocco ushered Rodney into the entrance-hall of another house altogether, a dwelling of modern type adjoining the rear of the premises occupied by the antique shop.

This hall, purely Italian in character, with its floor of black and white tiles, its ceiling beamed and its walls panelled in hand-wrought oak, was furnished simply but charmingly with substantial old Italian pieces. Through a great front door of plate glass and iron grille a glimpse was visible of the snow-bound crostown street.

Through it, too, in that same instant, there entered a blast of icy air and a young man in a beautiful fur-lined coat and in an ugly temper; a singularly handsome boy, unmistakably Italian, with oval face, regular features and olive coloring; but for traces of effeminacy in both face and body—he was as slender and graceful as an adolescent girl—precisely what Aniello must have been at his age.

Stopping short at sight of Barocco and his guest, the young man favored them with a truculent scowl and no sign of recognition whatever, while Aniello addressed him in accents of patience and affection; but since he spoke in Italian, Rodney could not understand. Neither was the reply intelligible as to its content, though no one could have been



Rodney heard Francesca call out in terror, and looked round to see her bending

mistaken about the angry defiance with which it was delivered.

Then the cub shrugged out of his overcoat, tossed it with his hat and stick upon a table, and ran lightly up the stairs. And Barocco showed Rodney a twisted grimace of apology.

"My son, Angelo," he said simply, but his voice was melancholy.

A wave of his hand invited Rodney to precede him on the stairs.

On the second floor Aniello led the way into the library, made his guest comfortable in a club chair, offered him cigars and cigarettes, and to insure privacy, closed the folding doors to the drawing-room.

"You are a younger man than I expected, Mr. Manship," he said, seating himself at his desk. "Your father?"

"He died shortly after I was admitted to the bar," Rodney explained. "I looked up the records, when I got your note, and found that father had handled a case for you several years ago."

"And won it," Barocco added. "I am sorry, Mr. Manship. . . . But as to the business I wished to discuss with you: it is simple, merely the making of my will—a duty in which I have been inexcusably negligent."

"But in good company, sir. Most men put off making their wills till it's too late; the few who remember in time do so, as a rule, only in the shadow of death. But I'm happy to think such is not the case—"

"No," Barocco agreed. "As for my health, I must confess it is excellent. Still, one grows conscious that one is getting along. My son is twenty and already, he assures me, quite able to take care of himself without advice. That makes one think."

"You have no other children?" Rodney inquired.

"One other, Angelo's twin sister, Francesca."

"Truly?"

"You find that surprising?"

"Why, I presume it isn't, really; still, I don't think I ever heard of a father, himself a twin, having twin children."

"And yet—Heaven knows why!—in the history of my family twins have been rather a common occurrence."

"I should think twins would be rather jolly—company for each other."

"Such is the general attitude, I know. But with us it is otherwise. We Barocci are a superstitious people, and the family tradition runs that of twins always one will turn out to be 'baroque.' Regard, for example, my own children: Francesca is better than gold, while Angelo—!"

**B**AROCCO lifted eloquent eyes to the ceiling, and sighed from his heart. "The boy is already out of hand. His mother, who died two years ago, had a little influence with him; but for me he cares nothing, nothing! That, indeed, is what made me think of my will; for I know it would not be well for Angelo to let him have too much money to amuse himself with. But if you will be kind enough to take notes, I will tell you what I have in mind."

From one of the drawers of his desk he took a steel dispatch-box and from this in turn several documents, birth and marriage certificates, naturalization papers, and the like. These and his general statement enabled Rodney to piece together a simple chapter of family history.

The Barocci, it appeared, had for generations been folk of some consequence in Naples, where Aniello and Liborio had been born in 1864. In '84 the brothers had emigrated to America rather suddenly and (this Rodney surmised, more from what Aniello didn't say than from what he did) because of some escapade of Liborio's. Settling in New York, they had established their present business and had prospered.

Liborio had remained single, but Aniello had, in '95, married Mary Louise Oliphant, an Englishwoman of good family. The twins, Francesca and Angelo, had been born in 1900, and their mother had died seventeen years later.





beneath the weight of her father. . . . Aniello Baroque had collapsed in her arms

Figures were lacking, but the several properties and interests which Aniello had to bequeath made a considerable estate. Setting aside legacies to old servants, and a trust fund to be established to pay Angelo a modest annuity, everything was to go to the girl Francesca.

"There," Barocco rounded off the conference, "I think you have it all. But wait: have I perhaps overlooked somebody?"

"Your brother?" Rodney suggested.

"Liborio? No: I have not forgotten him. I will tell you something which you may think strange, Mr. Manship. It would be idle to leave anything to Liborio, for the reason that he will not survive me."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"I know what I know. So does Liborio. You heard him, I believe."

"Why, I do seem to recall his saying something or other—"

Here Barocco interrupted sharply, lifting a hand to enjoin silence while he turned an attentive ear and troubled eyes toward the folding doors; and Rodney realized that for some minutes he had been subconsciously aware of a rumor of voices in the drawing-room, a murmur in monotonous which, of a sudden, had risen to a keen pitch of passion—a man's voice and a woman's beating against each other in bitter dispute.

With a worried hiss of breath indrawn between shut teeth, Barocco thrust back his chair. Simultaneously, in the room beyond the folding doors, a woman cried out loudly, but seemingly in anger more than in fear, while the voice of the man dropped an octave to the inarticulate snarl of an enraged beast.

It was as ugly a sound as Rodney had ever heard from human lips, that snarl, and it brought him up in quick alarm. Even so, and for all his years, Aniello proved the quicker, and had thrown open the doors before the younger man was fairly out of his chair. But Rodney came abreast of him as he stood transfixed by the scene thus disclosed.

Against the glow of a lamp in the farthest corner of the drawing-room two figures stood and swayed in silhouette, locked in combat. The light was insufficient, only by their dress was it possible to distinguish that they were man and woman; for the latter wore a toque of the mode and a voluminous wrap of fur.

The man was evidently the aggressor; that first glimpse showed him viciously forcing the fight, the efforts of the woman being solely to free her throat from his strangling hands. And in this she was abruptly successful. With an amazing display of strength and spirit she broke his grasp, and at one and the same time flung him off and tripped him. He fell sprawling, but before his back touched the floor, with the agility of a cat, he rebounded and flew back to the attack.

A blow from the shoulder that would have done credit to a professional pugilist stopped this second onslaught. In mid-stride the man checked, his head flying back to the sound of a stinging crack, and in the twinkling of an eyelash toppled and collapsed upon himself, then lay still.

The woman fell back a pace or two, nursing bruised knuckles and watching the shape on the floor with dilate eyes in a face pale and tense with excitement.

And then, as the light from the library revealed her features, though he had never seen her before, Rodney knew her for Francesca Barocco. He could hardly be mistaken; nobody could so closely resemble the boy who had passed him in the entrance-hall but that boy's twin sister.

As for Angelo, it was he who lay motionless at Francesca's feet.

FROM first to last what they witnessed of the quarrel passed off so swiftly that neither of the men in the doorway could have lifted a hand to interfere even had surprise not held them spellbound.

The felling of Angelo put an end to that. He had hardly dropped before Barocco went into action all at once, making for his daughter with long strides, carving the air with wild

gesticulations, haranguing her in accents of aggrieved remonstrance.

The girl either didn't hear at first or didn't care to hear. Aniello's tirade assailed her as ineffectually as a torrent dashes against a rock that blocks its channel.

At length, however, she roused and looked around to her father with such a look as one may wear on waking from a vivid dream. And after another moment the sense of his expostulations came home to her, her eyes lost their dazed fixity, her features their strained immobility, and returning color began to tint the warm olive pallor of her cheeks.

"But you saw!" she cut in impatiently. "You saw what he was doing—or trying to do—though I was beforehand with him there, thank God! Why shouldn't I have struck back, defended myself?"

Her voice was of contralto quality, her English perfectly inflected; while her readiness in employing that tongue suggested that it was as instinctive a choice with her as Italian had been with her father. It served, moreover, to divert Barocco's protests into English.

"But why? You must have said something to provoke him—"

"Provoke him!" Francesca laughed contemptuously. "Of course I did. It always provokes Angelo to be found out, doesn't it?"

"What, then, did you say?"

The girl lifted to Barocco's face a gaze grave with a significance illegible to Rodney.

"Merely that I knew what he had done last night—what you have so long feared."

Barocco winced, and horror echoed in his voice: "He has become novice, he has taken the vows?"

The girl inclined her head.

"Madonna mia! You shall not say such things unless you are sure! How can you know—?"

"Is there anything he can keep hidden from me that I care to know? Or must you have more proof than this, that Angelo swore to kill me before I could tell you? You saw him try."

"Misericordia! Your own brother, my own son!"

"Are you still pitying him?"

"But consider the sadness, the pity of it, that you two, born of one mother in the same hour—!"

"It was not I who first forgot that."

"Look out!"

THE warning came from Rodney, who to this point had followed the dialogue between father and daughter with a natural interest so complete as to render him as unmindful as they of Angelo.

But of a sudden he had become aware that the boy was stealthily pulling himself together and rising. And one glimpse of that face with its staring eyes fixed upon Francesca, its features distorted in a grimace of mortal hatred, had been enough.

Rodney's cry and the spring with which Angelo found his feet were simultaneous, but so quick was the latter that not one of the others had begun to grasp what was towards when he whipped out a pistol and fired point-blank at his sister.

Haste alone could have betrayed his hand at that little distance. The stunning report reverberated from wall to wall and back again, across the room a vase upon a pedestal dissolved into fragments—but Francesca stood unharmed.

As if galvanized by the shot, Barocco in a bound came between the two, and in frantic accents implored and adjured Angelo to put away his weapon. But all the response he got was a flourish of the pistol with a curt injunction to stand aside and be quick about it or take the consequences.

Here Rodney provided a diversion by moving toward Angelo. A sign with the pistol and a murderous look stopped him, and he waited, only edging closer with almost imperceptible footwork, while Barocco, standing unmoved between death and his daughter, levelled an admonitory hand and in a tone singularly tragic uttered perhaps a dozen words in Italian.

On the last word his arm fell, he dropped his chin upon his chest and, to the unbounded amazement of Rodney, deliberately stepped aside and left the girl completely exposed.

Even more confounding was the result of this manœuvre. Watching Angelo narrowly, weighing the chances of losing his life in a sudden flank attack, Rodney saw consternation replace madness in the boy's eyes, and passion ebb swiftly from his countenance, leaving it a blanched field for the play of enervating emotions—doubt, disquietude, dread, all culminating in a seizure of panic terror.

Rodney closed in quickly; but the hands with which he seized the boy worked his will against no resistance, the weapon was yielded to him with a readiness which suggested that Angelo would have dropped it of his own accord in another instant.

Disarmed, he gave a broken cry, low and incoherent, and lifting a tremulous hand like a sign of exorcism between him and his sister, ran stumbling from the room.

Throwing a hasty word to his daughter, Barocco followed.

Alone with the girl, Rodney stood eying her dubiously, keen to question her, hindered by all manner of reasonable misgivings. Nothing encouraged him in the regard which she bent upon him when the bang of the hall door left her free to regain her accustomed composure—if she had ever lost it!

No lack of poise was visible. On the contrary, she appeared to be, no doubt was, far more at ease and in command of herself than he. Certainly nobody could have guessed she had recently fought for her life there in that quiet drawing-room, where only the shards of the shattered vase and the acrid smell of burnt powder remained to tell of the peril she had escaped.

But how the deuce *had* she escaped it? What magic formula had Aniello Barocco pronounced to bring that mad fool to his senses?

Rodney bowed, and smilingly proffered the pistol.

"Perhaps you'd be good enough to take charge of this, Miss Barocco. I'd be glad to see it in safe hands."

"Thank you." The girl coolly took the weapon and dropped it into a pocket in her wrap. Her self-possession remained, but she permitted perplexity to knit a faint pucker between delicately arched brows.

"Please," she said directly, "who are you?"

"Pardon: my name is Rodney Manship. Your father called me in on a matter of business. You see, I'm a lawyer."

Dismay or something nearly resembling it widened the girl's eyes. "A lawyer!" And stepping close to Rodney placed an insistent hand upon his sleeve.

"To make his will!"

It was a statement more than an inquiry, and one to which Rodney had no right to say yes or no. And as he hesitated, seeking a serviceably ambiguous reply, the pressure





Angelo Baroque, twin brother

of her fingers grew more pleading.

"But you won't tell Angelo, you won't let him know—!"

"He shall learn nothing from me."

"If he should, I daren't think what might happen!"

"He does seem rather—shall we say temperamental?"

"Temperamental!" The girl mocked the term with a laugh short and mirthless. She looked grave. "Angelo is a devil. Oh, it's true! I know him—as nobody else

knows him, I know Angelo. Some day if I'm not careful, he'll murder me in one of his rages. He would have done so just now, if he hadn't been afraid."

"He didn't seem afraid to try—"

"No, not till father reminded him that, if he did kill me, he would die himself."

Rodney wasted a moment in a wondering stare. Then, "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I see what you mean, fear of the electric chair."

Francesca shook her head. "That wasn't what frightened Angelo. Fear of the law would never influence him, he has too much conceit in his own cleverness."

"Then, what, in the name of reason, did?"

"Why, of course, because we're twins."

She seemed to think she had made everything clear, and betrayed some impatience when Rodney confessed himself still at a loss.

"Don't you know twins always die at the same time?—that one never survives the other by more than a day?"

"I am acquainted with the superstition, naturally, but—"

"Call it superstition if you like: we know it to be a fatal fact. There have been several twins in our family, and always they have died on the same day. So we know that when father dies, my uncle will—that when I die, Angelo must."

At this juncture, Barocco returned with a sombre countenance; and running to him, the girl threw herself into his arms. He held her close, gently patting her shoulder, murmuring words of reassurance and endearment.

"Well?" she queried anxiously.

Barocco lifted and let fall the hands of despair.

"What did he say?"

"He would not listen. He took his hat and coat and left the house to go back—to them!"

The girl gave a cry of protest: "Ah, no, no!"

"Where else should he turn when he leaves my roof? We know that he has gone to them, God forgive him!"

"And help us!" Francesca prayed.

THUS it came to pass that Rodney Manship took home with him that night more to make him thoughtful than memoranda of the wishes of Aniello Barocco concerning the testamentary parceling of his property.

Leaving all else out of account, there was food enough for wonder in that double mystery of consanguinity. How, out of that closest of all relationships in nature, could two beings have come as unlike in all but the superficial flesh as Aniello with his simple dignity and gentleness, and that swaggering blade, his twin brother? Or that passionate boy with his face of a faun and the cool, contained young woman who was his twin sister—with her face of fatality!

The purity of its beauty alone would have made that face memorable, but what rendered it unforgettable was the brooding loveliness of dark eyes sweetly grave and remote, with a look of mystery and melancholy. One or two women in an age are set apart by that look. They are greatly loved, they suffer greatly. But rarely Life is kind, and Love comes at last.

Not unnaturally Rodney put aside more important matters in favor of the will, and the third evening found him once more in the library with Barocco. But Francesca was not in evidence, and her father found no reason to mention her until Rodney ventured to delay his departure with a discreet amenity.

Miss Barocco was well, he hoped. She had suffered no ill effects from the—ah—excitement of the other evening?

"If Francesca were upset by every quarrel with Angelo she would have to spend most of her time recovering. But she is above that. A noble nature, generous and forgiving." Barocco sighed heavily,—"as noble as Angelo is—otherwise. Unhappy boy!"

"I wonder if you'd mind telling me just what you said to make him give up that gun without a struggle."

"I told him not to forget Francesca was his twin sister, that he couldn't kill her without committing suicide."

"And he believed that!"

"Why not? He knows my grandfather and his brother, who were twins, died simultaneously; and so did my aunt and her twin sister."

"Odd! I'd heard the thing talked about, of course, but never imagined anybody took it seriously."

"There are many odd things in life, Mr. Manship, we must take seriously, the psychic affinity between twins not least among them. Haven't you noticed how they're seldom happy out of each other's sight? It is so with Liborio and me, for example."

"It's like that with my children. Angelo left us that night meaning never to return; he has stood it out nearly three days, now the necessity to be near his sister brings him back, nothing else. I've just had a telephone message that he is on his way home."

## Here are the Five Fascinating Characters Whose Remarkable Adventures Will Hold You Enthralled Throughout the Installments of This Tale of DOUBLE DOOM

"And Miss Barocco—has she been unhappy in his absence?"

"Probably not so much as Angelo, but more than she let me see. She has great strength of character, great fortitude of soul. She is more keen mentally, too, and has other gifts denied her brother. She can read his mind in a measure, but he cannot read hers. That's one reason why he resents and hates her so; because he's afraid of her intuitions. But he hasn't the strength to keep away."

As Rodney lingered on the doorstep, drawing on his gloves and making up his mind whether to walk home by way of Madison Avenue or Fifth, a venerable ark of a taxicab rocked round the corner and drew up at the curb. From it emerged Angelo.

Still clothed as on their first encounter, he might have been sleeping in his garments ever since, so wrinkled were they and out of shape.

Uncertain recognition flickered in the dull eyes that rested on Rodney, nothing more; and Rodney made off, unaware of the fact that Angelo had suddenly remembered him and was favoring the view of his back with a scowl of spite and distrust.

Because Aniello Barocco, his will once drawn and ex-



Their father, Aniello Baroque and his twin brother, Liborio

ecuted, seemed to consider the incident closed, Rodney wasted many an hour trying to devise some pretext for reintroducing himself in any easy, natural fashion to the ken of Barocco's daughter. But one everlasting week, had been lost out of life irretrievably when events took a turn favorable to his desires, and yet another wintry nightfall brought him back to the house adjoining the antique shop of Baroque Brothers.

The aged Italian manservant who answered his ring averred that Signor Aniello Barocco was not at home.

But Miss Barocco, perhaps—?

Desolatingly it appeared that the signorina likewise was abroad. For all that, there was no knowing when she or her father might return, if the signor cared to come in and wait—

Rodney said that he wouldn't come in, he'd just step into the shop and have a look round, if the servant would be good enough to let Mr. Barocco know. . . .

It was an hour later than the time of his first visit, and that much darker. The warning tinkle of the little bell was like an open sesame to some cavern of enchanted gloom permeated with the exotic warmth and fragrance of Arabian nights;



And Rodney Manship whose fate was determined by the doom of the Baroque twins

merely to penetrate its portals was to experience a sense of adventuring across a magic threshold into a realm of wonders where anything was possible but commonplace.

As had not been the case on that former occasion, there were several customers in evidence, revealed by the inadequate illumination as vague shapes of shadow wandering in a labyrinth of shadows. The light of a closely shaded lamp showed the portly and florid Liborio

at a counter near the door, displaying trays of jewelry to a pretty customer. Seeing Rodney come in, he cocked a genial eye his way, nodded, and waved a casual hand as who should say: "Make yourself at home, my friend, but wait your turn!"

So for twenty minutes or more Rodney humored his whim unhindered, prowling and coveting, till unexpectedly an idle turn round a screen of burning cinnabar brought him to the door that communicated with the Barocco home, at the precise instant when it was flung violently open to admit Francesca or her living image.

The face of fatality had so long held first place in his thoughts that it never occurred to Rodney to question the likeness until, hat in hand and heart in mouth, his lively smile was met and withered by a glare of chill hostility.

Then seeing how he had been misled, by the very eagerness of his desire as much as by the wretched lighting, he clapped his hat back on his head and, redening, began to blurt excuses.

"Oh, pardon, Mr. Barocco. I thought—I mean to say—"

"Well—now you see your mistake—what do you want?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"What are you doing here? What do you want?"

"Why," Rodney explained with his most winning smile, "I just dropped in to see how unmannerly you could be without excuse. And now you have demonstrated so handsomely, permit me to bid you good day!"

He bowed mockingly and swung on a heel.

"One moment!" In a cat-like bound Angelo planted himself in Rodney's way. "If you're waiting to see my father, I'll give him your message—"

"You're really too good. Besides, I haven't said I wanted to see your father."

"Well, if you're sticking round in hope of seeing my sister, let me tell you—"

"Your sister will speak for herself, thank you, Angelo."

Cool, amused accents pronounced the interruption; Francesca stood beside them, having entered a moment after Angelo. And the wonder with which Rodney realized anew the warm carnation of her face, aglow from the sharp air and, framed in dark furs, lovelier even than in his dreams, blotted out of mind all the graceful speeches he had prepared against such a meeting as this. He was able only to stammer feebly when, with a friendly smile, she gave him a gloved hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Manship. You mustn't mind Angelo; he can't help being himself, he's so young—so young I never can explain how it happens he's my twin brother. You wanted to see father? He'll be home directly, I'm sure. Do come in and let me give you tea while you wait."

Utterly disconcerted, his slender, effeminate body quivering, his features working nervously, Angelo made no offer to accompany them, but remained rooted in chagrin, glaring at the doorway through which they disappeared.

The girl's casual and tolerant manner changed sharply enough, once she and Rodney were alone in the entrance hall.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Manship. Angelo grows more hopeless every day."

"It doesn't matter, Miss Barocco. I understand."

"But—that's just it—you don't, really. I can't explain, either. It's a family secret—the skeleton in our cupboard. And yet I must make you understand somehow, he's dangerous, really dangerous. And if I might ask a favor—"

"I can't think of anything you couldn't ask of me!"

"To avoid Angelo as much as possible—"

"I'll do my best, though I doubt if there'll be another occasion."

"Thank you." The words were pale beside her smile.

"And now"—she turned to the staircase—"let's have tea. I've been walking, and I'm famished."

The tea service was ready upon a table in one corner of the drawing-room, beneath the standing lamp; a ring brought the manservant with boiling water.

"But I wonder," Rodney suggested, watching the girl busy herself with the cups,—"yes, please, two, and cream—I wonder if you're wise. I mean, about your brother. If you ask me, what you said to him just now—or the way you said it—annoyed him far more than I had."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Angelo. I can manage him. It's Angelo who is afraid of me, you know. I can say and do what I like; he daren't touch me."

"He forgot that once; he may again."

"No fear." She laughed lightly. "Besides, it's either the attitude I adopt, or give in to him altogether. But," she added, giving Rodney his cup, "let's talk of happier things. Father, for instance. I'm sorry he's late."

"I've got something to tell Mr. Barocco," he said.

"I don't know that it's important enough—and yet it's

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Of the beautiful Francesca





Suddenly the tears rained down Madge's face. "Margot, I can't let this go on in quite this way!"

## The Last Cartridge

By Inez Haynes Irwin

Illustrated by George E. Wolfe

**T**HE worst thing about this bringing up of a daughter, Hugh," said Mrs. Delcevere to Captain Varick, "is that it's never finished. You cope with one problem; vanquish it, banish it; lean back to take a long breath—and, behold, another pops up."

"What's the present problem?" Hugh Varick asked. His tone was idle, but his eye held hers with a curious insistence.

"Oh there appears to be no problem at present," Madge Delcevere responded. "That's why I'm sure there is one. It always catches you unawares." An aspect of calm seemed to give the lie to this pessimistic certainty; and she proceeded in a tone which, for equability, matched her mood. "At present she's playing like any other eighteen-year-old girl. She's on the tennis court all day. There's a group of them training for the Minto Club tennis tournament, and Rodney Stewart is coaching them. I never saw her so absorbed and concentrated. She is out of the house, racquet in hand, the instant she's swallowed her coffee."

"Margot plays a very good game," Hugh declared slowly. He seemed about to add something to this comment. But evidently he thought better of it, for he said nothing.

"Yes, and Rodney Stewart is doing a lot for her. She seems to enjoy him very much. Amusing how young he's kept. I haven't seen him for years; but Margot speaks of him in the same terms in which she speaks of the boys of her own age."

**C**AN the force of a mother's love save her flapper daughter from the evils of her own jazz-mad generation?

Inez Haynes Irwin, who created the famous Phoebe and Ernest stories, in "The Last Cartridge," has added another brilliant story to her series of unsurpassed studies of adolescence.

The ever-fascinating conflict between the successive generations is here revealed as it develops between a young widow and her lovely but headstrong daughter, whose life is as syncopated as the music she dances to.

This time Hugh Varick had the appearance of starting to say one thing and of concluding by saying another. "It's a case of arrested social development. Lillian's invalidism has left him at the point where she married him. Curious situation he's in. He has the privileges of both the bachelor and the married man with the disabilities of neither."

"I'm glad to leave her in the care of a member of my generation," Madge murmured. "Again, when it comes to the difficulties of being a mother, I can't tell you how I lean on my generation."

She paused and looked about the grounds which so charmingly framed the gray sandstone bulk of the big Delcevere house. Birds were arrowing about their airy household business, punctuating the summer silence with brief notes that were like acid dropped in cream. Her eyes followed the flight of an agitated robin. "This summer I've almost envied the birds—their way is so much simpler. After the fledglings have learned to fly, the parent birds turn them out of the nest and forget them. But we poor humans cannot even bring ourselves to release the nestlings—much less forget them."

Outside an approaching motor-car began a violent honking hullabaloo, protracted it. The noise brought her back abruptly. "It does seem as though that sort of thing were unnecessary," she remarked. "As if there weren't enough— Just see how they're keeping it up. They're

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*Out of those mutilated wastes, where axe or fire or both have passed, unguided by knowledge or common sense, are*

**A** TREELESS nation is a decadent nation. When the forests of a country are neglected the mental and moral health of the inhabitants begins to decline.

Nations made treeless by the hand of man are dying nations. Nations which once were great and which no longer count are those the forests of which have been ruthlessly exterminated.

No matter what political cataclysm has overtaken and submerged peoples whose governments foster and care for forests, their potency remains, their vigor still endures, their racial resurrection is certain.

Take a map of the world and look upon the peoples who gradually are perishing. Those doomed lands are treeless. They are nations which, once mighty, have become negligible.

Neither in industry, nor in science, nor in art do they now contribute anything vitally constructive or creative. In the councils of world races—save for a feeble, peevish and purely selfish cry—they do not utter any sound. Theirs is the drowsy dream of glories past. Theirs is the sunset—golden still—that edges night, and the false, reflected light of night, and the unstirred silence of racial annihilation.

Once there were trees in Spain. Once China grew vast forests.

So scepters pass.

Without trees there would be little, perhaps no human life on this planet. There would be little life at all, possibly none.

It is the leaf that enables us to eat and drink. Only through the laboratory of the living leaf is our nourishment prepared, directly or indirectly. The green leaf gives us oxygen for our lungs, and uses what carbon dioxide we expel. Our food is partly mineral. We should die for lack of it unless predigested for us by vegetation.

The living leaf prepares food for man and cooks it by sunshine.

Our food and raiment begin in the living leaf. The leaf enables us to drink. There would be little sweet water

in the world—little rain—except for the sheltering leaves of trees.

Minerals in solution—elements made available by water—are the food of trees. From the mesh of tiny feeding roots, up through the soft sap-wood, and out into the leaves is

carried this mineral food which nourishes trees. Each leaf is a delicate little chemical laboratory through which the circulatory system of the tree passes. Each leaf transforms the inorganic into the organic, digesting, preparing food for itself and for man. And through each leaf the tree breathes. If in any of us God has planted the vaguest love of and desire for beauty, then we ought to grow forests sufficient to satisfy that craving. For, in all nature, nothing nobler and lovelier was ever made by God than the virgin tree in its intact chastity and beauty.

**A** TREE is a living thing. It has no mind, yet, possibly it possesses something equivalent to intelligence. It has no nervous system, yet it is sensitive. It has no power of locomotion, yet it may advance or recoil.

All other attributes of life it possesses; it is born of the union of two sexes; it breathes, eats, drinks, digests, sleeps, grows. It is subject to illness and recovers with nursing. It survives wounds; its scars heal; antiseptic surgery can save it.

And, like all things living, it is mortal. What we call death is the physical finish of it, and of us.

It is not difficult for us to understand why our pioneer forefathers hated the forests which covered our country and

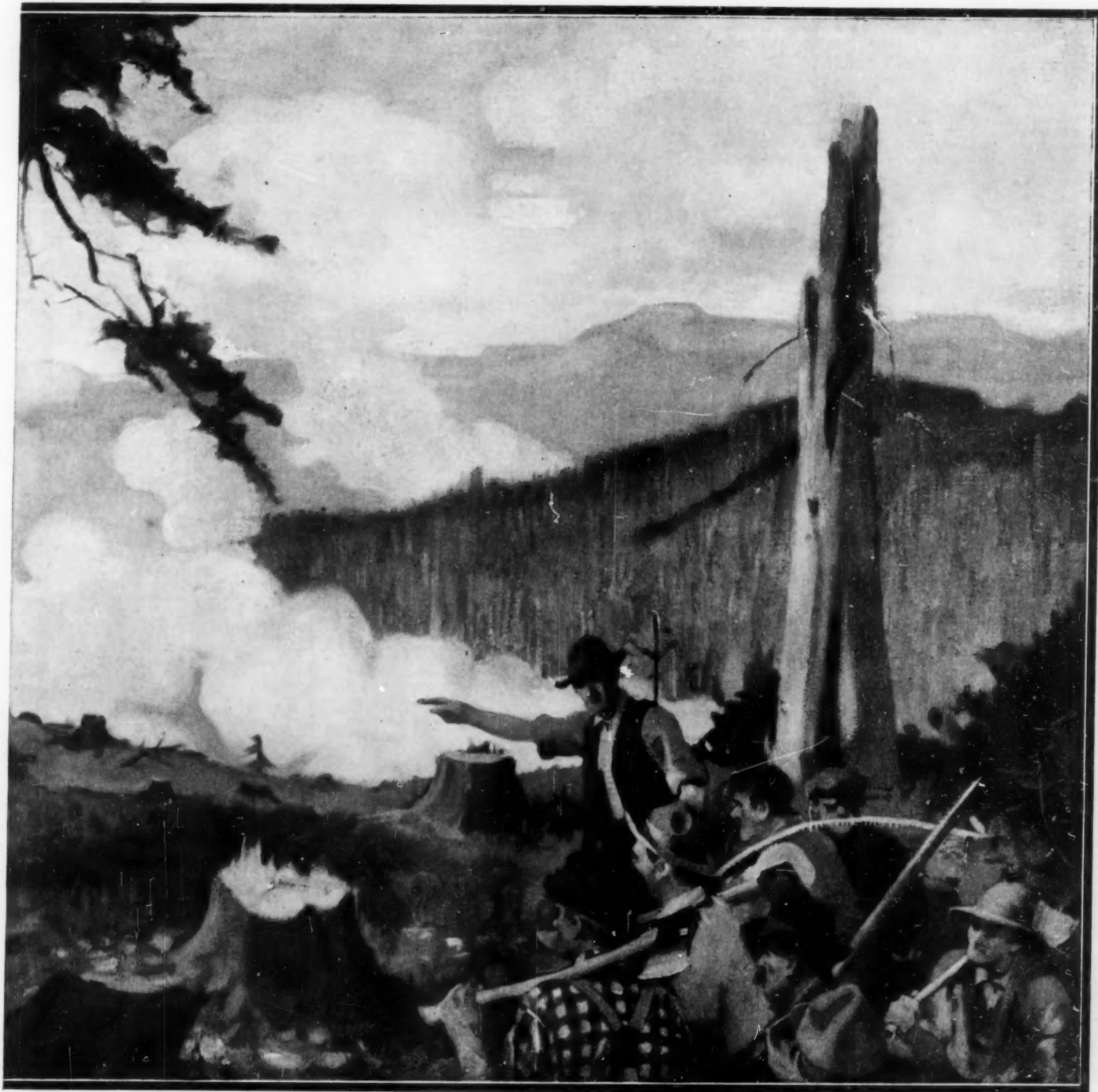
## *We Can Save OUR COUNTRY* *By Causing Our Government to* *Without Which the Nation*

By Robert W. Chambers

*Illustrated by*

Mr. Chambers, who contributes this remarkable suggestion embodying a means by which the nation may honor our heroes of the great war and, in addition, save our forests, is known to millions of Americans as their favorite author. That Mr. Chambers is also an authority on forestry and the preservation of wild game, is not so well





born tornadoes that devastate and kill, and floods that destroy fertility and harrow the shrinking earth to its rocky ribs

## and Honor OUR FALLEN HEROES

### Save America's Vanishing Forests

### Dies, Declares Famous Writer

*Author of The Flaming Jewel, Cardigan, The Talkers, The King in Yellow, etc.*

C.E. Chambers

known, and this article is an unusually interesting proof of his many-sidedness. We feel that the American public will agree with the famous author in his argument presented herewith, and will heartily approve and second his public-spirited appeal on this issue affecting so greatly the future welfare of our country.

—Editor.

foliage shut out all sunshine. Only on prairies, marshes, or along lakes and streams and seas, where the forests edged the sun, could any lesser vegetation take root and survive. To live, our forefathers had to eat. To clear a little place in the sun for a patch of corn was a herculean task. A sort of frontier fury was born in the minds of those whose starved struggle to eat was met everywhere by the huge, gloomy, solid ramparts of living forests—a vast, gigantic barrier to sunlight without which no fruits of earth are garnered.

Hatred for the forest was an evil heritage for us. Heed lest it be not our national undoing. Where forests die, waters die. Where waters die, the fruits of the earth perish.

And out of those mutilated and abominable wastes where axe or fire or both have passed, unguided by knowledge or common sense, are born tornadoes that devastate and kill; floods that destroy fertility, harrow the shrinking earth to its rocky ribs, and turn arable land to desert.

Springs, once protected by the spongy mesh of roots and mosses, dry up; rivulets disappear, brooks dwindle, rivers shrink into warm and narrow channels bordered by burning boulders bare as bleached bones.

Rains bring rushes of flood water only—terrifying inundations that come in the twinkling of an eye, thunder

turned it to a perpetual twilight.

Except where lakes or water-courses broke the vast continuity of trees, all was sunless shadowy silence.

No underbrush could grow in these dim forest aisles; the high, thick tapestry of

by in devastating fury and are gone, leaving behind dead springs, dying streams, and the ghastly bones of withered rivers.

The forest hatred inherited from our pioneers has degenerated into the stupidity of apathy. And with it the land is degenerating, too.

THE people of the United States are not celebrated for their love of beauty. Any appeal to them on the ground that beauty is a necessity to the civilized world be listened to with the indifference born of ignorance. Forests are beautiful. Many agree; but will exterminate those same forests if a few dollars can be made out of the operation.

As Omar might have said: "What can their money buy that is more desirable than the forests they have sold to destruction?"

That isn't the point. The point is that the destroyers of forests have made a rotten bad bargain no matter what they get for the transaction.

The situation is comparable to a fruit-grower who picks a ton of luscious grapes from his vines. Fine! That's what the vines are for.

But consider the ass who would rip up vines, roots and all, whenever anybody came to buy his grapes! The next year there would be no more grapes to sell.

Next decade or so there will be no more lumber to sell. That's the story. It is the story of a singular creature known as The Great American Ass.

Three hundred years ago the forests and the fertility of America were supposed to be inexhaustible.

Today vast tracts of once fertile soil are exhausted and can be bought for almost nothing. And three-fifths of the original timber of the United States has disappeared.

Today we are using lumber four times as rapidly as we are growing it. Once the uncut forests of our country covered 822,000,000 acres. One-sixth remains. All wood-

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"You get out!" he bellowed. "You don't work for me any more. . . ." Kay did not even bother to answer him

## Not as Bad as She's Painted

By Royal Brown

Illustrated by R.B. Schabelitz

**E**VEN before the most venturesome of her sex has appeared in the first straw that shows whither the brisk winds of early March are blowing, there comes a day when the sun lies warm in sheltered corners, when curtains behind open windows flutter as if to summer breezes, when jonquills and pussy-willows seem to dominate florists' windows. On such a day a longing for spring quickens and gathers form and force until it becomes almost a nostalgia; on such a day almost any sequence of events can be set in motion, whether the victims of the cosmic sorcery be young and ever impetuous, as were Kay and the lineal descendant of kings, or middle-aged and fat-encased as was he who called himself Alphonse.

"This year," Alphonse assured himself, "I sell the old flivver and buy me a real car, by golly! I guess there'll be no more snow now anyway."

He who called himself Alphonse was fifty, she who insisted that she be called Kay rather than the baptismal Katherine, was but twenty. To her at noon Alphonse graciously vouchsafed sixty minutes for lunch and recreation. On the former she had spent ten minutes and fifteen cents, on the latter forty-five minutes and forty-five cents.

"You simply must see that picture," Gladys Dineene had assured her. "You'll simply love it!"

The girl of the picture had had a car of her own—it had landed her in a cell, but she had had a lovely time!

"I WAS young and wild myself once," remarked Mrs. Moriarty, as she eyed the handsome young Irish policeman closely. "Sure the girl you speak of may not be as bad as she's painted."

"Well, she's painted all right!" grunted Officer Kelly O'Hara.

"Oh Gosh!" yearned Kay. "I wish I had a car—" Engrossed in her thoughts she reached Tremont Street. The lineal descendant of kings she never noticed. And that was unfortunate. He was accustomed to being noticed: millionaires hung upon his glance, his nod was as Jove's.

Now, with his eyes everywhere, he saw Kay. In her hat there was a flash of that color milliner's know as "Folly"; on her cheeks were twin patches of folly of another hue. She was pretty enough to have need of not a single artificial aid and pretty enough to flaunt all the daring artificialities of the period without loss of charm.

But against charm he was proof. He was not exactly a misogynist but he had seen a lot of her sex—especially upon windy days—and the more he saw of them the less he thought of them.

Abruptly, peremptorily, he spoke to her. "Stay where you are!" he commanded. Then, as her blue eyes, startled and incredulous, met his, he added with no moderation of tone or manner and with the added insult of a forefinger leveled directly at her, "Yes, you—you're the one I mean!"

**T**HIS she may have deserved, yet it was not the way for one of his sex to address one of hers. She did not draw herself to her full height, as a heroine of other days might have; being modern to her pretty finger tips she stood that way anyway. She simply elevated her pretty nose and gave him a look. But he merely grinned, as, when the traffic ceased from trafficking, she passed him.

"Clothed," she quoted sweetly—too sweetly—"in a little brief authority!" She had seen it on a movie film.

"Better than that in a few brief skirts," he retorted. Love at first sight may be but a myth of the poets; of the birth of hate, instant and irresistible, there can be no doubt. Kay's eyes still smoldered as standing before a long mirror she fluffed her hair—blue-black, bobbed and waved. And Gladys came up.



"Didcha see the picture?" she demanded. "Ain't it simply grand?" Without waiting for the assurance she never doubted, Gladys lowered her voice.

"Say, girlie," she advised, "take a tip from me and get back from lunch prompt. It is lucky Alphonse is late—"

"I would have been on time," Kay announced, giving her slim sixty-two inches a final, not disapproving glance in the mirror, "but that fresh traffic cop over on the corner held me up, just to be smart. He's the limit!"

"The red-headed one?" demanded Gladys. "Oh, I'm crazy about him! I think he's the cutest thing—"

"He thinks so, too," Kay assured her.

"He's got reason to! There was a piece in the paper about him. He's descended from Brian Boru—"

"I never heard of an Irishman that wasn't—unless they claimed someone better. My aunt used to say that the Kilkennys lived in Tara's Hall when the Borus were bog-trotters."

"And besides," Gladys went on, "when he took the strength tests he pulled out all the machines by the roots. You wouldn't think to look at him, sort of slender like, that he was that strong, would you?"

"What I think when I look at him wouldn't be fit to print," Kay assured her.

IN a grove of birches, on a quiet summer's afternoon, a sudden rustling activity will testify to a coming storm. And so, suddenly, there was a rustling activity in the beauty and hair-dressing parlors of Alphonse, Inc., that bore witness to the approach of Alphonse himself. He came in, swiftly and suspiciously, but as always he found even those girls not engaged with customers, busying themselves.

Alphonse spoke broken English with what he believed was a French accent. He was an optimist. His business was good, as is any business that depends upon a patronage of heavy middle-aged women dutifully living up to their husband's increasing incomes by having their middle-aged locks waved, their middle-aged faces massaged and their middle-aged hands manicured.

One of these came in at that moment, and Alphonse wheeled to greet her.

"Ah—Mrs. MacIsaac!" he exclaimed, bowing and flourishing in his best Parisian manner. "And what is your pleasure today?"

Informed as to this he bowed again.

"Most assurance!" he replied. And, raising his voice discreetly, he summoned Kay. "Miss Kilkenny—Madame desires a manicure, most queekly!"

"Toot sweet old top!" affirmed Kay—but to herself.

As she slid into her chair with a swift businesslike smile for her patron, Alphonse let his eyes follow her. In her, youth was a positive quality not a mere negative lack of years. Even her artificialities—the lashes that had been assisted to a thickness that marvelously set off the blue eyes between, the impossible yet alluring scarlet of her pretty mouth, seemed but a part of the frankness of her years, worn not as a mask to hide deficiency but as a flaunting adornment that intrigued even while it amused.

Even Alphonse was intrigued—and amused.

"Me," he thought, twirling his mustache, "I like that girl! She's smart and pretty—and not so slow I'll bet!"

This noon, however, his digestion was as good as his business. And though he breathed garlic, the breeze that rustled the sun-stippled curtains breathed spring.

"Sure I get myself a car," he assured himself. "Right off—tomorrow!"

Nevertheless he didn't. The function of March is to issue promissory notes against spring one day and to reject them the next. During the night the wind changed to east, the next day the girls wondered what had "bit" Alphonse.

"Robbers!" ran the undercurrent of his thought. "They think they can sting me, do they! Two hundred dollars for a flivver just as good as new! I'd rather give it away."

Which, as Gladys Dineene would have said, had she been privileged to hear it, "was to laugh!"

And so March moved along its appointed course through the calendar. Spring came officially with a flurry of snow and a biting gale that caused the lineal descendant of kings—born, as Gladys had informed her, an O'Hara and christened Kelly—to hunch his shoulders in ineffective effort to escape its sting. Kay saw this, and was glad.

"I hope he freezes," she told Gladys.

"Ain't you awful!" commented Gladys. "You sure have a hate on him!"

"I hate them all," Kay informed her. "That's why I left the barber shop and came to Alphonse's to work, to get rid of them. They think all manicurists are alike—"

"My mother wouldn't let me work in a barber shop, even at the Versailles," vouchsafed Gladys virtuously. "Although they do say the tips are fine—"

"Always a quarter and sometimes fifty cents," admitted Kay, as one who is just at any cost. "But gosh, it must be great to be a man! The worse sight they are the harder they seem to think a girl would fall for them. I got so I never wanted to see a man again. They're the limit!"

Emotion, to be effective, must be individualized. This was what Caligula realized when he voiced the cheerful regret that all Rome had not but one neck that he might cut its throat. So with Kay. If man had been other than he was, she would still have been getting the tips he, with all his faults, always gave. Instead she was condemned to work on feminine nails and receive ten cents or no tip at all.

Now Kelly O'Hara became the focus of all this emotion. The way he stood there, twirling his whistle, as if he owned the earth! She'd give anything to see one of those automobiles bump him.

"If I had a car I'd do it myself!" she told the scandalized Gladys.

Lest this be held up as an example of purely feminine perversity, let it be added that Kelly O'Hara, for all that he grinned whenever she got a chance to let her eyes tell him what she thought of him, found in her a similar outlet.

"A man who gets married these days," he soliloquized, "deserves all he gets!"

This of an April evening which promised—still treacherously—that spring had surely come at last. He wore his uniform pants but he had donned an old coat to sit, royally at ease, with his feet on the rail of a porch of a three-decker in South Boston. And presently Mrs. Moriarty, with whom he lodged, came out and joined him, wiping her hands, still damp from the doing of dishes, on her apron.

The pipe between his teeth glowed red before he answered her.

"None I'd care to be seen with. They're a warm lot nowadays, with their skirts to their knees and paint all over their faces."

In Mrs. Moriarty an intuition as old as Eden quickened. "I wonder," she thought, "what girl he has in his mind now!"

The serpent, however, taught Eve guile and all her daughters have inherited it. Mrs. Moriarty said nothing, just waited.

"There's one that crosses at my corner twice a day and sometimes more," Kelly went on, presently. "She's the worst of the lot. From the way she acts you'd think she was the Queen of Sheba. But she's only a manicure—"

"Now how did you find that out?" demanded Mrs. Moriarty.

"What's the use of being on the force if you can't find out things? And I'd suspected it anyway. Those manicures are all alike—a hot lot—"

"Look here," interpolated Mrs. Moriarty freezingly. "My own niece is a manicure and a decenter girl—"

"I mean they're not all alike but some of them are," amended Kelly with haste. "You ought to see her—you'd understand what I mean."

Mrs. Moriarty expressed no such desire. The smell of battle was still strong in her nostrils. Then, suddenly, she softened. He was a nice lad and a fine-looking one; the spit of her own Tim—as memory glorified him—before he had become flat-footed and fat. She boasted of Kelly to her neighbors, about the French medal he had gotten himself for "br-r-ravery" and for being no more trouble about the house than one could expect of a man.

IN the old days the police force of Boston was made up of large flat-footed men who moved slowly and stolidly save when duty called them. Then, though they no longer moved slowly or stolidly, they were a sight for the gods to behold. But a bad fairy bewitched them or a bug bit them and they all struck. And presently there was a new police force.

This, as befits a city that holds more offshoots of the Emerald Isle than Dublin herself, was still mostly Irish, but second-growth Irish as it were, straight and supple and tough as second-growth ash. Young men, go-getters, back from the war, some with medals and all solid on the idea that they would never go back to shop or bench. And so they became policemen and the smartest and best were chosen for the traffic squad.

And now, eying Kelly, Mrs. Moriarty forgave him.

"I was young and wild myself once," she remarked. "Sure the girl you speak of may not be as bad as she's painted!"

"She's painted all right," grunted Kelly, and there the matter dropped.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Moriarty had approached the truth. Kay was twenty, with all twenty's inevitable defects and all its irresistible qualities. And this much must be held to her credit: environment had ever been against her, yet she had never faltered. She had fended for herself since she was sixteen and she still had the right to hold her head high and to stare her critics out of countenance if she chose—which she sometimes did!

This very night when Kelly and Mrs. Moriarty talked, she faced bravely the stark reality of her eight by ten room, which seemed stuffy even with the window open and the curtain, shrunk and twisted by many washings—none too recent—fluttering to the April breeze, and beneath her surface philosophy there was ever the yeast of rebellion, which, with the advent of these first spring days, fermented mightily.

The next day dawned April at its best, the witchery of spring was in every breath she drew. She suffered not from lassitude, such as another genera-



"Let me see your license," he suggested, austere. Kay looked startled

From her his eyes traversed his establishment. He had the wit to have the appointments—the little white chairs, the glass-top tables, the shining steel implements—all give an impression of immaculate cleanliness. Swift and sharp was the anger visited upon a girl who appeared with a spot on her apron or failed to scrub off her table top. On the other hand the girls soon learned that the prominently posted rules for sterilizing and cleansing instruments were a farce.

"Such foolishness!" he would exclaim, in moments when irritation demanded outlet. "What for you waste time like that?"

The dusk was strident with the cries of children playing in the street, yet soft with subtle witchery. She pushed back a wisp of hair and regarded him benevolently.

"It's spring fast enough," she remarked. And then, though she was fifty, and a pound overweight for every year, and widowed these ten years and usually glad of it, her thought went winging back to other springs.

"If I were you and twenty-eight," she added, "it's not me that would be spending a night like this at home. Sure isn't there some girl who would be glad of your company?"

tion prescribed sulphur and molasses for, but from restlessness. The color in her cheeks, as she entered Alphonse's domain, was nature eclipsing art. A jonquil had lured her into a florist shop: now she placed the flower in water.

"Pretty, ain't it?" commented a voice behind her.

Kay turned. Alphonse was smiling exuberantly, as if spring had touched him too, mellowing his mood and stripping him

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*A Man's Life and a Woman's Fate Depend Upon the Allegiance to a Second Master of—*



*It was a piteous sight—the little dog pulling ahead across the trackless waste, the man swinging forward on his snow-shoes, one hand at play on the old accordion*

## A One-Man Dog

*By Vingie E. Roe*

*Illustrated by Frank Street*

**I**T was late summer on the north Pacific coast. Very late. At its slip on the Seattle water-front the last boat of the season was slowly filling with its precious Alaskan freight.

It would go and come—and then the great king, Winter, would wave his imperious scepter and the lone little country of gold and adventure, of trap and snow-shoe, would be shut off completely from its motherland until another spring.

All this was as it should be, a situation of thrill and joy to many a sour-dough hurrying from all over the States to catch the last boat for the Yukon. The hazard of the deep snows, the stillness of a thousand miles of wilderness, the witching pomp of the Northern Lights—all these things pulled at the seasoned hearts of those who had once experienced them.

Stanley Sands swung about the streets of Seattle in a genial glow, waiting to start back to his hunting grounds beneath the Northern Lights. Already he was in the rough clothes he would need—new ones, jaunty in their frank coarseness—thick blue shirt, heavy corduroys, high, laced boots with the wool socks showing at the tops.

Since it was his last day in town, he ate as much fancy food as he could hold—and by that you may see he was not so far removed from boyhood—attended two picture shows and came out in the late afternoon to walk the streets in a windy twilight with the early lights already glimmering here and there. As he turned a corner, he came abruptly upon one of those crowds which gather so quickly upon occasions.

There in the sober dusk an old man lay with a curious seeming of peace, as if, after a long life of struggle, he had fallen on sudden rest. The thin, long hair that covered his head, bare with the loss of the ancient hat tumbled to one side, was white as the whitest snow—so white that it attested its owner's cleanliness—which was about all of dignity he possessed lying there in his rags and poverty. There was the clang and thunder of an ambulance in the offing and soon a couple of white-coated internes came through the crowd which fell back before them. Sands watched with compassionate eyes while one of them knelt, turned the old man over and applied a stethoscope.

"Morgue," he announced shortly, folding up the instrument.

It was all so brisk, so swiftly finished.

The white-coated ones picked up the body between them, swung it up and into the waiting wagon, and closed the door upon it.

One stood on the step, impatiently waiting while the other perfunctorily questioned the spectators to find that none knew anything of value—merely a case of heart failure.

But Stanley Sands had seen several things further: namely, that a tin cup hung on the old man's breast, and that the half-shut eyes in the pale old face had shone strangely white in the fading light.

"He was blind, I think," he said quietly to the interne. "Maybe. These old ducks take all sorts of chances and stay out on their own when they should be in an institution." The speaker went round to the front of the ambulance, the driver stepped on the starter. The small tragedy was all but ended.

All but ended—not quite.

**F**OR at that moment, when the door went shut, when the sound of motion suggested departure, a little shaggy dog darted from somewhere among the thinning crowd and leaped frantically onto the step of the ambulance.

The young interne kicked it off without a moment's hesitation.

Then the big car shot forward and was off down the crowded street toward that last place of pitiful peace—the morgue.

And after it, like a streak of gray, went the little shaggy dog, a six-foot leather thong flying about it as it ran.

"Poor little chap!" said Stanley Sands. "Poor, faithful little fellow! The blind man's pal, of course! And if he don't get run over in that mess of cars the pound-man'll get him sure." Then with a swift decision he hailed a

passing taxi-cab. As it drew up to the curb, Sands stooped and picked from the gutter, where it had lain unnoticed, an old accordion. With it held gently in his lap he embarked on a strange journey. He directed the driver to follow the ambulance and watch out for the little gray dog.

**T**HREE blocks later he stopped the car, and stood waiting for the desperate streak of speed which they had purposely passed. Unseeing, unnoting anything save the big white car which held his master and which was getting so far, so very far, ahead, the dog came on. Stanley Sands made a well-calculated grab for him—and the chase was ended.

He lifted the animal up bodily and placed him in the taxi. He had a lively five minutes, for the little chap fought with all the strength of thwarted love to get out and away, almost choking himself in a vain effort to pull his head through his collar. But not once did he use his teeth.

When the struggle was over and the dog knew that he was vanquished, he sat down on the floor of the moving car, lifted his muzzle and sent out into the twilight the most mournful howl that Stanley Sands had ever heard.

"Loved him, didn't you, little boy?" Sands said softly, and laid a comforting hand on the small head.

And so began a new companionship for these two, thrown together by the exigencies of life. During the first two years that Sands had trapped in the white wastes, he had had a dog, a wise, happy-hearted big fellow whose love and friendship had been invaluable; but one day a hidden flaw in a paddle had dashed Sands' canoe to pieces in a whirling rapids—and the dog had gone under. The look in the adoring brown eyes as he looked up the last time had stayed with the man ever since like a little white-hot lance turning in his heart. He had barely escaped with his own life—but he had never wanted another dog.

For the first few days at sea the little gray chap was inconsolable.

He would not eat but lay curled in a disconsolate ball, to leap up at times, dash to the steamer's rail and strain his gaze desperately into the distance.

Sands watched him patiently.

[Turn to page 27]





## For the millions who love Tomato Soup!

Right from the heart of the luscious tomato comes Campbell's Tomato Soup! Just the pure, delicious, tonic juices and rich "meat" from the flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines! Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-pure running water. Every trace of skin, seed and core fibre is strained out, leaving only the smooth, delightful tomato puree. This is enriched with choice butter and blended and spiced, after our own exclusive recipe, to as tempting a tomato soup as ever was placed upon a dining table! Just taste it!



12 cents a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



Her round eyes glittered at him. "Did she think herself too good for you? I'm sure it was not consideration for me. A fine one—Milady Dunlevy . . ."

## Up and Coming

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "A Woman's Woman," "The Gorgeous Girl," etc.

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

### Part Six

IT was easy to listen to Bertha's monotonous talk. He knew Justine! He was absorbed in noting how unlike Bertha was to her—yet Justine was living with just such a background as Bertha had once had. But Justine achieved cynical superiority to the environment! She saw both humor and pathos in the humdrum details.

Responding to Jones' mood, Bertha encroached on his good nature to tell of Poppy's need for new glasses. Poor Poppy with only her little stipend, she could never hold a good job if her eyes were bad. Jones promised to help in the matter, and after some idle banter, he started to leave. The evening had been easier than he had expected.

"Sometimes I worry," Bertha said wistfully, following him into the hall. "I think you'd like to break away and all—I used to mean a lot to you, didn't I? You mean a lot to me." One strong, red hand touched his sleeve.

He shuddered, figuratively, warning himself that this matter of putting aside one who has served a purpose is not to be lightly done.

"You're always nice," he heard himself saying, wondering at the lie. "Tell Poppy to go to Dr. Loew—I'll have phoned

him—he's a friend of mine. Don't stay out here; it's cold."

Reluctantly, Bertha let him pass. Poppy crept out of the bedroom as soon as Bertha returned.

"Well?" she asked sharply, unlovely in her careless negligence.

"Dr. Loew," Bertha said softly. "He'll phone him. Oh, God, you make me sick sometimes. All you care about

is getting something for nothing—" She put her head on the table and gave way to loud sobs.

"Tarts and tadpoles," commented Poppy. "What is wrong about me? I never noticed little Bertha passing up chances."

Bertha lifted a teary face. "Didn't you ever come to like anybody so much you hated to have to be grateful to 'em?" she demanded.

This was too technical for Poppy. She left the room.

JUSTINE sent a note postponing her engagement with Mr. Halliday and her luncheon with Jones. Detained by business, she would come to the store tomorrow.

While Jones chafed at the delay, that most astonishing of things occurred, which unromantic Halliday attributed to

[Turn to page 36]

### Our Great National Game

OF "Getting Ahead" filled the early life of young Jones Bynight, the descendant of two generations who had struggled for social position.

A model son, he provided a home for his widowed mother and for his sisters. He tried to satisfy his natural longing for a home life of his own by a flirtation with the illiterate but vitally attractive Bertha Mullen. Then Justine, the daughter of generations of culture, came to arouse all his vague, unsatisfied longings. Justine was modern and difficult—and an artist.





From a recent letter:  
"I, as a mother, strongly recommend Fels-Naptha for all babies' things. It gets out all stains so easily—often without boiling. The clothes do not irritate Baby's tender skin."

# What is his health worth?

Doctors agree *clean clothes* have almost as much to do with Baby's health as the quality of his food, or the temperature of his bath. By "clean clothes" is meant clothes that not only look clean, but which *are* clean, through and through each tiny thread. Fels-Naptha cleans clothes *that way*!

The naptha loosens all dirt and stains for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanishes completely—leaving the little baby-things fluffy, soft and soothing, with that clean-clothes smell. Fels-Naptha does *all* laundry work just as quickly, safely, thoroughly and hygienically. Directions inside the wrapper.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Wet the clothes, soap them, roll and soak them, rub the extra-soiled parts, then rinse. It's just that easy.

A full-color art print, 8 x 14 inches, of this beautiful baby picture, free from advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent with a sample of Fels-Naptha for ten cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



Real naptha! You can tell by the smell



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1922, Fels & Co. Philadelphia



The marrying of the very young is not to be encouraged. Many girls who marry at seventeen would not select the same husband at twenty-two

## Men, Women and Divorce

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

**A**MONG the animal families of the world mankind represents the highest type. The higher among animal families and humans are divided into two groups, male and female, a condition necessary for the perpetuation of the species, a feature most carefully provided for by nature. Each group is constructed with the necessary physical qualifications to carry on its part in the perpetuation.

In the human, who possesses powers of reasoning, the differentiation is carried further and extends into the processes of the mind. Early in embryonic life the determination of sex is established. After birth, we have a male body which holds a male brain which possesses capacity for mental activities possessed only by male persons, or we have a female body which holds a female brain which possesses capacity for mental activities possessed only by female persons.

No matter how deeply feminists, militant suffragettes and otherwise ambitious women may resent this and attempt to assume man's function, they are women just the same physically and mentally, because that is the way they were fashioned by their Creator.

Women will never take the place of men permanently in any sphere of activity that belongs essentially to man. There will be movements of so-called emancipation and otherwise, for a decade or two, but what is a decade or two in the history of time? The female-emancipationist's little boy will be the usual wonderful little boy, who with stub lead pencil, and with tongue between his teeth over a piece of wrapping paper, will draw or design airplanes, steamships and impossible engines. His pockets will bulge with marbles in springtime and he will sometimes catch himself with a fish hook in the right forefinger.

The scene shifts, and he is in father's bank or in business or on the farm and we have the most useful of all persons, "Mr. Average Citizen."

The feminist's little girl will go into ecstasies as she should, over a new doll in its carriage. She rushes to show her intimates the new pink polka-dot dress. Perhaps she has the usual wonderful voice which must be cultivated or she shows great promise in music.

The scene shifts. It is after breakfast. Husband's tie is adjusted before he goes forth to business. Each child's face is inspected before he hurries to school to see that none of his breakfast has been misplaced. Wife tidies up a bit, gives some directions to the housemaid. With hat pin in her mouth at right angle to the perpendicular she hurries to the mirror and places the hat pin where it will be most effective. A dab of powder on her nose and she walks with dignity and short quick steps down five blocks to the

DR. KERLEY says: "When St. Peter casts up the final reckoning I am sure many men and women will find unexpected credit for having gone through life for the sake of the family and society, at peace with an impossible man or a nearly impossible woman."

Dr. Kerley is one of New York's greatest and most famous specialists and he bases his discussion of divorce upon observations covering many years of the widest human experience with men and women.

second house around the corner to attend a meeting of the Browning Club. If Mr. Chittleton, the most recently imported literary lion is expected on that date, nose gets an extra dab of powder, and we have the truly feminine, the most useful and important, "Mrs. Average Citizen."

Men will always be men and women will always be women, because they cannot help it.

In the intimate relations established by the marriage state, all men should remember first of all that the wife is a woman and not a man, and every wife should remember first of all that the husband is a man and not a woman.

A great deal of trouble in the adjustment of the married state rests in the fact that each party to the contract attempts to submerge the mental processes of the other to his or her own.

I have known wives who have resented and grieved over views held by their husbands to which the husband had a man's right. I have known husbands who would not permit their wives to have an opinion on anything not in accordance with their own. Many a man forgets that his helpmate is a real human being. He fails to remember how she was idolized by him, how he approved of her every thought and act before the nuptial knot was tied.

**A** GREAT deal of trouble in married life rests in a lack of appreciation of a few fundamental principles in which all young people contemplating matrimony should be instructed.

The step is often taken with little thought or preparation to carry on the most important contract ever entered into. We have enough of so-called divorce laws, what we need is divorce prophylaxis. We need laws that will have a tendency to eliminate divorce. A license to be married is required. Let it be enacted that at least six weeks before the license is issued, a notice of application be filed. This

would do away at once with marriage at sight, and would give proper authorities opportunity to supply literature for the enlightenment of the applicants. There would be time for health examinations and certifications. Further, let it be enacted that re-marriage of a person directly responsible for a divorce, cannot be carried out under three, better five years. This would close out those persons who change their partners for life on the plan of the "cutting in" custom now popular with the modern dance.

The marrying of the very young is not to be encouraged. Many girls who marry at seventeen or eighteen years would not think of selecting the same husband at twenty-two.

Marked discrepancies in age do not make a good framework for connubial bliss; such unions are hazardous for reasons that relate both to the physical and mental. Finance is apt to play too large a part. Did anyone ever know a handsome, wealthy young girl to marry a poor old man? Elderly men should keep their emotions carefully insulated. Reliable French statistics show that the lives of men of advanced years who marry young women are thereby appreciably shortened.

A man who has passed the fiftieth milestone will never again be thirty-five.

**T**HE divorcée in the vast majority of instances gets the bad end of it. Clever women are not divorced. At least they do not allow the occasion to arise unless they desire it. It is the normally dull woman who loses her husband to another. Every man, no matter how stupid or brilliant, is a subject for or is under female management. He may not think it, or he may have suspicions; but such is sure to be the fact. The normally dull women will permit some silly female person completely to bowl their husbands over, through the aid of some personal attraction, but particularly through the application of doses of well timed flattery and adulation. Many a husband has gone to the mat because of an over appreciation of attention elsewhere than in the home. A natural reaction to wife's wintery smile. A wise wife never appears untidy at the breakfast table. The mental picture is carried by a susceptible husband to his business or otherwise, and not a few of the opposite sex whom he will meet never are separated by any great distance from the vanity box.

Recent notorious events have shown that it is much safer for the sentimental male person to keep his affections parked at his own fire-side. Every human male is a vain thing. Every male way down in the deep recesses of his consciousness knows that he is about right. Nearly every

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# The Lady With the Lamp

**SHE** was the kindest thing—  
that war-stricken men had ever known.

She always made the last nightly rounds of the wards herself. The bitterly wounded soldiers who watched for the light that shed its halo about her gave her the loving title: "*The Lady With the Lamp.*"

"The Lady" was Florence Nightingale.

**From the far-off day—**

of the Crimea—down through the years—her beautiful spirit has shone undimmed. It was the light that illumined the way for the first training school for nurses. It was in the glow of her inspiration that the Red Cross was founded.

**And it is to Florence Nightingale—**

that the world owes the knowledge that in terms of national power, prestige and wealth it pays to nurse men in times of war. But even with that knowledge it was not fully realized until a few years ago that it would pay to nurse men, women and children in times of peace.

**Then came the Great Light—**

what the world needed was to make health, instead of disease, *catching*. The Light pointed the way—the visiting nurse.

For who could take health into the home as she could? Who could come into such sympathetic relations with the family? Who else could so completely gain a mother's confidence? Who could win such love and respect that big men obeyed her as little children? Who could bring such a sense of security as this self-

reliant woman in her trim uniform—a badge of service that even the lowest criminal respects?

And in whom else could be found the tenderness of a woman and the courage of a man? Often in rural districts where the doctor is miles away—she fights alone through the long night. In the slums of the city she hur-

ries through darkened streets and up foreboding stairways on her errands of mercy.

**10,000 Public Health Nurses—**

are at work today, in towns, cities and in rural districts. Still there are not enough to go round, for there are few business, educational, civic or reli-

gious bodies that do not *now* recognize that it pays to nurse people—few that do not recognize the need for extending the service.

**And the Home Cry for Help—**

comes from every quarter. From the lonely mountain cabin, from the factory settlement, from the crowded tenement; wherever there is sickness—they are calling for the visiting nurse.

**"Angels"**

the president of the world's greatest life insurance company calls these nurses. And angels they are in thousands of troubled homes—ministering angels whose work has come about because of the example set by "*The Lady With the Lamp.*" The Lamp's symbol today is the great lantern atop the Metropolitan Tower—

*"The Light That Never Fails."*

The Metropolitan began active efforts to prolong human life many years ago.

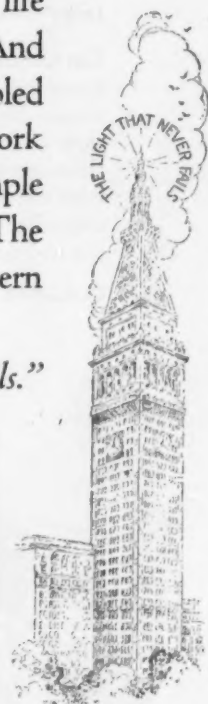
The mass of evidence piled up by Metropolitan agents unmistakably proved the need for nursing, while carefully conducted surveys indicated that if wisely managed it could be made to pay Metropolitan policy holders.

As proof rolled in, nursing service was established and rapidly expanded. Today it covers 3,500 towns.

Last year nurses made 2,116,875 free visits to Metropolitan policy holders; in eleven years they have made 14,000,000. Their reports are carefully compiled.

They show many instances where lives have been saved by timely calls of visiting nurses and cases without number where their instruction should prevent recurrences of disease in the future. A request will bring to you, without charge, our booklet, entitled: "*The Lady With the Lamp.*"

HALEY FISKE, President



Published by  
**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK**



## Save the Enamel of Your Teeth

THE most valuable part of a tooth is its surface—the thin coating of enamel that is Nature's own protection against decay.

Are you tearing down with harsh and gritty tooth paste their only defense against decay? Nature will not restore tooth enamel, once it is destroyed.

**COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY**  
"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

IT IS A DOUBLE-ACTION DENTIFRICE:

- (1) Loosens clinging particles.
- (2) Washes them away.

**Sensible in Theory.** Healthy saliva is practically neutral, sometimes slightly alkaline. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is mildly alkaline, practically neutral, and cleanses without disturbing Nature's balance. Avoid dentifrices that are strongly alkaline or appreciably acid. Colgate's helps to maintain the right mouth conditions.

**Correct in Practice.** Harsh drugs and chemicals harm mouth tissues. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does not contain them. Authorities agree that a dentifrice should do only one thing—clean teeth thoroughly. Colgate's does this. No false claims are made that Colgate's possesses any other virtue, but it does possess this one in the highest degree.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c—why pay more?

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

## Not as Bad as She's Painted

[Continued from page 15]

of his Parisian pretensions, revealing him as a fat, but not unkindly, little middle-aged man.

"I bought a new car yesterday," he informed her. "Six cylinders it has. A beauty—cost what do you think? Twenty-four hundred eighty-seven with war tax and everything."

In his voice was pride and enthusiasm. And for all the years he had acquired and all that these years had done to make him unlovely, he seemed absurdly like a small boy with a new toy. Young as she was there was the mother instinct in her, and this warmed to him.

"That's fine!" she replied. "I'll bet you have a great time with it."

"You bet!" Then his enthusiasm darkened. "But they wouldn't give me half what the flivver's worth. They stuck it out. I guess I have to give that flivver away!"

"Give it to me," suggested Kay, gaily. "I'll promise to take good care of it in its old age—give it plenty of water and gas and everything."

"By golly!" exploded Alphonse, "I guess—I tell you what I do—I let you use it—for nothing!"

Kay stared, incredulously. "Oh that's nice of you—but I couldn't—"

"Well you can pay for the gas and such," he conceded, generously.

Now that Alphonse should offer her the use of his car—even such a car—should have made Kay pause and think furiously. But there was madness in the breeze, a nostalgia for things unknown. She hesitated.

"Just don't you tell any of the other girls," Alphonse added. "Me—I wouldn't do favors like this for them. But you—you're different."

No woman, no matter what her wisdom or her years, is ever proof against that subtlest of flatteries. And Kay did not doubt his sincerity.

"It—it's awfully kind of you. I—I might use it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow the paper says rain," Alphonse remembered. And then he surrendered to an unparalleled burst of generosity—or so it seemed. "I tell you what you do—you take this afternoon off for a ride. It will do you good—"

"Oh, but it's so busy here Saturday afternoon—"

"The others can work harder. Do them good." Then, essaying a ponderous playfulness he shook his finger. "Ain't I the boss? You do what I say!"

SAY!" whispered Gladys Dineene, "What do you suppose has come over Alphonse? He looks like the cat that swallowed the canary this morning."

"He bought a new car," Kay explained. "About time! He's an awful tightwad—"

"I think he's nice!" retorted Kay, and then caught herself.

"Nice!" Gladys looked at her as if she doubted her sanity. "My Gawd!" she murmured. "Wait till you've been here as long as I have, girlie, and you'll sing another tune. He's the limit!"

This Kay refused to believe. She had already placed it to Alphonse's credit that whatever his faults he did not attempt to presume upon his position. She did not know his favorite motto.

"Rome, y'know," he was wont to remind himself, "wasn't built in a day."

Watchful waiting was his policy long before the Wilson administration adopted it.

But had she had any doubts, Kay's desires would have stifled them. At noon the flivver proved rebellious, refusing to respond to the starter.

"Oh, thank you!" breathed Kay, as the garage man cranked it into vociferousness.

The garage entrance was wide in anticipation of the idiosyncrasies of the most inexperienced driver, but even so she barely managed to edge out.

"These dames!" apostrophized the garage man. "I wonder who taught her to drive."

This was of moment. Actually Kay's proficiency rested on a series of lessons given her during a two weeks' vacation the preceding summer. There had been six lessons in all. There might have been more, but that, as somebody doubtless said long before Kipling did, is another story. Even so, she would have been all right had she stayed within those thoroughfares that did not tax her capacity. Instead, as confidence flowed into her, she found herself irresistibly drawn toward Tremont Street.

"I'll knock his eye out," she promised herself.

The lineal descendant of kings did not recognize her until she shot past him, a little flushed by excitement and her eyes aglow. He gave her then the satisfaction of seeing him start and for once forget to grin.

"This is the life!" she assured herself, blissfully unconscious of the fact that a

truck driver was demanding of high heaven where in the other place the dame in front thought she was going. "Won't Gladys' eyes stick out when I tell her about this!"

The feeling of unlimited power that elemental mastery of a car gives the inexperienced possessed her. Delighted by her facility she decided to circle the block and pass Kelly again.

"I'll go just as close to him as I can without hitting him and give him the scare of his life!" she decided.

No premonition of disaster warned her, and, anyway, as she afterward remembered, it wasn't her fault, but the fault of a woman who, weighing two hundred and fifty, was saved from annihilation only by the suspension of the law that large bodies move slowly. To avoid hitting her, Kay was forced to slam her brakes on as she automatically flung out her hand.

And so Kay hit the lineal descendant of kings; not with the car, as she had told Gladys she wished somebody might, but with the tips of her five pretty fingers. She was horrified, yet she could not prevent an hysterical giggle. His eyes, as he recognized her, were implacable.

"Draw up to the curb!" he commanded.

Literally overcome by this shift in fortune, yet still giggling, she obeyed. "I didn't mean—" she began.

"You didn't wait for my signal!" he interrupted—this wasn't true but all traffic cops say that automatically. "And you're the third woman today who has hit my nose that way!"

Plainly the Irish in him was up. But she was Irish too.

"You should keep your nose out of the way," she retorted, forgetting the need to placate him. "You're always sticking it into other people's business anyway!"

This he ignored. "Let me see your license," he suggested austere.

Kay looked startled. "My license?" she repeated, uncertainly.

"You don't mean to say you haven't got one!" he exclaimed.

The traffic of Tremont Street was not stricken motionless, the heavens did not fall, though from the tone of his voice one would have expected nothing less. Impressed in spite of herself by the enormity of her mysterious offense, she refused nevertheless to concede an inch—to him!

"I don't see what I need an old license for anyway!" she retorted, exercising a feminine privilege and suspending the rules of logic.

He did not deign to argue this. "I'll have to take you to the station-house," he informed her, and opening the door of the flivver, he seated himself beside her, his eyes straight ahead. "Lagrange Street," he added.

She was arrested! Unless this was all a bad dream there could be no doubt of that. And, inevitably, she believed he was just doing it to get even.

"I'll make him sorry for this some day!" she assured herself, furiously.

This high purpose she was to achieve much sooner than she expected. Kelly O'Hara had medals for bravery, as Mrs. Moriarty testified, but brave though he may have proved himself somewhere in France, he suddenly went white under his tan.

"Great Scott!" he murmured, and stiffened himself for the impending collision.

THE collision proved not so bad as it might have, though the driver of the wagon Kay had run into, took no such roseate view.

"Meester! Meester!" he wailed, laying beseeching fingers on Kelly's blue-clad arm. "I pay one hundred dollars for the wagon. Look at it! Look!"

"Shut up!" snapped Kelly, who on terra firma once more was unreservedly glad to be there. He glanced at the wagon and then at the flivver. The latter, a minute before, had looked as if it had seen better days; nobody could doubt now but that it had passed through one very bad moment. From the flivver his eyes went to Kay. She met them defiantly, though her own were close to tears.

"Come along to the station—both of you!" commanded Kelly.

An undertaker's establishment adjoined the station, a huge sign advertising its wares caught Kay's eyes. She wished, sincerely, that it was there she was going. The station lobby overwhelmed her, and the captain, looking down from behind the formidable railing, all but finished her, although he never guessed this.

"Meester!" beseeched the bereft one.

"Oh Meester—"

"Shut up!" said the captain. He turned to Kay, not unkindly. "I suppose the car is insured against liability—"

"I don't know—I borrowed it," she confessed, wondering if this were a crime too.

[Turn to page 24]





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N. K. F. CO.  
1922

# Your Skin Is Like This Leaf

## *It Needs Only Natural Cleansing*

**H**OW beautiful the woods appear after a gentle shower. Every leaf takes on a new touch of color. Nature's bath, refreshing and invigorating, demands no drastic cleansing aid.

Your skin is like a leaf. It has an outer and inner layer. It has pores that breathe and perspire, and cells that respond to the magic influence of heat and light. Are you keeping it clean in a *natural* manner, or are you subjecting it to the harmful effect of irritating color

pigments and cheap perfumes so often found in *impure* soaps? To clean the pores, lather should be as mild as Nature's raindrops.

Men and women who know that *thorough* cleanliness is the first great step to bodily health use Fairy Soap. To them it means *American white cleanliness*. They know it to be soap in its *purest form*. They find proof of purity in the fact that it is *the whitest soap in the world*. They revel in its gentle, pore-penetrating lather. They know

that after its use they are *really* clean.

Your skin is like a leaf. Treat it as such. Simple cleanliness will do far more for it than artificial cleanliness. The fashion of *white cleanliness* is rapidly spreading among really clean and healthy people the world over.

Wherever it appears, in toilet or bath, Fairy Soap is a graceful compliment to the household and to the user.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

*The Whitest Soap In the World—Soap In Its Purest Form*

EVERARD BATHS  
ENTIRELY REMODELED AND REBUILT  
28 W 28th Street, New York

The N. K. Fairbank Company,  
65 Broadway, New York City.

Gentlemen:

The Turkish Bath represents bathing in its most scientific and hygienic form. It is a "health" bath that cleanses and invigorates and its basic principle is to make the pores of the skin absolutely clean.

EVERARD BATHS have won country-wide indorsement of physicians and individuals because the facilities offered are up to date and unexcelled. In keeping with our policy to have nothing but the best, we use FAIRY SOAP exclusively.

Very truly yours,

EVERARD BATHS

*ar. B. Rapfogel*  
Manager



# FAIRY SOAP

## HELPS THE BODY BREATHE



Make this gown yourself with Belding's Silk

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost not to exceed \$13.15 for Belding's Chiffon de Chine, \$13.85 for Belding's Satin Circe Charmeuse, and \$21.25 for Belding's Crepe Faille. Use the New McCall Pattern No. 2878 requiring for size 36, 4½ yards of Belding's 36-inch Chiffon de Chine, or 4¾ yards of Belding's 40-inch Satin Circe Charmeuse, or 4¾ yards of Belding's 40-inch Crepe Faille.

**P**oor silk at any price is an extravagance—Belding's Silks, even should they cost a little more, are a very evident economy because their wearing qualities are fully guaranteed. All the original strength of the pure silk is conserved for you by the Belding method—every silk with Belding's woven in the selvage whether for gown, lining or lingerie, will give you long service and enduring good looks. The Belding tag gives you a similar assurance when you buy ready-to-wear garments.

Our new book "Enduring" will help you to buy silk for value's sake—write us for a free copy. Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York.

# Belding's

Makers of Enduring Silks  
for Gowns, Linings, Lingerie



## Not as Bad as She's Painted

[Continued from page 22]

But they didn't put her in a cell after all. On Tuesday she was to appear at ninety-three in the Municipal Court—did she understand?

"Yes sir," assented Kay, ever so meekly.

They let her go then. Once outside she walked rapidly, biting her lip to control its tendency to quiver. She did not know that Kelly, after a vain effort to shrug himself free of a sudden concern for her, was walking more swiftly still to overtake her.

"Look here," he began uncertainly. "I might be able to help you—"

Help! From him! Kay blazed. "I don't want any favors from you!" she assured him, furiously.

His lips tightened. "Just as you damn please!" he snapped and turned right about and strode off.

Kay's eyes followed him, in spite of herself.

"Anybody might know from the way he goes off half-cocked that he's Irish," she told herself. "Gosh but I'd hate to live with a man like that!"

In fact the very thought made her—blush!

Eventually she achieved the privacy of her eight by ten and sank to a seat on her bed. For an instant she looked utterly extinguished. But there was something in her that was inextinguishable.

"The end of a perfect day!" ran her irrepressible thought. "I wonder who it was who said that the Lord loves the Irish."

The next day was Sunday, and so she rested. "I'll have to pay Alphonse," she mused, miserably, "and a fine. And the wagon—I wonder how much that will be?"

This was important, inasmuch as she had just forty-seven dollars and eighty-three cents in the world.

"The worst is yet to come I suppose," she assured herself. "But what's the use of worrying?"

**T**HE worst was indeed to come, but in the meantime this was still Sunday.

Kelly O'Hara, shorn of uniform and wearing a suit of gray that fitted and befitted a lineal descendant of kings, enjoyed a day of relaxation. He, too, borrowed a flivver, but he had a license and was a rare driver. And, as he sped out into the country, watching the country traffic cops with the disdainful eye of an expert, he had a definite objective.

In time he reached it—a little white colonial half hidden by elms that were planted when the Republic was still young. The lock in the front door yielded to the key he produced, and in he went. This was his castle in Spain, chill this morning in spite of the warmth outside, but a blaze in the open fireplace soon helped that. Then he struggled into overalls.

Five minutes later he was wielding a paper-hanger's brush, whistling softly under his breath. Absorbed in his task he did not stop until hunger reminded him that he had brought a lunch. Even then he lingered to eye his morning's work.

"Pretty good for an amateur!" he exulted. He let his eyes traverse the room. "I guess I'll put some bookshelves both sides of that fireplace. With a gun over the mantel there'll be class to all this!"

Yet so far he had kept this place a deep secret. The rest of the traffic squad would kid him unmercifully, and he had a feeling that even Mrs. Moriarty, the sympathetic, would not quite understand.

When dusk put an end to his labors the spell of the country was strong upon him. A sky of rose-flushed amber was shading to a gray that let the soft stars of spring peep through. The scent of the warm-breathed valley was sweet, the dim Arcadian quiet was broken only by the murmur of a nearby brook. All this filled him with peace yet, paradoxically, gave him the sense of loneliness. Irrelevantly the picture of Kay came to his mind.

The witchery of the night had softened him. Briefly and imperfectly he grasped the meaning of the problem that each new generation seems to present to the generations that are passing on. He could not possibly have put it into words and yet he realized that Kay was after all merely the product of the period and a part of a cosmic plan.

**T**HE next day was as gray and as chill as Kay's spirits as she rose to face the day's problems. First, she must tell Alphonse.

The quality of the day seemed reflected in the other girls, in her patrons and, most of all, in Alphonse himself. She waited the chance to approach him and got none until she lingered at closing time. The last girl had gone, he himself was about to go when she approached him. She hoped he would be nice and for a moment she thought he was going to be. He seemed sympathetic, almost cheerful about it.

"That's all right, little girl," he said, when she had finished. "I'll fix it up for

you fine. Sure I will. Don't worry about the flivver or anything. And say, you and me—we take a little ride ourselves in my nice new car some day soon. Yes?"

In her own phrase she was not quite sure she "got him." And so she merely gave him a swift, uncertain glance.

"For over the week-end, you know," he went on, exuberantly. "I got a line on the swellest little place—"

The Lord may or may not love the Irish but one thing is sure. He certainly had no intention of their inheriting the earth through undue meekness. He insured that when he drafted the plan of the first Irishman. Kay flamed to swift anger, yet for an instant, stunned by the incredibility of it, she was speechless. And in that instant Alphonse made the mistake of his lifetime. He put fat fingers on her arm and squeezed it—playfully and proprietarily. "Let go of me!" Kay blazed.

Alphonse's manner changed instantly. "Say," he began belligerently, without relaxing his hold, "you ain't going to try any funny standoffish business with me now, are you? It don't go—"

In Kay emotion had been pent up for forty-eight hours. Now:

"Hey!" protested Alphonse, "what do you think you're doing?"

Kay was not thinking at all. Things were just happening. That greasy fat little—thing! Talking to her that way—

"Cut it out!" suggested Alphonse hectically. "Hey—you should be ashamed—"

Of course she should have been, but—well, perhaps it was providential that the chair he fell over was where it was. Kay at least was still enough of a lady not to strike him when he was down. Instead, flushed by excitement and her breath coming fast, she glared at him in righteous wrath.

Then, half turning, half stooping, she busied herself briefly. When she confronted him again she had a roll of bills in her hands.

"There's forty-seven dollars," she announced, furiously, and threw them at him. "I'll pay you back every cent—every cent!"

A great occasion, but Alphonse did not rise to it. Instead, he held to the position of a gentleman taking his ease, without in the least resembling one.

"You get out!" he bellowed. "You don't work for me any more—"

Which, on the whole, was rather superfluous. Kay did not even bother to answer him. The exaltation of the moment swept her out of the shop and down onto the street before a full realization of what she had done intruded. Then it engulfed her. The forty-seven dollars she had hurled at Alphonse represented every cent she had in the world save forty-two that still remained in her purse. She had no money, no job. And tomorrow she must appear in court.

No wonder that Tremont Street was a mere blur to her eyes, or that she was not even conscious that she had reached the crossing.

"You little damn fool!"—the irate voice penetrated her sick absorption as violent hands grasped her—"What are you trying to do—commit suicide?"

Of course it had to be *him*—again! "I don't care if I do!" said she, defiantly—and meant it too!

The traffic surged around them, to protect her he still held her arm. But there was nothing sentimental in that.

"You stand on that corner until I get a chance to talk to you," he directed, as he held up a white-gloved hand and so contrived a passageway.

"I won't!" retorted Kay. "Do as I say!" he snapped. "You're under arrest—get me?"

Kay did. "Oh gosh!" wailed her spirits, now utterly crushed to earth. But of that there was no hint in her voice.

"No wonder the papers are full of murders and robberies," she told him. "You cops are too busy with important stuff to mind little things like them."

This time she had the last word, for the little it was worth. She reached the sidewalk and there she paused, striving to look as if she had told the limousine to meet her there and could not understand what had happened.

"Anyway," she thought, "if they send me to jail I'll have a place to sleep and something to eat and not a worry in the world."

The clock in the steeple of the Park Street Church ticked off five minutes. Then, as it leisurely struck six, Kelly was relieved.

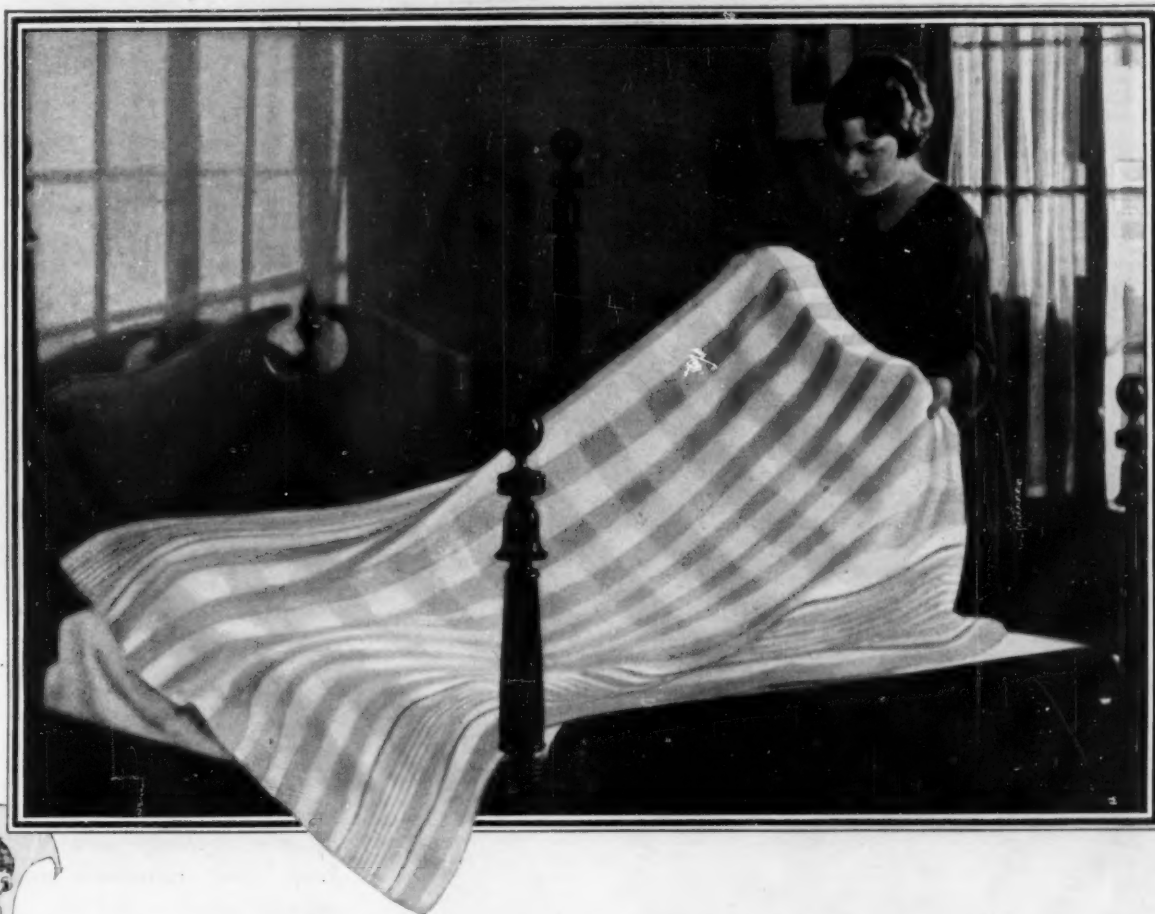
"Come along," he commanded, as he joined her.

Everybody, it seemed to Kay, was looking at her. A wild protest formed upon her lips and died there. Indeed, as she obeyed, she might, for the haughty pride of her, have matched Marie Antoinette bound for the guillotine. She was prepared for anything, yet he took her by surprise.

[Turn to page 56]



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# A One-Man Dog

[Continued from page 16]

Sands coaxed him with dainties and sat with him by the hour, stroking the silken ears. But these comforting attentions only seemed to bring back dearer memories.

One day a girl stopped. She was a slim young creature with brown hair and soft brown eyes, and she had been watching the small by-play for several days.

"What ails him?" she asked simply, as one traveler to another.

"He was a blind man's pal," Sands said, "and lost his master." And he told her the little story.

HER eyes were studying the man with pleased interest.

"Have you named him?" she asked.

"No. I've tried everything I could think of but he doesn't answer."

She wrinkled her level brows. "Now what would a blind man be most likely to think of? Partner? Pard?"

Gray Boy was standing by Sands' knee looking out to sea and he made no move.

"We'll have to get at it that way," said the girl, "by elimination." She thought a moment, and Sands watched her, wondering that he had never before noticed how lovely brown eyes could be. Then:

"Home, boy—Home!"

"They were always going of course, and the little chap was ahead—Lead—Leader!"

Instantly the dog flung up his head, the sharp ears pricked to attention, the dark eyes sparkled.

"By George!" said Sands wonderingly. "You've done it!" And she had.

With the familiar sound of the name, something of his despairing loneliness dropped from the dog, and he took new lease of life.

Time is the magic healer, love his helpmeet, and by the time the voyage was two-thirds done Sands had won him to follow willingly, to eat his food with relish and to lay his muzzle contentedly on his new master's knee.

And something else had developed too—a shy and wonderful friendship between Sands and the brown-eyed girl. Many a wonderful dusk they three patrolled the deck with the wind whipping down from the north and the cool stars shining. Sands found that she was going North to teach in the schools, and that her destination was the same inland town from which he made start to the wilderness where lay his trappings!

She was entirely on her own, a fine and courageous own he knew by the brave smile in her eyes when she told him she had been alone since her parents' death.

He was grateful to a beneficent fate which gave it to him to be invaluable to her in the landing, during the journey in, and in settling her in a decent hostelry in the town. He saw her several times in the week he was busy outfitting for his winter's work, and he was sorry for the dismay which he thought he saw in her brown eyes at the sordidness of the place.

It seemed to Sands that he had never found anything quite so hard to accomplish as this good-by. He stood in the dreary hotel "parlor" with his cap in his hand and his frank face earnestly concerned as he thought of all the pitfalls spread in these far places for the feet of the innocent, and told her he would see her again in a matter of several months. And then, after a moment's thought, he said that he would come back for Christmas Eve, and at the happy light which came suddenly to the brown eyes, his heart missed a beat. He shook hands again—he never knew that it was the fourth time—and was gone.

Leader was at his heels as he swung down the narrow, snow-covered street between the pine shacks to where a hired sled and dog team waited before McDermot's store, loaded high with his precious provisions.

Sands stepped into his snow-shoes, fell in behind the sledge, the driver's long whip stole out along the team in a sinister thin line, and they were off for a four days' journey to the lone cabin set beside an already frozen stream. As they were well on the outskirts of the town there came abruptly from the Last Chance Saloon the strains of an accordion. Sands looked back.

On three legs, exactly where the first note had caught him, stood Leader. His nose was lifted, and every line of his body was tense as a wire. For a moment he listened, then he was gone like a streak of gray back toward the saloon. Sands' whistle, sharp and shrill, might as well have been the wind. Without anger he turned and followed.

"A one-man dog," he said disappointedly, "and always will be. Memory is more to him than I am."

At the saloon they let the dog in at Sands' request and the crowd of men watched him intently as he searched every nook and cranny, looked into every face, smelled of every foot among them.

The master told the story and they swore softly.

"It was the accordion," said Sands; "he reverts to his past the moment he hears it. Come on, Leader, old boy, you might as well give it up."

But the little dog was not yet done. The past was stirring in him, duty was alive and calling. When Sands opened the door and let him out he started on a sharp trot for the down-town district and the man, who had removed his snow-shoes long back, had much ado to keep up with him. But he let him go, wondering, for Sands was a man of understanding and sympathy.

Straight to what passed for the busy corner in this lone cosmopolis went Leader. For a moment, as if at loss, he scanned anxiously the faces of the passers-by. Then he went close to the wall of the pine store-building, turned round, and with small paws lifted, sat gravely up on his plummy tail, an eloquent and mute applier for alms.

"Poor little beggar!" said Sands softly. "So that was your trick! The old accordion meant a certain place, a certain duty—and it means it yet—the city's heart and the pretty trick! Still faithful to the old master, eh, who's in the Potter's Field long since? My Lord! If only humans were as true!"

The journey into the white loneliness was uneventful. Much of the way Sands broke trail ahead, for the snows were early this year, and this was heavy work, soft as he was from a summer's inactivity. At his heels came Leader, learning quickly his new surroundings. He had accepted Sands entirely as his master now, stayed by him every moment, sleeping and waking, looking up in his face for the ordering of the new life, and the man was pleased with him. He knew, however, did Sands, that there was a place in the faithful heart to which he and his influence never penetrated, a secret place, a holy of holies, and he respected its sacredness.

Once, when they had made camp for the night, when they had eaten their "dough-gob" bread, their canned meat and drunk their scalding tea, he took from the packs on the sledge the ancient accordion which he had picked from the gutter and which he had brought all the long way for some unexplainable reason. He debated a while as he ran his fingers along its shiny old stops, remembering that day at the Last Chance Saloon, but he was curious about its strange effect, so he set his hands at random and drew suddenly outward on the pliant windbag. At the soft, deep tones, Leader, who was lying curled a little way apart on a blanket, leaped to his feet as if he had been shot, and his eyes, brightened with a piteous and terrible hope, fastened on the instrument. For a second he stood so. Then he came with a bound and fairly dug the thing out of the man's hands with his nose. He smelled it from end to end, rolled it over with an eager paw, scraped at it, and finally lay down and rolled his back as near to it as possible, showing every sign of joy and delight. Then he sprang up and looked at Sands.

The master picked up the accordion and began to draw out some simple chords.

And it was then he found how single-tracked, how utterly faithful to duty, was the little gray dog; for Leader stood trembling with his head turned back across his shoulder, straining his sight in the darkness toward the pine cosmopolis they had left so far behind—toward the Coast and the gray sea.

THAT night a tragedy happened—or what might mean tragedy in the land of frozen distances. One of the dogs, a huge and treacherous animal whom the driver was always beating, got to the guarded packs and tore them open. In the snarling melee which followed, Sands and Henri had their hands full to save a bare half of the precious provisions.

Next day they reached the cabin and the master looked around with satisfaction. None had visited it apparently since his departure, for all was in order. His bunk, the rude table and chairs, the fireplace with the dry wood waiting for the torch, even his old pipe in the baking-powder can on the mantel. His traps hung in orderly rows on their pegs, his stretchers stood against the wall—of all sizes, from the tiny one no bigger than two fingers for the snowy silken coat of ermine with its dot of black on the tail-tip, to those destined for the hoped-for pelts of the foxes—the rare and semi-rare Arctic and black foxes, the almost unobtainable silvers. Always Sands had dreamed of a silver fox—what trapper has not?—for then would his fortune be made.

Now another thought came boldly side by side with the alluring hope—a thought that seemed to belong there, a thought of the soft brown eyes of the little school-teacher. If only he might trap a silver by December!

The driver stayed overnight with him to rest his dogs a bit. Then he was gone, and Sands was alone in the white wastes but for Leader.

So he took up life again where he had left it.

He was not so far north but that the sun was still a harbinger of joy in the white land, and he did rejoice when he swung out in the powdery wastes which sparkled with ten billion gems as far as one might see. He carried his traps on his shoulder—a light load for the first day—and he set them in the beginning of a circle which would have for its objective the cabin again, a circle that would take just a day to cover. These were mostly small traps for the little folk of the region, mink, rabbits and the martens which had not yet gone into nunlike seclusion. He intended to set larger ones at the far edge of the circle and in the ravine at the south, for here the foxes hunted and wolverines ranged for the leavings of the killers.

It took Sands several days to complete this circle, for he took a craftsman's joy in work and made many cunning little deadfalls and set snares in wild runways aside from the circle. At his heels was Leader, looking on with eager eyes, wondering at all these strange proceedings.

THE days passed and luck was with Sands, for game seemed more plentiful than ever before, and he was soon too busy at night to read. Instead, he spent the evenings at work with the wood stretchers upon which he spread the coats of many hapless animals turned inside out and sprung to their widest capacity.

It was early in December that he began to see tracks which set his hopes to soaring—light, dainty, proud tracks that told him Fox was investigating his slopes and the deep ravine. But what was Fox's name? Was he red, black, cross or—silver?

Sands concluded he was probably too far south to hope to see that last-named aristocrat but he could hope, couldn't he? If it were any member of the fastidious family he would be happy, for any of them would be a prize catch! So he became very cunning in the setting of his traps, obliterating his own trail with a slight brushing of a pine bough sprinkled with animal scent, which he carried in a bottle at his belt.

But the wearer of the valuable coat was almost as clever as the man, and the game between them became one of such delicacy that it enthralled the man completely. But one day, when he was playing it, a strange thing happened.

The sun, which in the southern part of the country was still a daily blessing, was blazing brightly on the northern snow. Sands was swinging along toward the cabin at a good pace, thinking of the fox, when suddenly he saw on the white spread of the snow, a dancing display of fireworks—red, purple, golden—wonderful in their swift unburst. He closed his eyes and frowned. When he opened them again, all was as it had been and he could hardly believe that he had seen the dazzling pinwheels.

The next day he busied himself at the cabin. There was plenty to do, and he finished up many little odds and ends. The following morning he went out again, this time to find that his quarry had disdainfully circled his best set, but that he had, however, two mink and one stoat. It was late afternoon when he again had a strange sensation. He fancied that the scattered trees on the slope were a mile away and as big as houses.

This would never do. That night at the cabin he put a finger on the calendar and found that the date was December sixteenth! He had hardly realized the swift passage of time. In a few more days he would be starting on the journey back to the town! His blood leaped with happiness at the thought and he whistled at his work.

The next day was cloudy with a hint of snow in the air. He sprung all the traps, for some vague reason, as he made the rounds. It was late, and he had passed all his most likely places, when he came to the last trap on the line, a neglected one, for here had been little chance of a catch, since the lay was unfavorable.

And there, standing at bay, slim legs straight and evenly set, little fine head up, sharp ears pointed forward, stood Fox!

Sands stopped in his tracks and his heart missed a beat, for unless his eyes were playing him a trick again, this was the thing he had visioned for six years. This small creature standing in the dull light was silver!

Sands had found his fortune! That night he stretched Mr. Fox's shining pelt with fastidious care. He smoothed its sheen with admiring hands, and again he dreamed of the future and of a smiling face with brown eyes that lighted when he looked into them.

He began making his plans for the trip back to the town. He had four days yet in which to let the pelt dry. Reynard had been in fairly good condition and the little strips of fat which Sands had carefully saved, he used in rubbing the skin as

it dried, after the fashion of those first exquisite tanners, the Indian squaws. Leader sat gravely watching him as he worked in the firelight. The little chap was interested in all Sands' ventures but he seemed often to be listening in a dim subconscious way, for another voice. He still lived in "no-man's-land," as Sands had said.

It lacked but a day of the start, and the priceless pelt was in splendid condition, when the man suddenly remembered one trap which he had left set, a trap far down on the ravine's edge. He put on his snow-shoes and with Leader at his heels, set out. The threatened snow had failed and it was clear and cold, with a blaze of sun on the thin crust. He found the trap empty and took it up.

He scouted around a bit as it was still early, looking at a track or two which told him that the wolverines were hunting for a frozen meal, that a lynx had passed that way, and on a sunny slope he heard the peculiar smothered drumming of a grouse helplessly prisoned beneath the glaze which the night's freeze had put on the latest fallen snow. He loosed the bird and let it go. It was as he turned back up the slope that he stopped dead short and put his hand across his eyes.

The little undulations of the crust were moving all about him, lifting and falling like winds in grass! He closed his lids and opened them again—and all the world about was covered with gay spots of red and green and purple fire! He could barely see through them enough to find his way toward the cabin. They persisted long after he had reached it, and his face was very grave as he prepared his evening meal to their spectacular accompaniment.

The blaze on the hearth was torture, and he banked it early and rolled up in his blankets. However he did not sleep. He rose after several hours and feeling for his teapot, took the leaves that were still in it and put them, wet, upon his eyes.

Once as he lay through the long night he felt the little cool nose of the dog thrust into his hanging hand.

Sands laughed wryly. "A blind man's dog, aren't you, little boy?" he said. A deadly cold shot through his body and he rose again and felt for matches and a candle. He struck the one with a trembling hand—and had no need to light the other!

"Snow-blind!" he said aloud tensely. "For the first time in my life! It's liable to last for weeks—weeks!—and my grub-stake on its last legs!"

THE day that followed was a heavy one for even so strong a heart as Sands'. He sat restlessly at the hearth where he had built his fire again. His eyes were burning and a black curtain had replaced the pinwheels, only to be shot at intervals with a fine imitation of the Aurora Borealis.

He fed himself clumsily and divided with Leader, who seemed to sense something familiar in his slow, blundering movements, for the little dog stayed close at his knee. Sands could feel his body leaning oddly against his leg whenever he moved about the cabin. That strange touch set the man thinking.

"We're four days in. I wonder—" He sat down in the chair and shivered before the fire.

"I wonder—" he said again after a long pause.

All that day he studied his problem. When he knew by the rising cold that it was night he lay down and tried to sleep, but it was slow work. Dawn found him up and about strange preparations, his keen face set in grim lines of determination.

He took the priceless new pelt of the silver fox and made it carefully into a pack for his shoulders along with all the food he could carry. He found his fur coat and capote, his leggings and snow-shoes. He took his teapot and tiny patent oil-stove. These would be invaluable. Then he put his long knife into his belt. Lastly he took down from a peg a raw-hide thong about six feet long and tied it about Leader's neck and last of all he took from the shelf over the fireplace, the old accordion.

He smiled to himself with desperate humor.

"Little boy," he said as he pulled taut the thong, "once a blind man's dog, always a blind man's dog. I'm calling you now, little lad, from no-man's-land—I hope to God you can answer!"

"At any rate we face long odds—either way."

And he stepped out of the door, hung the latch on its clip, faced toward the town that lay so far away, and pulled out the old windbag. It was a pity he could not see the little play that now took place.

Leader, looking anxiously up at his face, saw the same old tenseness that he knew—the upward-tilted face, the strained calm, the tall form moving slowly forward.

For a moment the dog stood bewildered, for this master had never been so. Then out of that great love which had filled the past, out of his long years of faithful

[Turn to page 30]





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## A Flyer in Glass Slippers

[Continued from page 6]

That was Sarah's idea exactly, and she followed Leontine to a rose-upholstered elevator and then to a little white dressing-room, all mirrors. The gowns were shown on models, and they were all black gowns.

"Mademoiselle has so black hair and clear skin," Leontine exulted. "It is fortunate!"

She had called in another saleswoman, and the two studied each gown on the model and then studied Sarah. There is probably nothing on earth more subtly flattering to any woman than to have two clever French saleswomen studying her type. Especially if the suspicion that she has a type to justify study, or, in fact, any type at all, has never occurred to her before.

They decided, the two Frenchwomen, upon the dress. Sarah was as clay in their hands. She had learned, had Sarah, to recognize a touch more skillful than her own. The dress was as Leontine had suggested, plain and dark, but with an unmistakable air. It was at the first fitting—Leontine had come in to pass approval—that the French girl suggested that Sarah cut her hair.

"Bob it, you mean?"

"Mais non! Bobbing is no longer chic. Yours is curly naturally, is it not?"

"A little," Sarah admitted.

"I would have it cut short all over, something like what they call 'shingle' on little boys. You are small. It would make you look young and *piquante*, very individual."

At the end of a week, Sarah finally decided to follow Leontine's advice, and when she faced herself in the hairdresser's mirror after the shearing process, she gasped in amazement. She had looked into the mirror a familiar, pleasant, wholesome-looking girl. A few clips, and an entirely different sort of person looked back, startled, from the depths of the hairdresser's looking glass. This stranger had a piquant, half-boyish face, its boyishness accenting the rose-petal tint and texture of it. The stranger's hair curled crisply and glossily upward, like a hundred hyacinth petals, closely outlining a shapely head, newly, surprisingly small.

Leontine was entranced. So, as a matter of fact, was Sarah, once she had got over the shock. The black dress was finished. It was plain, oh, very, buttoning down the front with steel buttons; it was quaint, it just missed being prim by some elusive French touch that made it, instead, demurely, inexplicably daring. Especially in connection with the small, hyacinth-petaled head. Oh, there was nothing about the girl in Vesey's mirror to suggest a Sarah who lived in a walk-up apartment away out on One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street, who washed her own hair on Saturday afternoons. This girl suggested whimsical luxury, limousines and orchids.

Clothes are to woman what hard liquor is to man. Sarah, facing the girl in the mirror, was in the early, affluent-feeling stages of intoxication. She learned that the black dress would cost three hundred dollars, and never blinked an eyelash. Leontine had a black cape which was simply made to go with Sarah's dress. The cape was two hundred dollars. Sarah bought the cape. Leontine had just the tiny black hat needed to complete the cape. The hat was sixty dollars. Sarah bought the hat.

"With your hair cut this way," said Leontine, "you should wear silver earrings. Not with this, of course, but with your little afternoon and evening frocks."

Sarah smiled mischievously, wondering what Leontine would think of her little afternoon and evening frocks.

"I do feel kind of naked," she admitted, "having so much of my ears showing like this, like dreams where you think you're on the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street in a nightgown."

She stopped at a jeweler's on her way home from Vesey's and tried on a pair of old-fashioned silver ear-rings, infinitesimal, quaint baskets of flowers cunningly carved, dangling from gossamer silver threads. The ear-rings were twenty-five dollars. Sarah bought the ear-rings.

"I'll carry them always with me," she thought, "like a life belt. When you have only one outfit you've got to have some way of knowing when you're dressed up. This will be my way. When I put on my ear-rings, I'm dressed up."

Sarah reached her kitchenette apartment on West One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street with only a little over four hundred dollars left of her thousand. But she had her "quality background." At least, she thought she had.

Mrs. Penfield had left the evening before for a two months' visit to Sis and George, so there was nobody to see Sarah's preliminary showing. She burst, therefore, upon the Harson office the next morning, fresh from Vesey's.

"Merciful Heavens!" Hortense Hughes, who also wrote advertisements for Harson's and shared the office with Sarah, was the first to see her. "Merciful Heavens! You've cut your hair!"

"Yes," said Sarah casually. She did not show the slightest of the uneasy anxiety which surged within her. Outwardly, she was as composed as a bottle of Van Dell perfume against its quality background.

"And a new dress!" Hortense's quick eyes took in the plain black, steel-buttoned, half-prim, half-daring quaintness of it. "My, isn't it—attractive!"

Just a pause before the "attractive" which meant, de-coded, "My, isn't it queer!"

"I rather like it," said Sarah coolly. That cool confidence, quite as much as dresses, is what Vesey sells. Knowing that a dress has been designed especially for oneself, by an expert French modiste; knowing, in crude American terms, that it cost three hundred dollars, makes one feel a cool assurance that it must be quite a dress.

"Well, you certainly do look different!" said Hortense. "Did you get it at MacVey's?"

"No," said Sarah, "I had it made."

"Oh," said Hortense. "Well, that's the cheapest way to get clothes, but I've never been able to get hold of a seamstress who could make what I wanted."

Sarah said nothing—such is the rarified air of self-confidence in which dwell the wearers of Vesey's frocks. And as she turned to her work, Harrington Wheeler came in through the door from the reception room.

Wheeler lived in Philadelphia, but he had many business interests in New York so he ran up frequently, and on these trips he occasionally dropped in at the Harson Agency instead of standing on the dignity of the Van Dell account and making Harson's send its representative to Philadelphia to see him. Today, he had made no appointment with the "contact man," who happened to be out. To kill the few minutes of waiting, Wheeler dropped in to chat with the two young women copy writers.

Hortense, red-haired and aggressive, as usual appropriated him at once. He did not even speak to Sarah. She bent over her work, her throat catching with excitement. This excitement was not a tribute to Wheeler personally. This moment was to Sarah like one of the Harson Agency's innumerable test cases used to decide the wisdom of a new campaign. If Wheeler, merely representing Harson's "quality consumer," failed to notice any difference between Sarah as she looked today and Sarah as she looked on his last visit, she would accept it as a test decision. She would consider that her expensive Vesey background was doomed to waste and failure.

Wheeler glanced over at her desk once or twice curiously, but made no effort to include her in his conversation with Hortense. She did not see his eyes follow her slim black figure as she crossed the office to consult the file. He continued to confine his remarks to Hortense. It was in fact several minutes before Sarah realized the reason for this complete ignoring of herself. But the reason when it became suddenly clear to her was like a white, triumphant flash.

Wheeler thought she was a stranger. He did not recognize in her the dark-blue-tricotined worker who had sat at the same desk a week before.

"Mr. Wheeler is awfully attractive, isn't he?" observed Hortense after he had gone out.

"Rather," said Sarah casually.

"Oh, he's really extremely," said Hortense. It was evident that she felt she had made a bit of a conquest. Her complacent gesture as she felt of the swirl of hair over her right ear, the smug tone of her voice as she corrected Sarah's too tempered praise, made this very plain.

It was a half hour later that Sarah, returning from an errand, met Wheeler and the Harson contact man coming out of the latter's office.

"Oh, Miss Penfield, just a minute." The Harson man stopped her. "Have they sent back the revised proofs on those Van Dell leaflets yet? You've met Mr. Wheeler?"

Sarah acknowledged the casual introduction with an equally casual bow. Wheeler made the formal acknowledgment of meeting a strange young woman. An attractive young woman, his interested eyes added.

On his next visit, ten days later, he had a few minutes of idle time and promptly dropped into the copy writers' office, in tending to kill them with Sarah. Sarah had no mind to be treated so casually. There is nothing like knowing that she looks like a spoiled darling of fortune to make any girl try acting like one. She let Wheeler wait beside her desk while she

[Turn to page 30]





# The NEW HALL OF FAME

## OF CONCERT AND OPERATIC STARS

*As acclaimed by EUROPEAN and AMERICAN Critics*

The pages of musical history are constantly turning these days. The concert and operatic stages are embarked upon a new era. And world's critics have acclaimed a new Hall of Fame—great artists of today, succeeding those of yesterday.

Chamlee, Easton, Danise, Godowsky, Dux, Ney, Rosen, Huberman—Richard Strauss—are names high in those comprising it. Names on the lips of cultured people the world over.

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Without exception these artists, in common with the present trend of artistic acceptance, have chosen Brunswick as the most fitting means of perpetuating their art—a tendency so marked in musical circles that Brunswick now is looked to for the *premiere* recordings of the great artists of today.

### The Reason

By means of exclusive methods of recording and of reproducing, Brunswick brings phonographic music into

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Dip the end of an orange stick, with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle.

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Then you will be ready for the polish without which no manicure is

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Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. F-10, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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## A Flyer in Glass Slippers

[Continued from page 28]

telephoned the printer on a most trifling matter. When she turned back to the man it was not with the manner of a young woman in a rather minor capacity, hoping to please one of the firm's most valuable clients. She was, rather—the casual turn of the little hyacinth-petaled head inferred—a charming young woman who could give Mr. Wheeler a few minutes of her much-sought-after time, providing Mr. Wheeler could prove himself sufficiently interesting. Mr. Wheeler did his best.

Hortense breezed into the office ten minutes later.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Wheeler? Sorry to have kept you waiting."

Mr. Wheeler was a courteous gentleman, but inside of five minutes it had become unmistakably clear to Hortense that Mr. Wheeler had not been waiting for her. Disgruntled, she turned to her own desk telephone. In spite of her being thus conspicuously occupied, however, she missed not a word of the conversation at the other desk, carried on though it was in voices lowered considerably not to interfere with her hearing over the wire. Suddenly, she almost gasped into her transmitter.

"My sister and her husband came up with me today," Wheeler was unmistakably saying, "and I've got four tickets for *The White Butterfly*. I want you to go with us."

No wonder Hortense gasped into the telephone. How on earth had Sarah done it? And in less than twenty minutes! Her first gasping amazement, however, was as nothing compared with her sensation at hearing Sarah's response.

"Thank you," she said as coolly as though the invitation had come from the merest office solicitor, "but I'm afraid I couldn't sit through it. Mary Mortimer plays the lead, and she always bores me to tears." As an unimportant matter of fact, Sarah had never seen Mary Mortimer at all.

Of all the ungrateful impudence! To Hortense's still greater amazement, Wheeler came meekly back for more.

"I can change the tickets," he assured Sarah quickly. "Isn't there something you haven't seen that you'd like to?" There was no complacent I-want-you-to-go-with-us tone in his voice now.

"Oh, don't trouble to do that. There really isn't anything I especially want to see right now—except possibly *The Laurel Wreath*, and I doubt if you could get tickets for that on such short notice."

"What time, and where shall I call for you?" asked Wheeler. "I'll have tickets for *The Laurel Wreath*."

And as he was leaving the office—

"We're catching the one-twenty-two back tonight, and we didn't bring our sixteen wardrobe trunks. If you don't mind not dressing—"

"I don't mind," said Sarah. "In fact, it will be a relief."

Of course, however, she did dress. She wore her ear-rings.

The theater party was an unqualified success. So much so that Wheeler dropped Sarah a note in advance of his next visit, asking her to have dinner with him and to reserve tickets for any play she would like to see. In her note of acceptance (Sarah bought a box of outrageously expensive stationery, large, square, brocade-lined envelopes, and signed her name without the final "h") she explained that she would have to go direct from the office. In this case, of course, nobody could possibly expect her to dress.

But the problem of an evening dress troubled Sara. Wheeler frequently spent a week-end in New York. At such a time, he would doubtless bring his sixteen wardrobe trunks. No girl who aspired to a quality background could expect ear-rings to serve for décolleté right along. If Wheeler continued to invite her, sooner or later she would have an evening dress, a real one. Not the girlish little tulle affair which, until her Vesey experience, she had flattered by calling a dress.

So she took her remaining four hundred dollars back to Vesey's and left it there in return for a tight-bodied, bouffant-skirted evening frock—Leontine had insisted that she stick to the daintily quaint—a silver-lined wrap to cover it, which had been thrown back on Vesey's hands by a dissatisfied customer but which fitted Sara as nearly as any wrap needs to fit and could be bought for a song (one of Caruso's), and a pair of black satin slippers with silver heels.

The entire thousand was gone now, but the first time that she wore the new dress was worth the entire investment. It was Wheeler's first week-end in New York, and he invited her to go to the theater and afterward to the Van Rensselaer to dance. The business manager of the Harson Agency, a dashing young man, and his fiancée, went with them. The business manager had never given Sara so much as a glance during the year and a half that she had been

a blue-tricotined member of the Harson Agency.

Tonight he gave her many more than one glance! This was partly owing to the demurely provocative figure Sara cut in her quaint bodice and flashing silver heels, partly to the effect of Wheeler's evident pride and delight in her. That sort of thing is tremendously contagious among men. The business manager caught Wheeler's enthusiasm, Wheeler in turn caught a much more virulent form of enthusiasm right back from the business manager's case.

No wonder Sara reached One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street too excited to sleep.

After she had lain awake for some time, the problem of One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street presented itself to trouble her. The Harson client and his wife had taken her and Wheeler home in their limousine that evening, and Sara, drawing her beautiful Vesey cape around her as she stepped out of the flower-scented warmth, thought with a whimsical smile, "This must be the way the Van Dell bottle felt, the first time it found itself in a James R. James painting."

But the excitement of the novelty slowly wore thin, somewhere around three o'clock; Sara began to think of One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street uneasily. It was not so bad after dark, the only time Wheeler had seen it. The iron fire escapes, climbing brazenly up the front of her apartment building, did not show up so plainly at night. There were no noisy children playing in the street then, either. The tailor shop a few doors away, by day a cheap, shoddy-looking affair, was merely a blur of darkness; so was the chain grocery store on the corner, which, by daylight, flaunted gaudy Sugar-Five-Cents-a-Pound signs, indicating to the keen observer that this was a neighborhood where a penny saved was a penny earned. Suppose Wheeler should see the place by daylight!

"It would spoil everything," Sara told herself. "It would ruin the whole effect, make me look just cheap and flashy to be living in an ordinary place and dressing like a million dollars."

There was, however, a way out of this difficulty, and it occurred to Sara in time for her to drop off to sleep along toward morning. Her mother was not feeling well, Sis had written, and wanted to stay on with them till summer. Hortense Hughes' brother was to be in New York for a few months, and Hortense had already asked Sara if she would consider renting them her apartment furnished. Early Monday morning Sara told Hortense that she had decided to rent to them, and went down to the *Leonia* and engaged a room for herself.

The room was one of the cheapest in the *Leonia*. Its one window opened on a court; it was tiny, it was near the service section, and it cost more than Sara's whole kitchenette apartment, for the *Leonia* was a smart family hotel in a fashionable street. Nobody but Sara, however, needed to see her tiny, noisy bedroom. And the most casual caller could see the lobby with its thick rugs and long wicker fern baskets, the quietly elegant little bellboys with their gray suits and silver buttons.

As with wearing Vesey's frocks, so a certain self-confidence comes with living at the *Leonia*. Sara would pause at the *Leonia's* doorway for a moment on her way out every morning for the feeling of sheer affluence that it gave her to be living in an atmosphere of such taste and luxury.

"Honestly," Sara thought one evening in her tiny room, "when you have just one outfit it's as much trouble to you as twins with the colic."

The whole effect was lost unless the outfit was flawless. The smart black dress must be pressed every day or two, and one bill from the *Leonia* valet had been enough to warn her against him forever. Laundry presented another difficulty. No longer did Sara have a stationary tub and a husky Ethiopian who knew how to use it, arriving every other Thursday. The cheap laundries, she quickly discovered, were too hard on dainty underclothes, the French hand laundries so expensive that she soon made the eternal feminine compromise: bought herself a tiny ironing board which she concealed in her almost as tiny closet, and spent her evenings at home in washing and ironing.

Sara, be it said to her credit, managed well. No evidence of these surreptitious economies ever passed the doorway of her little room. She stepped into the softly carpeted *Leonia* hall, a slimly groomed, graceful, luxurious little person.

"The next week-end you're in town," she told Wheeler, "you must come and dance at my hotel. They have a dinner dance every Saturday. Oh yes,"—very casually,—"I've moved downtown to the

[Turn to page 86]





New Sanitary  
"E-Z" Package

## A Blessing on the Young

**H**EALTH, Comfort and Economy—Shirt, Drawer and Waist—"E-Z" Waist Union Suit is the just-right 3-in-1 "contentment" Underwear for the Childhood of the Nation. Famously good for 25 years and being made still better every day.

"E-Z" puts the weight of outer garments upon the shoulders by way of tubular knitted straps. No binding or pressure upon the chest or abdomen. Added freedom goes with the full sizes and liberal comfort-cut drop seat. Real-bone, taped-on breakless buttons pass all tests of tub and wringer. The fabric spells a world of g-o-o-d-n-e-s-s. Every "E-Z" Suit is sterilized, fresh, clean and safe. It comes home sealed in its individual sanitary dustproof Glassine Envelope. The "E-Z" Label gives today the same protection that it did when Mother was a girl and Father was a boy.

Winter Weight (Blue Hanger) . . . \$1.00  
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Original and Sole Makers of  
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The Complete Children's Underwear  
of Health, Comfort and Economy  
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## A Revolutionary Idea

A pattern without a puzzle—*finally*.  
Half the time for cutting, for sewing,  
for fitting, this amazing new way.

*The most startling invention since the sewing machine!*

**F**OR the first time in the history of fashion and style, a pattern has been invented that can be followed by all women without the slightest bewilderment. Not merely an addition to the usual pattern but an entirely new idea. A mistake-proof pattern! So clear you cannot make an error! You simply cut to a printed line.

Now—without a moment's hesitation—you pin your pattern to the material and cut into the most expensive crepe, chiffon, velvet or shimmering satin—fearlessly. You cannot make a mistake. The style and finish of a modiste come without study or planning. All the work has been done for you in advance.

### Simply follow the blue line

The new pattern has no perforations. Instructions appear on each pattern piece—in *printed words*. It is all so clear that you do not have to consult a study chart, or sewing guide or any confusing directions on the envelope. *Words printed right on the pattern tell you exactly what to do.* You read as you cut.

A heavy blue line guides you in cutting. You do not wonder about seam allowance or any other detail—simply follow the blue line. You cannot make a mistake.

You cannot waste material by errors in cutting. You see exactly how to lay the pattern on your goods. By actual test, this new way saves more material than any other pattern.

### Practically no fitting

All other patterns are still cut out with knives, hundreds at a time. The new pattern is printed on a press like a newspaper. Each pattern is a perfect copy of the original model to the hair's breadth. It is *the most accurate pattern ever conceived*.

If you follow the blue line carefully in cutting—you are through with all fitting worries. Your dress is three-quarters finished when it is cut.

You may need a slight bit of altering for your particular lines or height, but the adjustment is negligible.

Now you can always look your best. A few yards of material—the new McCall Printed Pattern—and you not only have a dress made up easily and quickly—but it fits. It hangs well, it has distinction and that elusive subtlety—*style*.

For the latest style tendencies of today, see the wide selection of advance styles in McCall's Magazine and look through McCall fashion books at all good pattern counters.

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Seven of the very latest designs in McCall Printed Patterns are shown on this page. You can now make them up—exactly as pictured, retaining every clever note of style. Order direct, if you do not know where to secure McCall Printed Patterns. Simply send coupon below with the cost of the pattern.

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Enclosed find 45c, regular price of the pattern (no charge for postage).

Name .....

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## The New McCall Printed Pattern

*A pattern without a puzzle*

### Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated on this page in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No. 2761	No. 2762	No. 2763	No. 2764	No. 2765	No. 2766	No. 2767	No. 2768	No. 2769	No. 2770	No. 2771	No. 2772	No. 2773	No. 2774	No. 2775	No. 2776	No. 2777	No. 2778	No. 2779	No. 2780	No. 2781	No. 2782	No. 2783	No. 2784	No. 2785	No. 2786	No. 2787	No. 2788	No. 2789	No. 2790	No. 2791	No. 2792	No. 2793	No. 2794	No. 2795	No. 2796	No. 2797	No. 2798	No. 2799	No. 2800	No. 2801	No. 2802	No. 2803	No. 2804	No. 2805	No. 2806	No. 2807	No. 2808	No. 2809	No. 2810	No. 2811	No. 2812	No. 2813	No. 2814	No. 2815	No. 2816	No. 2817	No. 2818	No. 2819	No. 2820	No. 2821	No. 2822	No. 2823	No. 2824	No. 2825	No. 2826	No. 2827	No. 2828	No. 2829	No. 2830	No. 2831	No. 2832	No. 2833	No. 2834	No. 2835	No. 2836	No. 2837	No. 2838	No. 2839	No. 2840	No. 2841	No. 2842	No. 2843	No. 2844	No. 2845	No. 2846	No. 2847	No. 2848	No. 2849	No. 2850	No. 2851	No. 2852	No. 2853	No. 2854	No. 2855	No. 2856	No. 2857	No. 2858	No. 2859	No. 2860	No. 2861	No. 2862	No. 2863	No. 2864	No. 2865	No. 2866	No. 2867	No. 2868	No. 2869	No. 2870	No. 2871	No. 2872	No. 2873	No. 2874	No. 2875	No. 2876	No. 2877	No. 2878	No. 2879	No. 2880	No. 2881	No. 2882	No. 2883	No. 2884	No. 2885	No. 2886	No. 2887	No. 2888	No. 2889	No. 2890	No. 2891	No. 2892	No. 2893	No. 2894	No. 2895	No. 2896	No. 2897	No. 2898	No. 2899	No. 2900
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Ready  
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## Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

### Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

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*Bleached cotton is COLD*, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

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To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded*.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. **The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.**

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching.* Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape and elasticity.

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

**Our new, patented, extra-full seat gives ample room in seat and crotch.**

*Dentons are ideal for fresh-air sleeping.*

Dentons are well made in every respect: *elastic, outside seams*, collars double thickness, good buttons, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

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Our prices are always low in relation to quality as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

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REAR VIEW



These photographs by Campbell Studios

Posed by Irene Castle

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Please send me FREE the new Corticelli Fashion Booklet showing Irene Castle in six of her newest gowns.

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## Double Doom

[Continued from page 10]

strange. I'd like to know what you think, if you don't mind."

She settled back to listen, a gracious figure posed graciously in the rich lamp light. Rodney had trouble keeping his mind on his tongue.

"Of course," he said, "it may all turn out to be a mare's nest, but the other day somebody got into my rooms by way of the fire-escape, and ransacked my desk. Nothing was stolen, but the lock on the desk was smashed and all my private papers were in disorder."

"How funny!"

"Wait! Last night my offices downtown were burglarized. The safe is used chiefly to store legal papers in; anything of real value I always put in my safe-deposit vault at the bank. The thieves tore out all those papers, went through file after file, littered the floor with them. We had the deuce of a job sorting them out and checking up to find what was missing—"

"I know."

"You know!"

The girl sat up with a gesture of keen distress.

"I've known all day something was wrong, something had happened Angelo didn't want me to know about—he kept out of my way so persistently."

"I'm sorry, Miss Barocco," Rodney said. "I didn't mean—I didn't come here to accuse your brother—"

"You haven't. I accuse him."

"But there's not the slightest evidence—"

"It's father's will that's missing, isn't it?"

"Yes; that is, the office copy. The original is in safe deposit. I thought your father ought to know; but of course it never entered my head—"

"Oh, I don't say Angelo actually stole it with his own hands. But that he instigated the burglary, when he didn't find what he wanted in your rooms, I'm morally certain—as sure as I am that at this very minute he's eavesdropping out there in the hall!"

OF a sudden she left her chair and ran to the doorway. A sound of hurried feet was audible with a moment later, the slam of the street door. The girl shrugged contemptuously, went to the window, drew back the draperies, and peered down. "It would be like Angelo to bang the door, then steal back upstairs to listen—"

No: there he goes.

Her smile was pitiful as she returned to Rodney.

"You see what it is I must call brother!"

"I'm so sorry, Miss Barocco . . ."

"It can't be helped," she sighed. It is Fate, I presume. Always, they say, one of the twins must be 'baroque.'"

Her hands described a movement of helplessness.

"What do you fear?"

"Everything. If I dared speak frankly . . . But I must keep the family secrets, I can only tell you this: that now Angelo knows he has been disinherited—"

"Not altogether: he's to get a small annuity."

"The same thing to Angelo. He's a spendthrift and a gambler; enough to live on means nothing to him. What little effort he has made, up to this time, to keep up an outward show of decency, was inspired not by affection for father, moral compunctions, or any sense of shame, but simply by avarice—because he was afraid of what has happened, that he'd be cut off with a shilling. And now he knows, he'll stop at nothing to make his resentment felt."

"What can he do?"

"If I only knew!" Francesca wrung her hands. "Don't think me hysterical. I'm not—but half-distracted. It's in Angelo's power to bring disaster and disgrace to all of us—and I tell you, he's capable of anything!"

In the library a telephone bell shrilled. Francesca excused herself and went to answer it, delivering into the transmitter a stream of Italian so rapid and fluent that Rodney wondered how the person at the other end of the wire contrived to edge in a reply.

But quite evidently he did it without too much difficulty, for when the girl came back it was with the announcement:

"Father won't be home till quite late; but I told him what you had told me, and he says he'd like to see you this evening, if possible."

"Of course: I'll be glad. At what time?"

"Any time after dinner. Say nine o'clock, if that suits your convenience."

"Perfectly—and if it didn't, I should make my convenience suit it."

She gave him her hand again.

"You are very kind."

"I'd be happy if I thought so—or that

you wouldn't hesitate to call on me, Miss Barocco, if ever I can do anything, not as a lawyer but—if you will permit me to call myself—a friend."

The dark eyes grew dim with wistfulness.

"Even troubles have their uses, Mr. Manship, when they bring us friends."

THE night was clear and still, its tonic cold rendered walking a delight, the stroll from the club was just long enough. With his nose in the air and his head in the clouds, Rodney approached the street on which the house of the Barocchi stood, but on the point of turning to cross Fifth Avenue caught sight of Angelo Barocco on the down-town corner, and pulled up to watch the boy and wonder what mischief he was up to.

Angelo was skulking somewhat back from the corner, in the half-shadow of a department store. A fur collar turned up to his ears, the brim of a soft hat pulled down over his eyes, gaze fixed intently upon the neighborhood of his home to the east of the Avenue—his pose altogether was that of a spying prowler, high-strung with excitement and fearful of detection.

And as if to prove it was mischief he had in mind, he took fright when Rodney's halt on the up-town corner warned him he had attracted attention, with a nervous start swinging round and slinking off toward Sixth Avenue—thereby dissipating all doubt as to his identity; for there could be no mistaking that feline grace which was peculiarly his.

To the riddle of this conduct nothing in the immediate surroundings of the Barocco residence provided any key. The mid-evening quiet was normal, wheeled traffic was absent entirely save on the avenues, wayfarers were few. Across the way a shape in the gray uniform of a private watchman was on leisurely patrol, and a couple whose mutual passion no frost could chill were sauntering in close harmony. On the corner occupied by the antique shop two men of no particular points stood talking, apparently about to part company.

Part they did as Rodney stopped in the Barocco doorway. One vanished down Madison Avenue, the other moved west toward Fifth. As the latter drew near he produced a cigar, worried off its end with his teeth, and swerved in.

"Say, young feller: got a match?"

Rodney nodded, eyeing the man distrustfully while he handed over a folder of paper matches. But when the little flame flared up it ruddied a countenance that he knew, a plain face of none too intellectual cast.

"Why, hello, Ritchey."

Shrewd gray eyes blinked at Rodney above the fire.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Manship."

"How's sleuthing nowadays?"

"Pretty dull," the man replied, throwing away the match and poisoning the sweet night air with puffs of rank smoke.

"Wouldn't think you'd find much to do up in this neighborhood, Ritchey."

"No," the police detective agreed, "you wouldn't, would you? Well, a guy's got to have some time off the job, same as you, Mr. Manship; I guess you ain't out on business either, in your open-faced suit."

"Wrong, Ritchey!" Rodney laughed.

"One of my clients lives here. You see it isn't always safe to judge a man by the cut of his jibs."

"No," Ritchey admitted, shifting his cigar from one corner to the other of his mouth, "I guess that's right, all right." And then, as the door opened and soft light washed the entrance, "Well, g'd-night," he added, and ambled away.

Aniello Barocco was waiting alone in the library; and the face he lifted up in the light of his desk-lamp when Rodney entered had aged shockingly since their last meeting. The eyes were haggard that had been so frank and confident, the hand was listless that clasped Rodney's.

"You aren't ill, I hope, Mr. Barocco?"

A careworn smile failed to carry reassurance. "It's nothing, Mr. Manship, thank you; nothing, at least, that knows any remedy; worry aggravating an old trouble of the heart . . . But please sit down. And thank you for coming. I hope it hasn't inconvenienced you; but after hearing what Francesca had to tell me, it seemed essential I should see you tonight. Mr. Manship, I appeal to your generosity."

"My dear sir!" Rodney exclaimed in astonishment.

"I throw myself and my family upon your mercy," Barocco proceeded earnestly. "We have every reason to believe my son is at the bottom of the annoyances you have suffered; not that I believe Angelo took active part in the burglaries, but that I'm afraid, in his determination

[Turn to page 53]





Raisins are one of the richest of all foods in energy.

Had Your Iron Today?



## That Dainty Bread Lends More Charm to Your Table—and More Nourishment to Your Meals

IT'S the finer touches, now and then, that make the meals delightful and especially remarked in certain homes.

A luscious raisin bread, for instance, breaks monotony and whets new appetite. Many women's tables are famous for no more than little variations such as this.

For there's art, remember, not only in the making but in the choice of foods.

Delicious raisin bread served plain with butter or as a crisp, brown toast!—what else is so enchanting to one who has fine tastes?

The flavor of the raisins permeates the loaf. And there's the incomparable zest of fruit.

Just try a dainty raisin bread occasionally and hear what your family says. Serve it to your luncheon guests. Hear their comments.

Remember, too, that raisin foods

supply more nourishment as well as flavor.

For raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

Also a rich content of food-iron.

You need but a tiny bit of iron daily yet that need is vital. Raisins will help to insure an adequate amount.

In fact, don't think of raisins as merely delicious natural confections—which they are—but also as a healthful food which should be served with regularity in scores of attractive ways.

Note two tempting recipes in the column to the right. Try one today.

Then mail coupon and we'll send our free book, "Recipes with Raisins," suggesting 98 other luscious raisin foods.

When buying raisins for home use always ask for Sun-Maids, the finest raisins grown.

### Buy Ready-Baked Raisin Bread

Grocers and bakers in every city and town can supply you with luscious raisin bread. Made with Sun-Maid Raisins. A full-fruited raisin bread.

Serve it for variety at least twice a week. Have delicious raisin toast for breakfast. Make bread pudding with left-over slices. Get a loaf today.

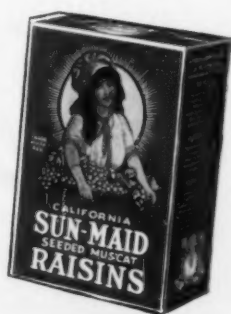
### Raisin Pie Man's Favorite Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins  
1½ cups boiling water  
½ cup sugar  
2 tablespoonfuls corn starch  
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice  
1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind  
Juice of 1 orange  
1 tablespoonful grated orange rind  
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

### Stewed Raisins —Healthful "iron food"

Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.



## Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters  
Made from finest California table grapes

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Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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## Make this test yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour in the palm of your hand. Note the creamy white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flour. Then rub it with your finger—see how *smooth* it is—the fine velvety texture of *real* wheat flour—the complete absence of harsh, coarse, gritty corn, meal. Now you know why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such perfect pancakes.

Try this test with  
any other pancake flour.



# Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

## What is the secret of perfect pancakes?

**T**HE SIMPLE TEST pictured above proves beyond question why Pillsbury's Pancake Flour makes such light, fluffy, tender and delicious pancakes.

### High-grade Wheat Flour

Any food expert will tell you that if you wish to serve perfect pancakes there is no substitute for creamy white, fine textured *wheat* flour.

Many other ingredients, such as ordinary corn meal, are cheaper. That is why so many pancake flours contain so much of it. But Pillsbury uses only the best quality ingredients, including the same high-grade, rich

wheat flour you yourself use in baking bread or cake.

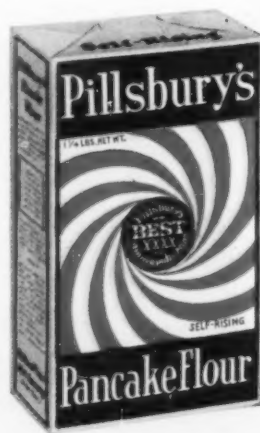
The quality and quantity of real *wheat* flour in Pillsbury's Pancake Flour give your cakes a new and distinctive flavor—a delicate, golden brown color. They are delicious to eat and easy to digest.

### So Easy to Make

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is ready for instant use. You require no baking powder, no eggs, no milk—just add cold water and bake on a hot griddle. No mixing, no fussing, no trouble at all. Serve these perfect pancakes tomorrow. Give your family a tempting breakfast—with the nourishment of real wheat flour and *plenty* of it.

### Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour  
Pancake Flour  
Health Bran  
Wheat Cereal  
Rye Flour  
Durum Flour  
Farina



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MINNEAPOLIS · U.S.A.



## THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

### When Your Town Gives a Supper

Dishes That Church or Club Can Serve at Big Gatherings

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

THE woman who is responsible for the refreshments at a convention, community luncheon, club banquet, or church supper, faces a serious problem. Perhaps she has never cooked for more than her own family. To prepare the food for a hundred or more guests is a very different matter. A recipe planned to serve six persons may be doubled, but when ten times that number are to be served the proportionate quantities must be changed.

If the food can be cooked where it is to be served, it will be more palatable than if cooked in the home kitchen and reheated. Two committees will be needed—one to cook and one to serve.

If space is limited why not arrange a cafeteria service? Two long tables joined by a shorter one, from which the hot dishes may be served, from a counter. At the end of one table place the trays, napkins and silver; then the bread or muffins on small plates with a pat of butter. Next the salads and other cold foods. The hot foods are arranged on the small table. Two or three hot dishes are sufficient—enough to make a choice. The other long table holds the desserts, and at the end, the coffee urn.

Use large dripping pans for cooking and serve directly from them. Pour gelatin mixtures into dripping pans and when molded cut into squares. Cakes should be baked in large, flat pans and similarly cut. The coffee may be made in a clean wash-boiler. If you serve tea, make a number of small tea bags, place one in each cup and pour on the boiling water.

In using large recipes the following equivalents may be useful:

2 cups of butter make one pound  
2 cups of granulated sugar make one pound  
4 cups of flour make one pound  
4 tablespoons of flour make one ounce  
2-3 cups of brown sugar make one pound  
4 cups of liquid in a quart  
60 pounds of potatoes in a bushel

The following recipes will serve fifty persons.

#### PLAIN MUFFINS

2½ quarts flour 4 teaspoons salt  
6½ tablespoons baking-powder ¾ cup fat  
¾ cup sugar 5 cups milk

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the eggs, add them to the milk. Add the moist ingredients to the dry, beating all the time. Melt the fat and add it last. This will make 60 medium-sized muffins.

#### GRAHAM MUFFINS

2½ pints white flour 5 tablespoons baking-powder  
2½ pints graham flour 6 eggs  
4 teaspoons salt 2½ teaspoons soda  
1½ cups sugar ½ cup fat  
5 eggs 2½ pints sour milk

Mix, following the directions for plain muffins.

#### WHITE SAUCE

1-3 pound or 2-3 cup of fat ¾ cup flour  
2 teaspoons salt 2 quarts scalded milk

Melt the fat, add the flour and stir until smooth. Add the hot milk slowly, stirring all the time. Pour into a double boiler and cook one-half hour stirring often. Salt just before using.

This may be used for creamed chicken, oysters or salmon.

If a thicker sauce is desired for croquettes, double the fat and flour; if a richer sauce, increase the fat.

#### FISH CHOWDER

14 pounds any kind of white fish 2½ quarts cold water  
5 quarts potatoes cut in slices 4½ tablespoons salt  
6 medium-sized onions 1 teaspoon pepper  
½ pound salt pork ½ pound butter  
2 quarts boiling water 2 quarts scalded milk

Skin the fish, cut off the heads and tails, and put them in a kettle with the

cold water. Cut the flesh from the bones and add the bones to the kettle with the heads and tails. Cook slowly thirty minutes. Cut the pork in dice and cook until yellow. Add the onions, sliced, and cook five minutes. Put the potatoes in a large kettle and add the contents of the saucepan in which you have cooked the pork. Strain the fish stock over this, add the boiling water and cook until the potatoes are partially soft. Add the fish cut in two-inch pieces and cook until the potatoes are done. Add the scalded milk and the butter. Split the crackers and drop them in the chowder.



### What Shall We Have To Eat?

IS IT a party you are giving?  
Or are you entertaining just a few friends informally? Do you puzzle over plain, everyday meals to serve to your family?

In any of these cases you desire to serve delicious food; something which is quickly and simply prepared.

"What to Serve at Parties," compiled by Lilian M. Gunn from recipes of hers that have appeared in McCall's Magazine, is a booklet of menus and recipes for dinners, luncheons, suppers, afternoon tea, bridal breakfasts, children's parties.

"Time-Saving Cookery," dedicated to the homemaker who believes in the gospel of rest and recreation as well as in the gospel of work, tells the home cook of short cuts and easy methods in cookery. It gives menus and recipes. Every recipe has been tested in a home kitchen.

For either booklet, address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage.

#### CREAM-OF-PEA SOUP

2 cans peas ½ pound fat  
1 onion 2 cups flour  
1-3 cup sugar 3 quarts milk  
6 quarts boiling water 3 tablespoons salt  
¾ teaspoon pepper

Drain and rinse the peas. Add the water, the onion cut in slices, and the sugar. Cook until very soft, rub through a sieve. Make a white sauce of the fat, flour and milk; season, and add it to the strained peas. If too thick, thin with scalded milk.

#### CORN PUDDING

4 cans corn ¼ teaspoon paprika  
9 eggs 1-3 cup butter  
2½ tablespoons sugar ½ pound flour  
1 tablespoon salt 2 quarts milk

Separate the eggs, add the yolks, well beaten, to the corn; then the salt and

paprika. Make a white sauce of the flour, fat and milk and add to the corn mixture. Beat the whites stiff and fold them into the mixture. Pour into well-greased baking dishes and bake in moderate oven until firm (360 degrees Fahrenheit).

#### SPANISH SPAGHETTI

Break up spaghetti until there are 1½ quarts. Boil for twenty minutes in 8 quarts of salted water. Drain and rinse in cold water. Chop 4 onions and 4 seeded green peppers, and brown slightly in 1½ cups fat. Add ¾ cup flour, 1 tablespoon salt, 3 quarts of tomatoes and cook slowly 20 minutes. Strain. Brown 5½ pounds of Hamburg steak in a little fat, add to the tomato mixture, and toss in the spaghetti. Grated cheese, 2½ cups, may be added if desired.

#### MAYONNAISE (3 quarts)

1 tablespoon mustard 12 egg yolks  
1 tablespoon powdered sugar 2 quarts oil  
1 tablespoon salt 1 cup lemon juice or vinegar  
¼ teaspoon paprika 1 cup cream  
½ teaspoon cayenne

Mix the dry ingredients, add the egg yolks, blend. Add the oil a very little at a time at first, beating with a Dover egg-beater. When it is thick, add a little vinegar; alternate with the oil until all is used. Whip the cream stiff and add just before serving.

#### POTATO SALAD

8 quarts cooked potato 2 medium-sized onions minced  
1 quart celery or cucumbers cut fine 4 tablespoons salt  
4 green peppers seeded and cut fine 1 teaspoon paprika  
2½ cups oil  
1½ cups vinegar

Mix the vegetables. Beat the other ingredients with an egg-beater and pour over the vegetables. Let stand two hours and chill.

#### BAKING-POWDER BISCUIT

3 quarts flour 1 cup fat  
7 tablespoons baking-powder 4½ cups milk, or half milk and half water  
2 tablespoons salt

Sift the dry ingredients, cut in the fat, add the milk to make a soft dough. Roll out not over ¾ inch thick and cut with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes (about 360 to 380 degrees Fahrenheit).

#### GINGERBREAD

4 cups molasses 4 teaspoons soda  
2 cups boiling water 3 teaspoons ginger  
2½ cups flour 2 teaspoons cinnamon  
1 cup melted fat 1 teaspoon clove  
2 teaspoons salt

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the water to the molasses and pour on to the dry ingredients, beating well; add the melted fat. Beat vigorously. Bake in shallow pans in a moderate oven about 40 minutes (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit).

#### PLAIN CAKE

1 pound fat 2½ pounds flour  
5 cups sugar 6 tablespoons baking-powder  
12 eggs 2 teaspoons cinnamon  
4 cups milk 1 tablespoon vanilla

Bake in a sheet, or in muffins-tins in a moderate oven one-half hour (about 360 degrees Fahrenheit).

#### BAKED CUSTARDS

5 quarts milk 2-3 cups sugar  
20 eggs 1½ teaspoons salt  
5 teaspoons vanilla

Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar and salt. Pour in slowly the milk which has been heated. Add the vanilla, strain, and pour into custard cups. Grate nutmeg over the top. Bake in pans of hot water in a moderate oven (about 360 to 380 degrees Fahrenheit). Do not allow the water to reach the boiling point.

## Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

"For the jovial season when  
grapes abound  
And mellow apples strew  
the ground."

THE other day I happened to be at the opening exercises of one of our district schools. It was a pretty rite—this welcoming of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." And as one ging-ham-clad youngster stood up to "say her piece" about grapes and apples, I thought to myself:

"They have appropriate exercises to commemorate the season at the schools, why not co-operate with the mothers of these children and suggest to them recipes of appropriate and reasonable things to eat at home. And so, I suggest two dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—especially good for October—one made from grapes and the other of apples and celery, and in my books you will find many more recipes."

#### GRAPE JUICE SOUFFLÉ

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice ¾ cup heavy  
1 pint grape juice, sweetened cream  
Whites of four eggs

Soak gelatine in grape and lemon juice ten minutes, then heat in double boiler until gelatine has dissolved. Strain into bowl set in saucepan containing ice water, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Half fill individual molds, first dipped in cold water, with mixture. To remainder add cream, beaten until stiff. Fill molds with cream mixture, and chill. Remove from molds to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla).

#### LUNCHEON SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 cup cold water 1 cup celery, cut in  
1½ cups boiling water small pieces  
½ cup lemon juice 3 tart apples  
½ cup sugar ½ cup nut meats

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice and sugar. When mixture begins to stiffen, add apples, sliced in small pieces, chopped celery and broken nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing. This mixture may be served in cases made from bright red apples.

#### Other Seasonable Recipes—Free

My books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" contain hundreds of very remarkable recipes for all kinds of meat and fish molds, relishes, salads, desserts, candies and invalid dishes. Write for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

# KNOX

## SPARKLING GELATINE

108 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for  
gelatine think of KNOX."



Plain Sparkling  
Gelatine for  
general use.



Contains Lemon  
Flavoring. No  
lemons required.



# How I Became A Successful Dressmaker

By JUNE WARREN



I RECENTLY had an experience so interesting and profitable to me that I believe that every woman and girl who is reading this magazine will be glad to know about it.

I was in Chicago in July and while walking up Michigan Avenue, who should I run into but Florence Sherwood. We had been out of touch for nearly five years, but it was so good to see each other again that Florence insisted I come out to the house for dinner next evening.

I found her waiting for me on the porch of her charming little home in Edgewater, and she was wearing such a perfectly charming and distinctive dress that I simply had to express my admiration. And you can imagine my surprise when she told me that she planned and made it in her own shop!

"Florence!" I fairly gasped. "You don't mean to tell me you designed and made that dress yourself? Why, when I saw you last, you could hardly sew even the plain things—let alone design and make a dress like that!"

"You're right," she replied with a smile. "Even a year ago I couldn't sew a stitch! But today folks tell me I'm one of the best designers and dressmakers in the city! Just now I have five assistants in my shop. My time is more than filled with just the planning and designing!"

"But, Florence, tell me," I said, still puzzled almost beyond belief, "where did you learn? How did you find the time?"

"I WENT to school," she answered, "right at home! I went whenever I had a few minutes to spare. My teacher I have never seen, although I regard her as one of my warmest friends."

"Everything I know about planning and making fashionable clothes I learned through the Woman's Institute. And I wish somebody would tell every woman in the country who is interested in making clothes for herself or for others the story of what the Institute is doing."

So it was Florence's story that caused me three days later to be sitting across the table from Mrs. Mary Brooks Picken, Director of Instruction of the Woman's Institute, listening to the perfectly wonderful story of this great school which is bringing happiness, independence, and the joy of pretty clothes to women and girls all over the world.

Mrs. Picken is one of America's foremost authorities on dress—a practical, expert dressmaker with years of successful experience, a great heart and a sympathetic understanding of women. She was so enthusiastic about the work the Institute is doing that her face fairly beamed as she talked.

"Formerly it meant a great loss of time, money and effort to learn dressmaking," she was saying. "How could a busy housewife, or a girl, obliged to earn her own living—and they are the very ones who need such training most—learn dressmaking if she must leave home or give up the position on which her money depends, to take employment as a dressmaker's apprentice or to enter a residential school? It was this problem that led us to develop an entirely new method of teaching dressmaking."

"Now any woman or girl, no matter where she may live, can learn through the home-study courses of the Woman's Institute, everything about dressmaking right in her own home, during spare time. Not merely the essentials, but all the niceties of dressmaking, designing, cutting, fitting, draping and finishing of garments of every kind."

"It is not necessary that she know how to make even a simple running or basting stitch. The instruction begins with the foundation needle stitches and seams and is not finished until the student can design, cut, fit and make with her own hands a gown, suit or dress of any style, no matter how elaborate."

"She learns not merely how to make clothes—but to make them as they are made in the best shops. She learns to design patterns that fit perfectly—or to adapt any tissue paper pattern—for herself or any one else! She learns to really develop style as well as to copy any gar-

ment she may see in a shop window, on the street or in a fashion magazine. And—best of all—she learns the secret of distinctive dress—now to create and individualize any garment, giving it the little touches that express the wearer's personality and mark the difference between ordinary clothes and those of becoming charm and distinction."

"The lessons are written in every-day words that any woman can understand. Then, too, every little step in the instruction is not only fully explained, but is actually shown by means of pictures. There are more than 2,000 illustrations in the Dressmaking course alone—so that it is practically impossible for the student to make any mistake."

We went through the big instruction department and I watched the teachers at their work of examining reports, marking lessons, and dictating personal letters. Then I understood why this method of teaching is so wonderfully successful, for every student has the help of an expert on her own clothes problems.

After such convincing evidence I couldn't resist becoming a member myself—right on the spot.

I found that thousands of women and girls had prepared through the Institute either to secure positions or to conduct shops of their own. And more than 100,000 others had joined the Institute simply to learn to make their own clothes. There were housewives, mothers, business women, teachers, girls at home and in school, or employed in stores, offices and factories. And they live in all parts of the world.

I HAVE finished only a few lessons, but already my friends have noticed the change in me.

It isn't only because I have prettier and more becoming clothes than ever before, but because I have so many of them. It's surprising how little even the prettiest dress, or blouse, or suit costs when you have to pay only for the material.

Best of all, I have found a way to earn the extra money I have always needed. For I have started sewing for some of my friends and neighbors. They all seem so sure everything will be right when I tell them I am studying with the Woman's Institute.

So far I have been working in a spare room at home, but if the work continues to come to me as it has recently, I shall think very seriously of opening a shop down-town and devoting all my time to it. The future looks very rosy. I don't know of any other profession that pays a woman so well as dressmaking and designing.

Mrs. Picken tells me that a large proportion of the Institute's new members join through the recommendations of other women who have successfully taken the courses.

So I am glad to add my recommendation and urge you to find out how the Woman's Institute can help you. The way is easy. Just write a letter or postal or fill out and mail the coupon I have arranged below for your convenience, to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 3-K, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive—without obligation or expense—an attractive, illustrated booklet telling the full story of this great school which has proved such a wonderful blessing to women and girls all over the world.

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----  
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Dept. 3-K, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

- ☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Millinery  
☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Up and Coming

[Continued from page 18]

beginner's luck. A patron of the sales gallery not only admired one of Justine's decorations in oil, but he bought it, paying the hundred-dollar price without quibbling.

As Jones waited for Justine in his office, where she was to come as soon as she had talked with Halliday, he told himself he had never before waited so eagerly for anyone! She was a trifle late, and when he turned to congratulate and scold her all in one, he felt abashed, put in his place by this haughty young person in her shabby dolman.

"Why did you do it, how could you be so cheap?" she demanded.

"Do what?"

"How dared you?" She almost stamped her foot. "And I liked you, too!"

"Do what?" He felt aggrieved, as misunderstood as any woman.

"I wouldn't have thought you so clumsy," she continued, her haughtiness evaporating under Jones' distress. "You meant well—but that sort of thing will never do. I'd rather have to color Christmas cards or mend laces for hand laundries than—"

"You silly Justine!" he said boldly. "You think I forced the sale! I never looked at your pictures after you left—Halliday dumped them about as he chose. I never even saw the purchaser. But I shall extract our commission from your check! You don't imagine I'm guilty of that tuppenny sort of philanthropy?" Jones adopted a dignified, injured manner which disarmed her.

"Could it have been a bona-fide sale—truly—oh, truly?"

"Must have been," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I assure you Halliday never pushed your stuff when others have things that have been hanging in here for months. The man happened to want it. Don't fancy I'm such a poor business man that I'm rushing your things willy nilly. The only picture I'm interested in is the one of yourself. Now, I'm ready for your apology." He folded his arms in a mock threatening manner.

"I'm forced to believe you," she said briefly. "It's been one of those damnable bits of luck that inspire false hopes! At any rate, I signed Mr. Halliday's contract."

"Why couldn't you come yesterday?" He changed the subject with abruptness.

"Why should it matter? I sold a canvas by staying away. And now, I'll go along and not stop for lunch—"

"You think not? I think you will. I've eaten so many meals with you in spirit—when you hung in my dining-room. You can't escape me! Let's go to the University Club where it is quiet. Do you mind walking a few blocks?" A moment later they were leaving the building. Jones took her arm.

They had a happy luncheon together and, as they left the Club, she said: "This has been almost the most interesting time I ever had."

"What was the most interesting?" was his demand.

She pursed her lips as she reflected. "Oh—one summer we spent in Turkey with a rich Bohemian set Tom was trying to outwit. They had an entrée to circles behind the throne. It was all very like the Arabian Nights!"

"And our little lunch comes next in your estimation?"

She shrugged her shoulders as if sorry to have admitted as much.

"Don't be pettish," he commanded. "Remember, you are the tarnished aristocrat, I'm of the smug middle-class that your sort like to see walking hot ploughshares. We are in America and, therefore, bound to compromise. I'm going to take care of your career—and yourself—as much as your unpleasant spirit will let me."

IT was several weeks before Justine met Jones' mother. Jones shrank from the introduction, and Justine knew it. Critical analyst that she was, she understood Jones' personality and it interested her far more than his success.

And it was a small shock to her when she discovered Bertha Mullen's identity. She shrugged her shoulders, but her eyes darkened with dissatisfaction. It was shortly after this gossip had reached her that Jones insisted she meet his mother.

There was nothing in common between these two, except Martha's tyrannical worship of her son and Justine's modern, intense love for him, about which she was neither sentimental nor ashamed.

Jones was not sorry when the unhappy visit was over, but he was keen to learn Justine's reactions.

She seemed rather sobered. "It will be too awful if we both care very much," she told him. "It could never come out anyway right—never!"

He put a big hand over her small, firm one. "That has nothing to do with it—you who told me I must live in today and not the past—"

[Turn to page 40]

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# Make your home attractive to young folks

*New educational plan brings this supreme player piano into your home immediately—enlivens your household with the inspiring strains of Chopin, Liszt, Tschaiowsky, Sinding, and a host of other great composers*

**T**HIS offers an immediate opportunity to obtain a supreme player piano at a common-sense price. And at practically your own terms of payment.

It is a part of a nation-wide movement—fostered by the foremost educators, publicists and musicians—for placing the highest art of the greatest composers in every American home.

One of the world's oldest and strongest musical institutions recently placed its vast manufacturing and financial resources behind it. And thus made the plan practical.

The result is the supreme Virtuolo Player Piano for \$495. A far finer instrument at a price even lower than that of ordinary player pianos.

### What social advantages does your home offer?

How can your home compete with jazz halls and shallow plays in attractiveness to growing boys and girls?

That is the problem that demands the consideration of every family in which there are young sons and daughters.

"Youth is a period of emotions striving for expression," says one writer. "It must

be satisfied.....provided with an outlet. And what that outlet leads to is dependent upon what is offered *in the home* to satisfy it."

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Hence world-noted educators and sociologists are now urging parents to turn to music—the greatest of emotional arts. Dancing and singing are essential to the young. It is the virility of youth finding expression in all its natural fullness. *But the home is the place to indulge it, safely.*

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The basis of the musical home is the self-playing piano. Highest authorities subscribe to this.

It leads to lasting musical appreciation; to the enviable intimacy with great composers and their work, so valuable in later social life. For by constant association with good music, a child learns much of music without actually being taught.

Results in this way are amazing.

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place this heretofore expensive instrument, the player, within the means of every home—to place children of the moderately well-to-do on the same footing with those of financial prominence.

The Virtuolo familiarizes your children with the great musical art of the Masters—and, with the same artistry, provides the best professionally played popular music for their dancing and singing needs.

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You can obtain this instrument at amazingly low terms. Any family now can own one, no matter how moderate their circumstances.

The whole plan is *new*. Foremost educators, editors and financiers helped us to perfect it. It is unique, both in point of price and in the amazing terms of payment offered.

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in your neighborhood

## Up and Coming

[Continued from page 38]

"While all the time the past dominates, destroys you," she answered.

"You care, don't you?" he whispered.

"More than is safe, more than I want to." She stared at him like an angered sexless sort of sprite, indignant at being confronted with mortal emotions. "You with your lovely, selfish mother, letting infantile devotion be your inspiration, and me with a rascally coward for a father—breaking away from him, judging him without mercy. How could we ever hope to agree? How can I have first place in your heart? I won't admit you have first place in mine. I'll say I want success more than anything. You don't know what it means to be pulled down, down—you'd hate whoever did it, wouldn't you?"

"She has helped me be lifted up, up," he reminded. "Wouldn't you be grateful, eternally tender? But, again, that has nothing to do with our love. You are first in my heart as I am in yours." He kissed her.

Justine gave an angry cry. "In your heart perhaps—but not in your life. Dear man, not hearts but life matters!" She turned to stare at the whirling scenery.

Jones put his arm about her. "Let me explain, dearest, let me—"

"You will talk of waiting," she said in an abrupt, boyish way. "Waiting—until what? Your mother's death? Wince all you like. At least, I've said the truth. If I'm the tarnished aristocrat, I'm trying to rub off the stain—to shine brand-new."

"So you love me," he persisted clumsily. "I'm not worthy personally—any more than any man ever thinks he is when he meets the right person—"

"You mean Bertha, that pitiful lump who is silenced by a new hat or enraged by lack of one? Who boasts of your friendship, the gossip of every rooming-house. Why, Jones, don't you know that I consider Bertha just a symbol?"

Jones withdrew his arm. "Please," he said hoarsely, "it hurts to hear you—like old lace dipped into a cheap dye."

"We are almost at the house," she said. "Let's decide not to go on—it is the quickest way." The machine was slowing down.

"May I come tomorrow?" he begged, helping her out. "Come, I'm quite determined—I must tell you a good many other things before we decide."

"Where can we talk?" she said suddenly.

"My study—with your picture? We will not have to disturb anyone else. Let me drive you out after dinner." He spoke sharply as if it were a business matter.

"Why do I say 'yes' when it is all so useless, such a waste of time!"

Unconscious of the curious passers-by, Jones bent and kissed her hand. "Why? Because the only thing that makes life bearable is what may happen when we turn the corner."

Before he reached home, Jones realized that his mother was not the first woman in his life. He walked around the parkway circling his lodge before entering the house, planning how to be fair to everyone—and to love Justine. When he came into Martha's rooms, his determination to marry Justine was so great that he offered no evidence of what was transpiring.

"Not in bed yet, dear?" he said gently.

"Not sleepy—I've been thinking about something that I've thought of for weeks. Whenever I started telling you, you were tired or busy. There has never seemed any good chance. It is something I am more interested in than anything else in the world—after you."

"Then let's hear it," was his cheerful invitation, wondering why she did not mention Justine. But with Martha, too, motives were concealed.

"It's the need for a community church out here," she began timidly. "I'd like so well to help build it—or at least ask you to help me. An old-fashioned notion—but then, I'm too old to change in ideas. It need not be costly, nor denominational and there would be no strings to it in the way of arranging services and so on. I want to have a building ready for people who want to worship when and how they like. I wonder if, instead of spoiling me in every other way, you'd mind helping with this?"

"A fine idea and I think I can promise that you shall have your wish." But Jones found he could not be enthusiastic about it and leaving the room, he asked with studied ease:

"How did you like Justine?"

And his mother forced herself to answer, "An unusual but alarming person—poor thing, I hope her work meets with success."

"I'll revel in this library with all its booky loveliness," announced Justine when she came into the room. "As for definite conclusions—this conversation will be merely verbal tag."

Jones established her in a properly effective chair while he took to the fire-bench, his long legs getting tangled in the rugs.

"A new frock?" he asked in a common-

place manner, as if they had all the time in Christendom to discuss momentous questions.

"Another remnant. If I bought new things they would have to be the pay-as-you-wear-them sort—I'd rather manage in my remnants."

She glanced up at her portrait, then at Jones, sprawling awkwardly on the settle.

"You talented clown," she commented, "you can't make things come out evenly, can you? Two plus two are apt to make five in your case."

"Why are you looking at the picture?" he asked resentfully.

"It seems such an abortive attempt to have someone share your life."

"The original will soon share it."

She shook her head. "Very pretty—but I'm not sentimental. Whatever else I suffered at Tom's hands, I thank him for not becoming a victim of over-attachment or belief. We speak a different language, Jones, and no one can prove diplomatic interpreter."

"Love doesn't need any," he insisted, reaching over to pick up an ornate paper-cutter and trace designs with it on the polished settle.

"I don't know," he added, "that love has changed since the stone age bloods pummeled their chosen ones into submission, and said chosen ones took their punishment with coquettish surrender."

"I know," Justine corrected. "Love has changed greatly." Her brows drew together as if she disapproved of his remark. "You forget that just as the stone age bloods treated their chosen ones to blackened eyes and 'cauliflower ears'—older members of the tribes were also pummeled into oblivion as soon as their uselessness was established, a drastic but not totally unkind method."

Jones tossed the knife aside. "You unfeeling little ogre!" he began. "Sometimes you seem the most callous person I have ever known—your own portrait would blush for you."

"Thanks. Let us keep to facts. After all, life doesn't readjust itself as deftly as a jigsaw puzzle. The truth is that you expect me to live with your mother—be subservient to her—join you in your hypocritical worship. No, I love you too much."

"Why can't you love her just a little—estimate her worth?"

"Stupid, stupid, that has nothing to do with it. I do love her."

"Then why hesitate—why all these unpleasant statements—"

"Love is not paramount in this situation. I've been trained to avoid every unnecessary thing, as you have been trained to attempt the unnecessary. Perhaps we're both wrong."

Jones insisted on facts with unexpected bluntness. "So you refuse to live here with mother although you would be in authority—you would ask her to leave here—exile her?"

Justine smiled. "I would. And now you'll start hating me!"

"I could no more hate you than I could comply with your wish."

"I warned you this would be a useless evening."

"As for—" hesitating.

"Bertha?"—Her brows black peaks of anger—"Why prolong the uselessness?"

Jones walked to the mantel, resting an arm on it, his free hand jangling discordantly among the fire irons. "Perhaps I'm a coward," he admitted morbidly; "at any rate, a sorry figure I cut in your eyes."

She shook her head. "I don't doubt your love—but it is a pale, flabby emotion. I refuse it." She rose.

"Don't go," he begged. "We must work out a compromise—you can't expect me to take your view instantly, sweep aside everything I've worked and fought for—I wanted you to share, to be tolerant, magnanimous—You underestimate her worth,"—pointing toward his mother's rooms. "If you knew one-tenth of all she has endured, struggled for, managed—"

"I realize—not first-hand, of course—but I do realize. I only wish we had never met—that you had continued in your fantasy of knowing the picture." Her voice was so direct it reminded him of stinging arrows. "But we may as well face the situation and not pretend. I'm going to be socially revived, I can feel it! I'm Justine Dunlevy the artist, not wild Tom Dunlevy's neglected daughter! And you are going to continue in your personal squirrel cage, sending nephews to college and nieces to the bridal altar, buying your mother every superfluous luxury you can find and the other women gewgaws—and some day, when it is too late, you'll discover you've missed the whole point of the thing, you'll be an eccentric old bachelor with too much money and too high blood pressure." She swept up her cape as she spoke and walked from the room.

Jones followed but he did not try to argue further. He saw her into his car

[Turn to page 60]



*Film on teeth costs countless women one of their chief attractions.*



*Make this delightful test and see how pretty teeth can be.*

## Pearls in the Mouth

Remove the film—see how they glisten then

There is now a new way to beautify the teeth. This offers you a pleasant ten-day test.

It is based on modern research, endorsed by modern authorities. Leading dentists now advise it almost the world over.

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Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Thin coats of film may cloud the whitest surface. Then that dim coat seems to be the natural tooth color.

Film is the great tooth enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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Film has been a difficult problem. The tooth brush used in old ways does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

So dental science has for years sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Now it is evident that these new methods mean a new dental era.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. And these two methods are embodied in it. The name of the tooth paste is Pepsodent. It enables everyone to daily combat film-coats wherever they appear.

### Other new effects

Modern science has also learned how to combat starch deposits. They gum the teeth, get between the teeth, and often ferment and form acids.

It has learned how to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

These new discoveries are embodied in Pepsodent. Thus every use brings

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It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits before they cause attacks.

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Pepsodent gives these natural agents multiplied effect. It does this twice a day. Starch and acids are thus constantly combated.

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Authorities the world over now advocate these methods. Dentists everywhere advise them. As a result, careful people of some 40 races are now using Pepsodent.

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Alabastine comes in powdered form, mixes with cold water and can then be applied to any interior surface—plaster, wall-board, paint, burlap or canvas. The many standard colors of Alabastine intermix perfectly to form numberless others matching or harmonizing perfectly with rugs or draperies.

Alabastine is for sale at all good stores selling paints, and will be used by decorators if you request it. Ask to see sample cards of plain Alabastine and the Alabastine-Opaline Process. Send for literature showing the most up-to-date and popular coloring of interior walls.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

665 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.



LOOK FOR THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED



## The Economy of Brick

A Home Attractive Both in Coloring and Design

By Robert Cummings Wiseman

THE first question which comes up when brick is mentioned as the material for the exterior of a small house, is relative cost. But one thing usually is omitted. That is the consideration of the element of saving aside from the initial cost of material and labor. A frame house requires painting every three years at least. There is that cost to be considered. There is also the fact that as protection against heat and cold, brick is far superior to wood. The use of brick as a building material will result in a saving of fuel in winter, while insuring delightful coolness during the hottest day in summer.

As to the merits of brick for the sake of appearance, that is a matter of taste, and it is a thing which the home builder should study carefully. Even if he decides on brick as the medium most suited to the design he has chosen, the question is only half-answered. There remains the matter of quality, of color, of bond and of joints.

Today the manufacturers have brick of so many different colors and textures that it is somewhat bewildering. Do not start with the idea that the most expensive brick is the best for your house. Perhaps it is. Perhaps a less expensive kind will give better results.

Brick colors range from what the trade calls pink, to dead black. Much depends on the choice of color in giving the effect. For instance, if your house is of formal design a brick of light red is usually more satisfactory. If your house is of the informal rambling type, a darker brick may be very effective. A great deal, too, depends on the type of planting and the trees which surround your home. If you have a garden of brilliant flowers, and trees such as maple, elm, or other light-colored foliage, a brick of light or medium color will blend beautifully with this background. If you live in a country of pines, cedars, oaks or other dark trees, a dark brick would make your house blend better into the surroundings.

WOULD you like to examine the plans and photographs of twelve charming houses designed by the most expert small-house architects in America? They are for:

Homes adapted from the quaint country houses of England;

Colonial homes with sun porches, front porticoes, low cornices;

Semi-bungalow houses; Stucco houses and sturdy structures which defy the cold of long winters.

Send ten cents in stamps for a "Group of Little Homes," to Mr. Wiseman, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Now the question of bonds. This means the method of laying up brick. In the common running bond each brick is laid flat with the long side showing. In the Flemish bond, the brick is laid with one long brick or stretcher alternating with one having the head or small end showing.

These are but two methods. A number of others are used, and it would be advisable, before the specifications for your house are completed, to have the architect or builder show you these different bonds.

Closely related to bonding is the question of joints or the way of applying the mortar between the bricks. Your architect can suggest ways of varying the effect.

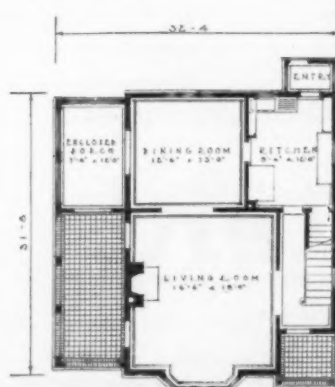
On a house such as the one shown here, a great deal depends on the treatment of the roof, both from the point of color and texture. There are three good possibilities. Slate, in various colors and different thicknesses is charming, but expensive. Wood shingles, stained or natural, we all know, and as old friends they often prove to be our best ones. During recent years there have been put on the market various patent shingles which are inexpensive and often very good-looking.

The house illustrated on this page is designed to be built of brick, and has an unusually home-like atmosphere. The overhang of the roof carries straight across the front and under it is placed a bay window. On one side is the entrance portico and on the other the larger porch, one end of which has been glassed in as a sun-parlor and outdoor dining-room.

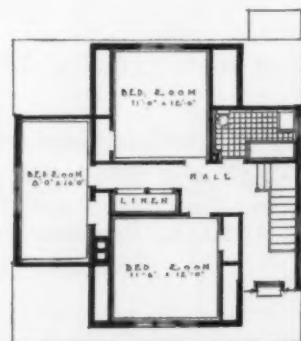
The problem of easy access to various parts of the house has been met with by using the living-room as a center. From this room it is but a few steps to the front door, the kitchen, dining-room or porch.

On the second floor are three good bedrooms, each with a closet. In the hall is a commodious linen closet.

The bath is so arranged that the plumbing will connect easily with the kitchen. This means a saving of pipes and labor.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

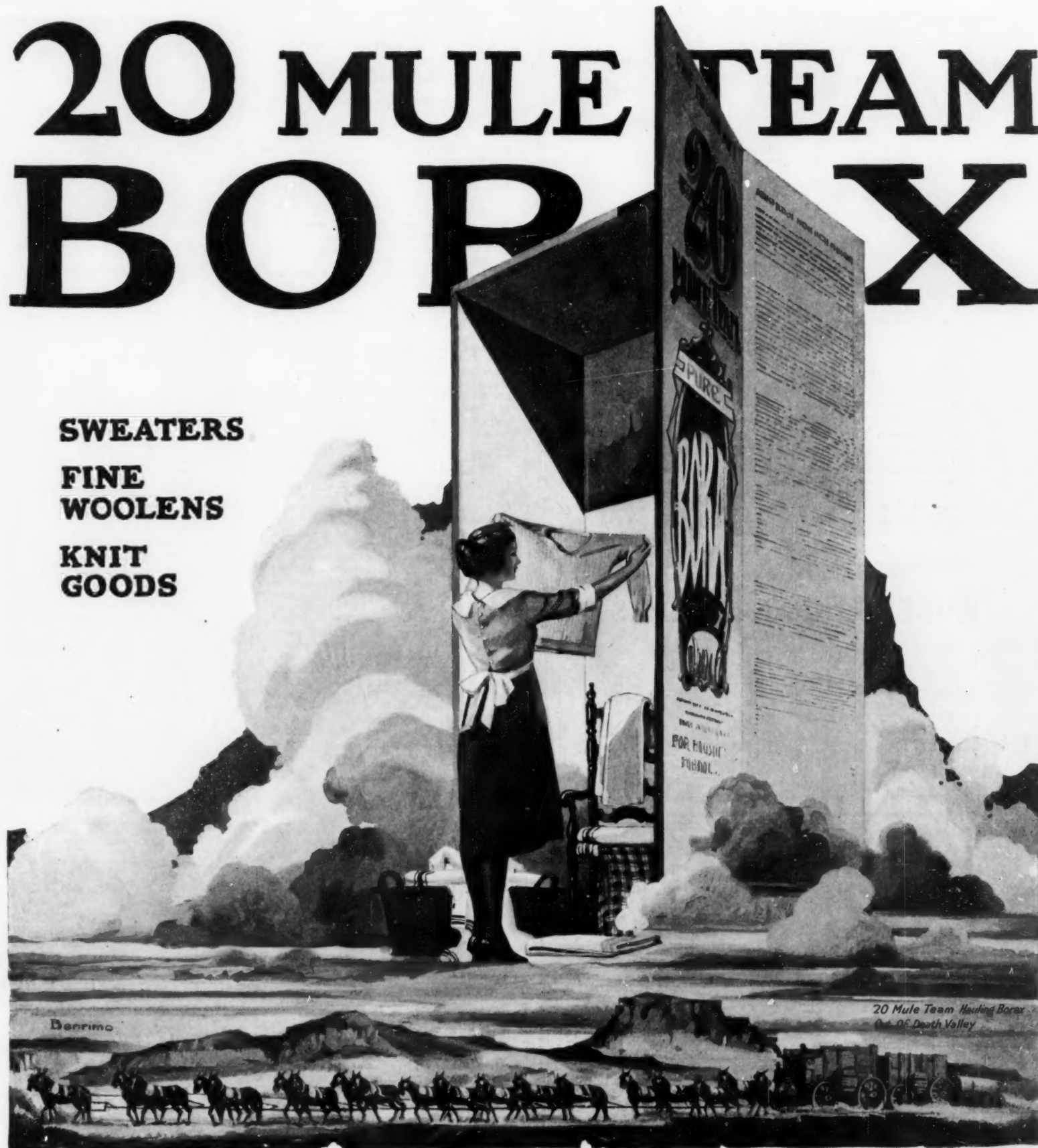


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The most delicate yarns that make up the newest sweaters will *hold* their colors and will not shrink if 20 Mule Team Borax is used. It is a solvent and a water softener and should be used always in washing any kind of fabric, no matter what soap or form of soap is used. The action of 20 Mule Team Borax is mild and sure. It is the greatest cleans-

ing agent known and it protects all colors, even the most delicate, and all fabrics. There are more than a hundred important household uses for 20 Mule Team Borax. It is in every clean kitchen, is it in yours? At all grocers and department stores. Send for the Magic Crystal Booklet. Pacific Coast Borax Company, 100 William Street, New York City.

## NATURE'S GREATEST CLEANSER

Double thickness  
across the chest  
wards off coughs  
and colds



On and off like a  
coat—always  
fits the growing  
body perfectly

## Health Insurance Against Winter Ills

Ask doctors and nurses: "What is the chief cause of infant ill in winter?" They will tell you: "Poor protection over chest and stomach." That is why so many of them recommend Rubens Infant Shirt to mothers. They know the importance of its double thickness over these danger points.

Cut with the simple convenience of a coat, without tapes or buttons. Rubens is easier on mother and baby at dressing time. The adjustable belt fastens with a safety pin and always fits itself to the rapidly growing body. Baby's future health depends on your present care. Insure his health and happiness this winter with Rubens.

Knitted in 12 soft materials—best suited to tender skins. Some priced as low as 25c. Always insist upon seeing the Rubens trade-mark. If any store can't supply you, write us.

## RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

Manufactured only by  
**RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.**  
2 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

Watch for Rubens 30th Anniversary Week  
—November 13th to 18th  
**A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY**  
To commemorate our 30th year of making  
this one garment—Rubens Infant Shirt—  
over 30,000 stores will offer Rubens Infant  
Shirt in silk and wool, all sizes, for \$1.00,  
that one week only.



NO BUTTONS NO TROUBLE  
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## Are We Happy?



"Rather! Because we know we'll never be pricked by an open safety pin. Our mothers take no chances. They always refuse ordinary safety pins and insist upon getting Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins."

Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins are made of strong, durable brass wire. Bevelled point passes easily through thickest fabrics. Cannot open accidentally. Cannot rust. Tongue in head and guarded coil spring prevent tearing of delicate material.

Cost A Little More Than Ordinary Safety Pins—But Worth It

Ask your dealer for Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins. If he cannot supply you send 6c for Sample Card.

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.  
Bloomfield, New Jersey

**STEWART'S  
DUPLIX  
SAFETY PINS**  
"The World's Safest Safety Pins"



## Men, Women and Divorce

(Continued from page 20)

man thinks that he is good-looking and he gets a lot of fun out of it and it harms no one. All men are sure they are clever, and that they have made a hopeless failure in life phases them not at all. They never had an opportunity or the fates were against them.

Husbands must be flattered and made much of; they crave it. If the wife does not rise to the occasion, I have known some other man's wife or widow or maiden to supply the deficiency.

Almost any woman can feed a man up on flattery, if she only knows how to pick the right spot. Probably the cleverest woman I have known was a member of a family composed of father, mother and the children.

Mother was father's secretary and managed his business, though he did not know it. Later she became his wife and continued to manage him and his business and he never knew it. She was alive to the weaknesses of all male persons, and knew that the main point for control was flattery, but one had to make a long search of father to find a point for personal eulogy. She could not praise his feet because they were flat. There was a noticeable bowing outward below the knees, symmetrical on both sides. Further, father was not tall, and long hours at the desk had produced a considerable stooping of both shoulders. Father lived well, and his tailor found it necessary to fashion his waistcoats with a concavity extending somewhat further forward than is consistent with an ideally-shaped waistcoat. Father's face had been built with a time limit in the contract and without any particular regard for the niceties of technique in the molding process. It will be seen that mother had not very much to fall back upon for keeping father plastic.

But early in her married life she found that father had a remarkable facial expression, and her discovery flattered father tremendously. There were casual but well timed references to father's remarkable expression. Perhaps few saw it, but all heard of it, and it satisfied father.

Women, too, delight in flattery but you cannot satisfy them with praise alone. Women like material things. Try saying nice things without the substance, young man, on your best girl, or your new wife and find out how far it will carry you.

Henri Landru "the Bluebeard of Gambier Villa," whose power of winning women has been the marvel of our time, was not at all personally attractive, but he showed very respectful attention to his various prospective mother-in-laws and sent them flowers. The love letters presented at the trial showed that his "method" consisted in the fulsome application of flattery, but always with gifts and attentions of a material nature.

**INCOMPATIBILITY** as a cause for matrimonial breaks applies only when both parties are congenital weaklings. Many women and some men develop the habit of being snappy in the home.

Another source of trouble is the fact that in all so-called courtships each party is trying to deceive the other, so that the entrance to the married state is surrounded by deception. The girl tries to appear as she is not, but as she would like to be. And the man tries to appear as he might well know he is not. The whole business is based upon illusion.

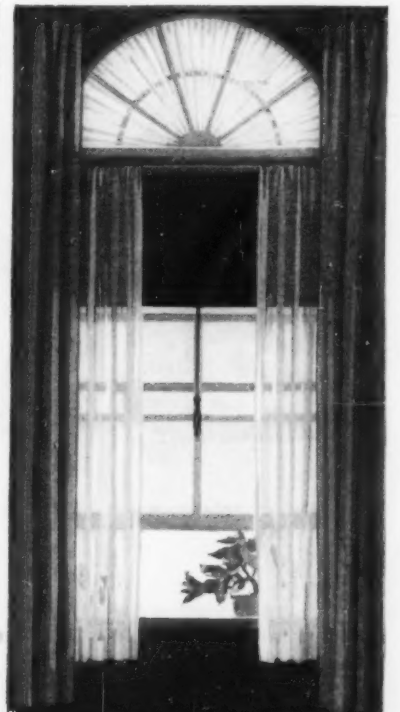
In order to overcome this, I have offered a scheme to my young friends as follows:

After entering into a matrimonial agreement, the man is to live with the family of the girl for one month with the understanding that the entire family, including the girl's mother, is to breakfast together every morning not later than 8 o'clock, not 8:30 or 9 o'clock. If the agreement is still on at the end of the month, then the girl is to take up residence in the family of the man for one month and the entire family, including the man's mother, is to breakfast together not later than 8 o'clock, not 8:30 or 9 o'clock. If the agreement is still on at the completion of the month, they may safely wed on the next day, and the divorce courts may hang out mourning.

A bachelor medical friend of premiddle life has recently discovered the girl of his choice; or the girl was the discoverer and never will let him know it—the result is the same. I suggested the scheme to my doctor friend, an unusually good observer who has practiced medicine several years. He flashed back that if my plan was put into execution, wedding bells would rust and baby doctors would be jobless. Nevertheless it would be better if some of the disillusioning anticipated the wedding bells.

It is not unusual for attachments to be formed between married men and women. Our bodies and minds change greatly in the process of years, but the attachment or special interest never comes to the surface.

(Turn to page 54)



**WHEREVER** window shades are operating silently and unnoticed, you will usually find that they are mounted on Hartshorn Rollers. For Hartshorn is the guarantee of unvarying perfection in window shade service.

Are you getting the perfect shade service you should?

**Hartshorn**  
SHADE ROLLERS  
AND  
WINDOW SHADE  
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For further interesting and valuable information on how to solve your window shade problems, write  
**STEWART HARTSHORN CO.**  
Established 1880  
154 Fifth Avenue  
New York City

**BE OUR REPRESENTATIVE** Splendid opportunity to increase your income. Sell beautiful dress goods, fabrics, etc., from attractive samples. There's an order in every home. Work easy, profits large. Details free—**NATIONAL DRESS GOODS CO., 30 Beach St., N. Y.**

## Three Talented Artists Joined in Designing This Lamp



The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller" in the stores. But this exquisite little lamp—"Aurora" as it has been named by an artist because of the purity of its Greek lines—was designed by the united talents of an architect and interior decorator, a painter, and a famous sculptress, who were working not to make a "big seller" for the stores, but solely to design a lamp of truly artistic proportions, with real grace, symmetry and beauty yet of great practicability.

**Aurora**  
\$3.50

The price of this artistic gem is \$3.50. Think of it! In the few shops where lamps of this character can be found its equal would cost from \$15 to \$20. Only the Decorative Arts League could offer such a price and such a lamp. "Aurora" is 18 inches high, base and cap cast in solid metalium, shaft of seamless brass, finished either in rich statuary bronze with adjustable parchment shade of neutral brown or in ivory white, shade golden yellow. Inside of shades old rose to give mellow light. Equipped for electricity, wire, socket, etc., everything but bulb. Send no money, simply sign and mail the coupon to Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE, N. Y.** (A. D.)  
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me at the League members' special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay postman \$3.50 plus the postage when delivered. (Shipping weight only 5 lbs.) If not satisfactory I can return lamp within five days and you are to refund my money.

Check finish desired—Statuary [ ] Bronze; Ivory [ ] White

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....





## For Babies Who Are Well

Milk Formulas To Be Used During First Year

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

IT IS not to be understood that the following formulas will answer for all well babies. They contain adequate nutritional elements in the proper proportions but the child may not have a good digestive capacity for cows' milk. It must always be borne in mind that, even when properly modified, cows' milk is not the baby's natural food. When the formula does not agree then the cause must be discovered.

The combination suggested may be too strong, when there will be signs of indigestion, possibly colic, diarrhea or vomiting.

If there is too high a fat-content there may be looseness of the bowels with frequent passages, these accompanied by straining.

Furthermore, if the fat is undigested there is liable to be regurgitation of mouthfuls of food, between the feedings. An indication that sugar is in excess consists in the eructations of gas and the spitting of sour, watery material. If the protein (curd) is beyond the child's digestive capacity there is apt to be colic and, often, constipation.

In a general way, if the formula for the given ages in the average baby disagrees, it will be best to try the next above, the formula arranged for a younger infant. We see many infants who cannot take fresh cows' milk in any modification. For such infants evaporated milk, sold in cans or jars, may have to be substituted. A series of formulas in which evaporated milk is used will be given in a subsequent article.

**B**EFORE preparing the formula a quart bottle of the best milk obtainable should be allowed to stand in contact with ice for five hours. The top sixteen ounces are then poured or dipped off with a one-ounce cream dipper. The top sixteen ounces are the milk used until the third month; after this age larger amounts must be dipped or poured from the top.

During the hot months this top milk should be brought to a boil in any suitable utensil, and during the entire year all but certified milk should be thus heated.

The formula after it is prepared should be placed in proper amounts in as many feeding bottles as are to be given in twenty-four hours and placed on ice. It will be necessary to dissolve the milk sugar in a small portion of hot water.

### Formula from the third to the tenth day:

Milk (top 16 ounces).....3 ounces  
Lime water.....½ ounce  
Milk sugar.....1 ounce  
Boiled water.....16½ ounces  
Seven feedings in twenty-four hours.  
Two to three ounces at three-hour intervals during the day and four-hour intervals at night.

### Formula from the tenth to the twenty-first day:

Milk (top 16 ounces).....6 ounces  
Lime water.....1½ ounces  
Milk sugar.....1½ ounces  
Boiled water.....16½ ounces  
Seven feedings in twenty-four hours;  
two to three ounces at three-hour intervals during the day and four-hour intervals at night.

### Formula from the third to the sixth week:

Milk (top 16 ounces).....10 ounces  
Lime water.....2 ounces  
Milk sugar.....2 ounces  
Boiled water.....20 ounces  
Seven feedings in twenty-four hours;  
three to four ounces at three-hour intervals during the day and four-hour intervals at night.

### Formula from the sixth week to the third month:

Milk (top 16 ounces).....14 ounces  
Lime water.....3 ounces  
Milk sugar.....2 ounces  
Boiled water.....18 ounces  
Seven feedings in twenty-four hours;  
four to five ounces at three-hour intervals

during the day and four-hour intervals at night.

### Formula from the third to the fifth month:

Milk (top 18 ounces).....18 ounces  
Lime water.....3 ounces  
Milk sugar.....2 ounces  
Boiled water.....19 ounces  
Six feedings in twenty-four hours; five to six ounces at three-hour intervals during the day and a last feeding at 10 P. M.

### Formula from the fifth to the seventh month:

Milk (top 24 ounces).....24 ounces  
Lime water.....3 ounces  
Milk sugar.....2 ounces  
Boiled water.....15 ounces  
Five feedings in twenty-four hours; six to seven ounces at four-hour intervals, the last feeding at 10 P. M.

### Formula from the seventh to the ninth month:

Milk (whole).....28 ounces  
Lime water.....3 ounces  
Milk sugar.....2 ounces  
Barley water.....14 ounces  
Five feedings in twenty-four hours; seven to nine ounces at four-hour intervals, the last feeding at 10 P. M.

### Formula from the ninth to the twelfth month:

Milk (whole).....32 ounces  
Lime water.....3 ounces  
Milk sugar.....2 ounces  
Barley water.....10 ounces  
Five feedings in twenty-four hours; eight to nine ounces at four-hour intervals, the last feeding at 10 P. M. Nine ounces is the maximum amount that should be given a baby at one time. The feeding should be continuous.

*Rewarming milk that has been kept in the bottle is a very dangerous practice.*

**Whole Milk:** To obtain whole milk shake the bottle before using.

**Barley Water:** Barley water is made by cooking one ounce of Robinson's or Cerec barley flour in the called-for water for thirty minutes. Boiled water is added to replace the amount lost in boiling. The barley water should not be hot when added to the milk and lime water. Milk sugar may be dissolved in hot barley water.

**C**ONVENIENT feeding hours are, 6, 10, 2, 6 and 10 o'clock after the child is five months of age.

Strong, vigorous infants may require stronger food than the above after the tenth month.

**Farina and Wheat Cereal.** It is not at all unusual for me to allow such infants a tablespoon or two of farina or highly refined wheat-cereal jelly (cooked two hours in water) before the 10 A. M. and 6 P. M. feedings with an ounce or two of the milk formula over it.

**Beef-Juice and Dried Bread:** Occasionally at this age, two or three teaspoons of beef-juice mixed with bread crumbs are given before the 2 P. M. feeding. A piece of unsweetened zwieback or a crust of dried bread may be given after the bottle.

It will be noticed that considerable latitude is allowed as to the amount of food which is to be given at one feeding. This is because of the difference in the capacity of individual children. After the third month the midnight feeding should be discontinued. Six feedings will be sufficient, the first at 6 A. M. and the last at 10 P. M. Between 10 P. M. and 6 A. M. the child should sleep. Babies are easily broken from the night bottle by substituting a bottle of boiled water or a milk mixture greatly diluted with water. The child soon discovers that this is not worth waking for.

As a result of a full night's rest the infant's digestive organs are better able to do their work, the appetite is increased, and a larger amount of food may be given at each feeding.



**FREE**  
to Mothers

A liberal trial can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc and cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap. Simply mail this coupon.

## Advice to Mothers from 112 Baby Doctors

about Caring for a Baby's Skin

Note this new way—then test it—Free

**M**ODERN science has perfected a new and radically different way in infant hygiene.

Its object is to overcome diaper rash and skin irritations, and thus, by relieving discomfort, to make baby's days happier—and mother's days less trying.

It embodies new principles—principles now combined in a remarkable new nursery requisite—Bauer & Black Baby Talc. Note coupon below for liberal test package free.

### Supplants Old Methods

Many months were spent perfecting this new way. Old methods were inadequate.

We consulted famous children's specialists, dermatologists, heads of maternity homes—112 in all. We sought a new way—a scientific way—of combating the irritant acids which obtain in perspiration and in urine.

Extensive experiments were made. Numerous tests effected under the personal direction of a famous baby specialist. Now we believe we have attained the ideal. And highest authorities agree.

### Combats the Cause of Irritation

The pores of the skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body. Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine. But more intensely so.

These acids make the skin raw, tender—susceptible to rash. Infection often follows. Hence, you must combat them.

Old methods attempted merely to dry the moisture, thus affording but indifferent relief.

Bauer & Black Baby Talc combats the irritant body acids—makes them harmless to the skin. It strikes at the cause of irritation. It marks a new era in infant hygiene.

Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is soothing, gently healing—scientific protection in the charming guise of a soft, white talc.

Try it for two days. Results are quick—and amazing. Note how much smoother baby's skin—how much more restful and happy—for comfortable babies are happy babies.

### The Test is Free

So that all mothers may try this new way, a test can of Bauer & Black Baby Talc is offered without charge. Also a sample cake of Bauer & Black Baby Soap, another exquisite comfort creator—a soap tempered to the infant's skin. Simply mail the coupon and both will be sent in a charming miniature container, post paid.

BAUER & BLACK

Chicago New York Toronto

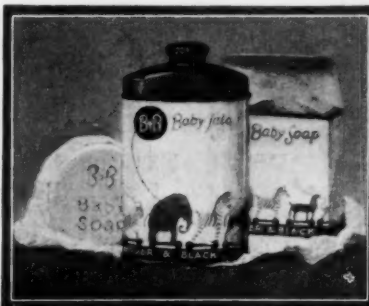
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

**Bauer & Black  
Baby Talc  
Baby Soap**

**B & B Products**

Your druggist offers you, in all Bauer & Black products, the results of 28 years of ethical service to the medical profession and the public.

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### MAIL THIS for FREE SAMPLES

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, U. S. A.  
If you live in Canada, address  
Bauer & Black, Canadian Laboratories  
Toronto, Canada.

Please send me trial package of  
Bauer & Black Baby Talc and Bauer  
& Black Baby Soap—these without  
charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....



## Ask Him

Ask the boy what cereal he likes best. He will say, we believe, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Millions of children do.

And these are the best foods for him. They make whole grains enticing.



## Ask Him

Ask the doctor what cereal is best for the boy. He will probably say Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. For he advises whole grains.

And these are the only whole-grain foods with every food cell broken.

# Let No Day Pass

without some whole-grain diet

The reason for whole grains lies largely in minerals. In the lime, the iron, the phosphates which growing children need.

Whole wheat is almost a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements. Children who get whole wheat in plenty are in no way underfed.

### Why Puffed?

The reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that every food cell is fitted to digest. There are 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. This process explodes them all.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert. It is the only process which so fits every element to feed.

### Like bubbled nuts

The fearful heat gives Puffed Grains a taste like toasted nuts. The puffing makes them airy, thin and flimsy. So this makes whole grains food confections. Children revel in them.

You can serve in a dozen ways, at mealtime and between meals. Do so—you mothers who believe in making whole-grain foods delightful.



## Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles—made to taste like toasted nuts. Queen of all breakfast dainties.



## Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every food cell blasted. The supreme supper dish.

## Save Our Forests

[Continued from page 13]

lands, even including cut-over and burned areas, amount to about half the original virgin area.

Of idle, fallow, unused, and stupidly neglected land suitable only for forest growth and once bearing trees, 81,000,000 acres have been so ruthlessly cut or burned that it has become a wretched, useless, unproductive waste.

Three-quarters of the forests of New England are exterminated.

In a few years New England will import what lumber it requires.

New York, today, produces less than one-tenth of the lumber it requires.

Pennsylvania is now obliged to import eighty per cent. of the lumber it uses.

The white pine of Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, is nearly gone; the yellow pine is three-fourths gone from the South; in the Middle States the timber is practically exhausted; twenty years will end both the hard-wood forests of the Appalachian region, and those of the Mississippi.

In twenty years the cypress, too, is doomed to vanish.

What remains? The Pacific Coast timber. And in thirty years that, too, will disappear.

When the forests go, the waters go, the fish and game go, crops go, herds and flocks go, fertility departs. Then the age-old phantoms appear, stealthily one after another—Flood, Drouth, Fire, Famine, Pestilence.

The picture painted here isn't a pretty one. Nor have the colors chosen been too lurid or too thickly laid on. Alas, they have even been toned down! It's a rotten situation.

There are two ways of facing a rotten situation; get under the bed-clothes and try to forget it; or get up, put on your pants, go out and face it.

Of course the thing to do is to cut out the rottenness from the situation and turn it into a hopeful and practical one.

There is time, still. We'll have to pay for our asinine ignorance and indifference—pay in hard cash. Every pocket will feel it; every pocket feels it now. It's going to cost us what Broadway calls "real money." That can't be helped. The Piper must be paid. The thing to do is to pay him, send him away, and get down to brass tacks.

Now, then, here is the problem and the necessity:

We ought to grow sufficient timber in this vast land of ours for our own needs.

We ought to grow enough for profitable export.

We ought to grow enough permanently to protect our springs, watercourses, rivers, our water power, our navigable streams, the fertility of our fields, the welfare of our herds and crops.

We ought to grow enough to protect the health of our people.

We ought to grow enough to protect our birds; for, without them, our crops ultimately would be destroyed.

We ought to grow enough to give shelter and expansion to our game birds and animals, to our fur-bearing animals, to our fish.

There is no reason why we should not use our timber and have it, too—take each year what we require from our forests, and still retain our living forests—stately, permanent, useful, beautiful forests, paying in a hundred charming ways for the room they take and care they require—yes, paying even in money, and paying well as first-class, profitable investments.

The Government should assume control of all lumbering in the United States.

This proposition is radical and it sounds like interference with private business. But it must come to that or our country becomes like China, a land of perpetual famine and poverty—like China which not very long ago could boast forests as magnificent as our own.

All lumbering should be under governmental control. The most drastic regulations should govern every operation which entails the felling of trees for whatever purpose.

For every tree felled in the United States a permit should be obtained. For every tree felled, another should be planted immediately.

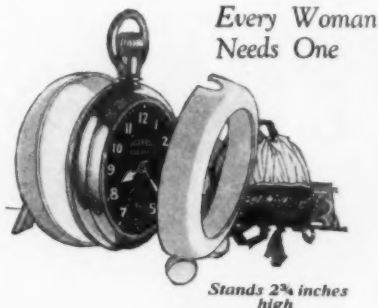
Our hundreds and hundreds of thousands of waste acres—acres sterile, fallow, burnt over, cut over—which now yield nothing, should be planted to forests.

Where is the money to come from? For every "market" felled a fraction of a cent tax to Government—the entire sum to be spent in reforesting this wasted, mutilated land.

Federal control first of all; then Federal and State encouragement.

Seedlings, two-year, three-year transplants, grown in Federal or State nurseries,

[Turn to page 54]



## Radiolite Two-in-One

Tells time in the dark

\$2.75

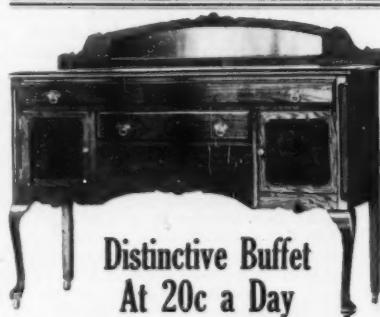
THIS dainty clock-watch, in its ivory-like case is a luxurious necessity, appropriate to dressing-table, desk, or table by the bed.

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# TREASURE ISLAND

Jim Hawkins and the Motley Crew  
aboard the Goode Shipe  
Hispaniola



Long John Silver

Bill Bones

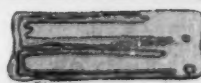
One of the  
Crew

Jim Hawkins



Doctor Livesey

The  
Treasure Chest



Squire Trelawney Captain Smollett



Dr. E. V. McCollum

EVERY man, woman and child should eat plenty of dairy products and leafy vegetables. That is all that is really important about diet."

This is the latest announcement of two of the foremost writers on food in the United States—Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds, of Johns Hopkins University. Dr. McCollum and Miss Simmonds are particularly noted for their scientific discoveries regarding vitamins. Recently in their laboratories, they discovered a new, fourth vitamin.

Dr. McCollum and Miss Simmonds begin, on this page, a series of articles which will be of startling significance to McCALL readers.



Miss Nina Simmonds

## Are You Eating the Protective Foods - Milk and Leaves?

By Doctor E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

IT does not take much of a survey to bring one face to face with the fact that most of us really do not know how to eat! All about us are pale, nervous, run-down persons—men and women who are not really sick, just not able to do the things which they would like to do, the semi-failures of the business and social world. Depression, discouragement, little vitality and poor resistance to disease are far too prevalent among us.

Nor, taken by and large, are our children much better. Our streets, playgrounds, parks and schools are full of nervous, thin, anemic, underweight children, small for their ages and decidedly below par. Not all of them come from the poorer homes either.

There is little out-and-out disease due to bad diet in the United States. But when we realize:

That about fourteen million out of twenty million school children are handicapped by some physical defect;

That not far from two million are suffering from a grave form of malnutrition;

That ten million have enough defective teeth to interfere seriously with their health;

That just about ten million are infected with tuberculosis;

That one million are predisposed to some serious form of nervous disorder, we must feel that it is time to consider that we eat more seriously than we have in the past.

It is time for us to realize that a diet which lacks sufficient quantities of dairy products, fruits and vegetables, is unsafe to a degree where it is a matter of national importance.

A diet which lacks sufficient quantities of these protective foods brings about poor physical development, poor teeth, physical inefficiency and early aging. It is probably responsible for much nervous irritability, lack of enthusiasm, intolerance, low spirits and oversensitiveness.

Nevertheless, in the face of all this, we believe that any plan which urges a mother to keep track of the calories consumed by the family should be discouraged.

We are sorry, of course, if that disappoints you. But somehow we cannot believe that it does. We cannot convince ourselves that mothers of families were ever overjoyed at the prospect of figuring out the "energy needs" of their families in these terms, and we have a notion that most of them, even if they adopted this plan for a time, shortly gave it up as too time-consuming, too technical and too involved for their use.

Not that the calory plan did not and still does not fill a very useful place in our knowledge of nutrition. Some fifteen years ago it was the best available guide for those concerned with feeding either large or small groups of people. But we have gone beyond it now. In our progress toward a fuller understanding of nutrition we have come to realize that the calory plan is inadequate and that for the housekeeper there is a plan much more comprehensive and much easier to follow.

We now know that one may eat plenty of food to "fuel" the body and still fail utterly to supply the body with certain things necessary to health. Moreover we have come to realize that the fuel needs of the body may to a great extent be gaged by the appetite, modified of course by what the scales have to say.

Tables of heights and weights for boys and girls and men and women of various ages have been given much

publicity; they are displayed on many public scales and can be consulted in any public library or obtained from any physician.

When a child is under the weight considered as normal for one of his age, his conditions is to be viewed with alarm. Whatever the trouble is, it should be discovered and removed. Very often underweight of either children or grown-

diet should always be kept physiologically complete. He should not try to omit entirely from his diet, the starches, fats and sugars, which we all know are the fuel foods, but he should cut himself down to a normal consumption of these.

He should not cut down on fruits and vegetables. The chances are that he could eat more of these without harm.

In fact it is almost impossible to eat too much of these foods. But it is better to take a diet which is physiologically adequate rather than to try to eat only meat and green vegetables.

It is interesting to examine different diets and to discuss them in the light of what experimental work has shown us to be true.

The Eskimo may live on a carnivorous diet, that is, one consisting almost entirely of meat. He can do this, however, with moderate success, only if he eats the glandular organs, fat and bone structure, as well as the muscle flesh.

The Oriental may live largely on rice and fish, but to do it and keep in good condition, he must supplement these foods with large amounts of eggs and of leafy vegetables.

We, in this country, may live on a variety of foods including bread and cereals, peas and beans, potatoes and meat, but we cannot live on these foods alone, good as they are, and be at our best. A diet restricted to these foods is deficient in several respects. The interesting thing to know is that we can make up all the lacks in such a diet as this by eating in addition to these foods liberal quantities of dairy products and plenty of leafy vegetables such as spinach, cauliflower, watercress, lettuce, cabbage, kale and turnip and beet tops. That is why we have designated milk and leafy vegetables as the PROTECTIVE FOODS.

All this is tied up with the story of vitamins. There are four vitamins, one of which has but recently been discovered. Eating sufficient quantities of the protective foods insures an adequate supply of at least three and generally all four of them. Milk provides, usually, three of these substances; it provides all four, if it is not heated or pasteurized before being used. The leafy vegetables supply in all cases three of the vitamins, and some of them contain, in their raw state at least, all these substances.

But vitamins is not the whole story either with milk or with the leafy vegetables. Milk is one of the most excellent body-building foods known to man and also furnishes, among other things, highly valuable minerals for the construction of bones and teeth. The leafy vegetables supply valuable minerals needed by the body, and bulk, which tends to prevent constipation.

Viewed in the light of the new system of diet,

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS DINNER?	Baked Potatoes
Veal Cutlets	Gelatin Salad
Buttered Peas	Butter
Bread	Coffee
Mince Pie	

It sounds like a fairly good meal, doesn't it? Yet it does not use milk in any way, nor does it provide any of the leafy vegetables, both so essential to health. If the potatoes were mashed and milk were added to them, if the peas were served with a cream sauce, raw cabbage salad substituted for the gelatin and caramel custard for the mince pie, the meal would be just as attractive, and much better from the standpoint of preserving health.

THE new system of diet is very simple and easy to follow. It is guided by three rules:

1. Everyone should have every day a quart of milk or its equivalent in cheese, cottage cheese, or such dishes as custards, ice-cream, junket, cocoa, milk toast or creamed soups or vegetables.

2. Everyone should eat every day two salads of fresh, raw, uncooked fruits or vegetables. It is well to plan to eat one of these at lunch or supper, and the other at dinner.

Such dishes as the following are good suggestions: Raw carrot salad; sliced oranges with shredded coconut; raw tomatoes, radishes, and cucumbers; plain head lettuce; tomato-and-egg salad; pear salad; banana and grapefruit salad; orange, apple and banana salad; grapefruit and celery salad; salmon and orange salad; raw cabbage or cole-slave; lettuce-and-raw-onion salad; green onions, celery.

3. Every day everyone should have one liberal serving of some cooked green leafy vegetable such as spinach, kale, cabbage, collards, water cress, or turnip or beet tops.

Having conscientiously provided for food which will meet the above conditions, you can, in most cases, safely let the appetite be the guide for the rest of the food which the family will eat. In other words, eat what you want, after you have eaten as you should.

To help the mother of a family to plan meals which will include plenty of the PROTECTIVE FOODS Dr. McCollum and Miss Simmonds will send you free menus for lunches or suppers, and dinners for a period of two weeks. Address Dr. McCollum, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

ups is an indication that certain elements are lacking in the diet. In such cases, when these are supplied, the appetite immediately improves, and the person is then well on the road toward normal weight.

Of course if one tends to be a heavy-weight, he should curb his appetite. He should remember, however, that the

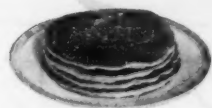


"I'se in town, Honey!"



## AUNT JEMIMA says:

Makin' my breakfasts is like when yo' gets 'vited some place tuh dinnah en yo' helps by puttin' de watah on de table. Dat's jes how easy 'tis



Breakfast is no trouble at all when Aunt Jemima Pancakes are on the bill-of-fare. You can even take an extra snooze—and have this breakfast on the table before your husband is ready, race as he will.



All the old-time measuring and mixing is done away with. You simply stir some water (or milk) into an equal amount of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—your batter is ready!

Spot it on the hot griddle and in next to no time your pancakes are done.

And the pancakes! They're always light and tender—the same every morning. And they always have that famous old Southern flavor—you can't get that wonderful flavor with anything but Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

'Phone your grocer now for a package of this ready-mixed, quality



flour. See for yourself how A-B-C simple it is to make perfect pancakes the Aunt Jemima way.

For buckwheat cakes of Aunt Jemima quality, get Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Pancake Flour. It comes in the yellow Aunt Jemima package ready mixed.



How to get Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. See top of package

© 1922, by Aunt Jemima Mills Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

## Flapperism and Our Colleges

[Continued from page 5]

College men and college women led surprisingly separate lives. There were dances. But it was the day of the waltz and the two-step—and the truth was that most students regarded any dance as a bore. But men did spontaneously call on girls, and even took them driving; and a few rather odd students had canoes and occasionally took a girl out on the lake. There was a special student word for all this sort of thing—"fussing." The nearest equivalent you will find in the dictionary is flirting. But flirtation is patently more serious than fussing.

The life of the university outside the classroom was almost wholly in the hands of men. All athletic sports were theirs to control, as a matter of course. But they controlled nearly everything else—the publications, the elections, the social life.

The typical college girl of the period was a serious-minded person who expected to teach in a high school. There were exceptions, but frivolous girls were unusual. The tone of the women was astoundingly serious. They dressed simply and quietly and with what would now be regarded as an excess of modesty. Rouge was almost unknown, and the lip-stick was unheard of.

It was with such a picture as I have sketched that I went back to my own college town, and walked toward the campus.

I met a bevy of girls—high school girls, I decided. I was amused to note that they were almost equally divided between girls who wore their hair bobbed and girls who wore their hair in an elaborately formal coil. They wore colorful sweaters, and skirts shorter than those I had encountered in Fifth Avenue twenty-four hours earlier, and sports shoes. Indeed, they were dressed for a country club rather than for city streets. But I wasn't interested in high school girls at the moment. I had come to see the co-ed in her metamorphosis—if any.

I passed a girl who wore not a skirt but knickerbockers. She was engaged in street-corner persiflage with a young man. Were they both students? Did co-eds actually wear knickerbockers to classes?

There was something going on over at the lake. I walked that way. The shore was lined with young people watching a canoe race. There were dozens of couples in canoes. All the houses at this point were fraternity houses. I recognized the men as students. But the girls certainly didn't look like college women. They looked like the girls I had seen five minutes earlier. For a moment I pondered this phenomenon. I asked myself where all these flappers came from. But it wasn't possible to stand long in that crowd, catching fragments of talk, without realizing my mistake. The flappers were not high school girls. They were co-eds. They were the new generation I had come to see.

"Well," I reflected cynically, as I looked about me, "I can now disprove one charge against the college girl. She may be a flapper, but she doesn't roll her stockings. Her skirts are too short."

There were, I discovered, conspicuous exceptions. Two girls sitting on the Chi Psi pier left no question as to how they supported their stockings. They were rolled. And in consequence their owners' knees were as frankly exposed as those of a musical-comedy chorus. I must in justice add that they excited no attention. Indeed, I do not remember ever seeing a crowd composed so equally of both sexes that seemed less sex-conscious. Its spirit was the spirit of a great informal house-party at which everybody had known everybody else all his life and remained amiable about it.

Such a crowd would have been impossible back in 1902, when I entered college. In the first place, the occasion would not have occurred. Except for the crews and an occasional canoeist, students did not use the lake. It existed as something to look at. In the second place, a university crowd was never truly mixed. Both men and women attended football games in force. But football was the only occasion that brought out large numbers of students, and then the men were massed for effective cheering, and the women usually sat by themselves.

In the week that followed I collected a good deal of exceedingly miscellaneous information, some of it of doubtful accuracy and difficult to check. How was I to choose, for instance, between the druggist across from the campus who told me he didn't sell a dozen packages of cigarettes a week to co-eds, and the student who told me that all the girls he knew smoked cigarettes and the co-ed who told me she didn't know a single girl who smoked? I got some statistics on moot points from an elaborate questionnaire that had been answered by some thirty-five hundred students. The testimony of the questionnaire on smoking was that one out

[Turn to page 50]



## More Toothsome Baking in Mirro

Bread and cakes and pies are more deliciously toothsome—and more wholesome—baked in Mirro Aluminum than in ordinary ware.

Mirro Aluminum utensils never char the food baked in them.

Mirro heats up quickly, is heat-retaining and permits slow, thorough baking.

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You have only to compare Mirro with other utensils to see the difference. The fine balance of it; how it is made of a thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum of a dense and even grain; no seams and all of the little niceties of finish which make it a delight, a pleasure for your kitchen—these superiorities are evident at a glance.

And don't forget—beautiful Mirro Aluminum kitchen utensils carry the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with almost thirty years of successful experience.

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# MIRRO ALUMINUM

Every Mirro Utensil



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# Where Was I to Get the Money?

—and then Emma Broach told me about her "Magic Purse Filler"—an ideal way to earn extra money each week without having to step out of the house.

**H**OW we were going to manage was worrying me almost sick.

I hadn't had anything new for so long that I was getting ashamed to go anywhere. And I wanted things for the house—new curtains and a long list of other items.

Everet's teeth needed attention. So did mine. And there were some bills six months overdue.

But where was the money to come from?

We were paying for a home. That and the butcher's and grocer's bills and other necessary expenses took every cent almost as fast as Everet could earn it. No matter how we skimped and squeezed and went without, there was never anything left over.



Mrs. Helene Himberg  
251 Wyckoff Street  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## My First Check

The first week—just sitting down at the machine whenever I had nothing else to do—I knit four dozen pairs. A few days later I received my first check—and how happy and proud I was. Since then the postman has brought me dozens of such checks—many of them for much larger amounts; but none has ever given me such a thrill as that first one did—for it meant that at last I had found the way to keep my pocket book filled instead of empty—a way to end all the old skimping and worrying and doing without.

Operating the Home Profit Knitter looked so easy that Everet—who at first sort of poo-pooed the whole idea—got interested and tried his hand. Now, many an evening he fills his pipe and sits down at the Knitter and knits two or three or a half dozen pairs of hose before going to bed—says he would rather do it than read.

## I No Longer Have To Do Without

Before long I had all the back bills paid up and enough money to blossom out in new clothes. Also for the first time in my life I now have a little money in the bank—all my own. And the amount is steadily growing larger each month.

It's really surprising what a difference a little extra money can make. More than once I have earned enough in a single week to pay for a nice new dress. The biggest check I ever received in all my life came one week when Everet helped me every evening. Everet said last night maybe we would be better off if he were to quit his job as a painter and give all his time to knitting hose—and at that perhaps there's more truth in his remark than he realized.

Mrs. Helene Himberg, 251 Wyckoff St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Note: The above is an actual experience. It was related by Mrs. Himberg to one of our representatives, and is printed here practically in her own words.

Mrs. Himberg's signed statement as to the facts is on file in our office.

## It's Helping Hundreds of Others

All over America the Home Profit Knitter is helping girls and women (and men too) turn their spare time into money—helping people get out of debt—helping them pay for homes—helping them dress better—helping them buy new furniture and pianos and phonographs—helping them provide for trips and vacations and other pleasures—helping them to lay up money to send their boys and girls to college—helping them build bank accounts—helping them buy cars—helping them get more comfort, more enjoyment and more self respect out of life.

Knitting socks on the Home Profit Knitter is easy, rapid, profitable and pleasant. You can also knit sweaters, golf stockings, ladies' stockings or children's stockings, and many other articles. All you have to do is to follow the simple instructions.

You can send all your work to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get good pay for it—all on a guaranteed basis—or you can buy your yarn and sell the finished work direct to friends and neighbors and local stores just as you choose. Either way you can earn an extra \$5 to \$15 (some do even better) every week the year round—the amount depending on how much time you give to the work.

If your regular income is not enough—if there are things you want or need—why not at least write to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get full information? Through their simple and guaranteed plan you can easily bring an end to your worries about money—and without having to step out of the house. Use this coupon. You should do it right away—it may make a difference of hundreds of dollars a year to you.

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Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

Name .....

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Write Name and Address Plainly.



The Master Knitter

## Flapperism and Our Colleges

[Continued from page 49]

of every two men smoked and one out of every ten women "admitted she smoked or had smoked."

My impression was more and more that life at the university had become extremely free and easy, that probably nothing had ever happened in Greenwich Village that couldn't be duplicated in a coeducational college. But one of the documents I had collected was a brief digest of the rules governing women students. It read:

**QUIET HOURS:** Must be observed as follows. (Then followed a schedule.)

**CLOSING HOURS:** All women must be in their houses by 10 P.M. from Sunday to Thursday inclusive. Absences after 10 o'clock are only by special permission of house-chairman or housemother. Friday and Saturday nights women may be out without permission until 11:00 o'clock.

**PARTIES:** Women may attend only approved parties, and these only on Friday and Saturday evenings. Parties must close at 12 o'clock except when the committee on Student Life and Interests gives special permission for a formal party. All women are required to leave ordinary parties at 12 o'clock; formal parties at 1 o'clock. Anyone returning later than 12:30 must report to the housemother the next morning.

**DRIVING AND MOTORING:** No women students shall motor within the city limits after 10 o'clock on any night of the week unless accompanied by an approved chaperon; nor outside the city limits after 8 o'clock on any night of the week, except by special permission of the house-chairman, and unless accompanied by an approved chaperon. Driving or motoring directly to and from parties after the hours above mentioned is permitted.

After all, could the flapper type exist under such rules? I didn't see how she could, and yet I knew she not only existed but flourished.

I made inquiries of a young woman who had been a co-ed within a year but was now married and living in town.

"Look here," I said, "aren't these rules awfully strict?" She laughed.

"Well," she admitted, "those rules are a nuisance. Every girl I ever knew in college wants to stay at my house overnight so that nobody will know when she gets in."

"Suppose," I suggested, "suppose you were to introduce me to a typical flapper?"

She introduced me, and we went to the Beach. It was an eleven o'clock night, because of examination week or something, so the flapper did not bother to tell the housemother where she was going. That broke rule Number 1. We drove—four of us—for a couple of hours. That broke rule Number 2. The party may or may not have been an approved one. I suspect it wasn't. If it wasn't, that broke rule Number 3. If it was approved, somebody stumbled, because it wasn't properly chaperoned.

The Beach in my time was a little casino across the lake in a grove of trees. It was a more or less public dance-hall patronized by highschool students and occasionally by men and women from the university. I found the Beach of 1922 twice as large and only half as well lighted. The dancing space was very dim—and with a much larger orchestra.

We danced two dances so that I could see how students danced. They danced as people dance nowadays all over the United States—in a fashion that would have been regarded as indecent ten years ago, and is now taken for granted. They danced as if they enjoyed it. But they also wandered off to benches under the trees as if they enjoyed that too.

In passing through the doorway we stepped aside for a hilarious foursome. They sounded as if they had been drinking. They—well, to be quite frank, you could smell it.

"Where," I asked the flapper, "do they get it? Here?"

"O, no," she said, "they brought it with them. It's probably Italian moon."

"And what," I asked, "is Italian moon?"

"Why," she said, "the only stuff that's easy to get nowadays is moonshine made in the Italian district. It's a kind of brandy, made of fruit and fruit refuse."

"It must be awful to drink," I said.

"It is," she answered. "It's so awful you can't drink it straight. You have to mix it with ginger ale. It makes a very bad gin buck. But it's cheap—a dollar and a quarter a pint—and it has a terrific kick."

"But is it true," I asked, "that co-eds drink?"

"O, no," she said.

"Well," I said, "weren't those girls we just passed co-eds?"

"Yes," she said. "I mean they don't drink much or regularly or anything. Of course, most of them try it out."

"But tell me seriously," I asked, "is there much student drinking?"

[Turn to page 52]



## The Girl You Can't Forget

Wherever the accessories of beauty are offered to discriminating women, you will meet this portrait of the Day Dream Girl—in shop windows and on the dainty packages in which Day Dream comes to you.

To satisfy yourself of the exquisite charm of Day Dream, send 25 cents in stamps or coin for the Day Dream "Acquaintance Box" containing the Perfume, Cold Cream, Poudre Creme, Face Powder and Soap in miniature. Address Stearns, Perfumer, 6531 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit.



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## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio





A clay of such amazing powers no less than a dozen imitations have sprung up into being; applied in a moment, starts its work in ten minutes, and—



"Father was amazed at the great change"



—In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology



# Astounding Beauty Clay Makes a New Skin in 40 Minutes!

Here Is the Greatest News About Complexion Ever Brought to America. Even the Dullest Skin Yields to the Simple But Wonderful Method Used Abroad.

By MARTHA RYERSON

I AM going to tell you how a pleasure trip to Sunny Wales resulted in learning a *real* beauty secret. It is a secret of Mother Earth's; a natural, normal and gloriously swift way to end forever an unlovely complexion. I went to Wales with the worst skin a girl could have; one afternoon I left it in the hills! I exchanged it for one of soft texture and full of color. And this is how:

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities, nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder "I took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I did.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in sur-

prise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did not!

## I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman will ever have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed we took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

## My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when we met in the garden of the little inn later that afternoon was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would

never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we stayed on, he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me and on all my girl friends. At last, using the natural Welsh clay as a base, he produced a compound as miraculous in its effect—only ten times more smooth and pure than the clay used by the peasants abroad.

## Any One May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of any one who did not regard it as worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I *know*.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have. It is so healthful to use, it *cannot* grow hair (in fact, its action checks that undesirable downy growth) and it keeps pores their normal size because it is laid on and *not* rubbed in.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! *My father has made you a remarkable offer in the next column. Read carefully:*



## New Shipments from Abroad!

FREE DISTRIBUTION OF \$5.00 JARS EXTENDED

To the public: My first offer of full-sized jars without profit exhausted my small stock of imported clay. But we have just received more, imported direct from the British Isles.

Therefore, I resume for a time the offer of a full \$5 jar without any laboratory charge. You may have *one jar only* for the bare cost of getting it into your hands! The expense of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to \$1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even this small sum of \$1.87 is not really a payment—regard it as a *deposit*, which we will return at once if you are not satisfied this miracle clay is all it is claimed to be.

Send no money, please, but pay when postman delivers. Just \$1.87 plus postage. Or, if handier to receive jar prepaid, enclose \$2; same guarantee holds good.

*Wm. Ryerson*  
Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS  
Century Building, Chicago, Dept. 43

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular \$5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

P. O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**I**N the course of an active day, it is so easy to lose that immaculate freshness which marks the well groomed woman.

Here is the secret of maintaining it.

After a bath, a luxurious shower of fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc, then the caressing touch of face powder with the same exquisite perfume. You will revel in a new sense of well-being—confident in the charm that comes from perfect daintiness.

# COLGATE



## Flapperism and Our Colleges

[Continued from page 50]

"Not compared to what there was in your time," she answered.

"In my time," I said, "drinking was the favorite indoor sport. Now it looks to me as if fussing had taken the place of drinking."

"It has," she said. "If you don't mind, I'll smoke one of your cigarettes."

She lit the cigarette with a gesture that indicated long practice. I knew instantly that she was an habitual smoker of cigarettes even before she took the first inhalation.

I felt as if at last I had seen the thing a little from the inside. I had got somehow a sense of what life was like at college nowadays. It certainly had its dangers. I couldn't approve of Italian moon for co-eds—or anybody else. But if the flapper I had met was a typical flapper, then the flapper was pretty much all right. Some of the things this girl had done would have turned her mother's hair gray if she had known about them. For instance, going to the party in honor of the moving-picture star where there was hooch—"of course." But she was an uncommonly nice girl, just the same. A community in which such a girl felt at home couldn't be bad.

The next day I met a man who had left college rather recently and still kept his fraternity connections.

"Look here," I said, "are you shocked at the conduct of co-eds?"

"Yes," he said. "Last week I heard that the entire chapter of one of the leading sororities had signed the pledge. Two of the girls came home so drunk that they woke the whole house up. The next day the seniors called a meeting, and it was decided that every girl could sign the pledge or resign from the chapter."

"Hmm," I said, "it sounds to me like one of those stories."

"No," he said, "it's true." But I don't believe it.

My impression is that co-eds do not drink. I don't doubt that a great many of them try it out. But I don't believe that they keep on. Too many of them protest against drinking among the men.

**T**HE thing that has happened, and is happening, to all the coeducational colleges, is not a revival of drinking, but something much more important, with much deeper social consequences. The coeducational colleges have ceased, in some cases, to be colleges for men to which women are incidentally admitted. Men no longer control college activities and set the tone of college life as they did. Increasingly, girls—girls of the period—girls of the flapper type, set the tone of college.

At a third university—a university that has never been famous for its athletic prowess—I found that "dates" had become a public issue. At a great mass meeting, co-eds were exhorted to promise that they would not make a date with, or receive a call from, a candidate for an athletic team during the athletic season. The co-eds made this promise!

What was that but an implicit recognition of the fact that the co-eds ruled?

An apparently trivial change at my own college seems to me equally symbolic. The six editors of the college humorous paper include two co-eds. The six members of the business staff include two co-eds. Where formerly co-eds were barred they are now present in almost exactly the proportion of their numbers in college. This proportion was once four men to one woman. It is now less than two men to one woman. It is only a question of time before there will be as many women as men. But they will be in complete control long before that.

Co-eds already control the social life of the colleges. The craze for dancing is sufficient evidence of that. The average sorority girl goes to fifty dances in the college year of thirty-five or thirty-six weeks. The prevalence of mid-week dates is another evidence of feminine dominance. Two-thirds of the sorority girls habitually make mid-week dates. (I take the figures from the published results in the questionnaire answered by thirty-five hundred students.)

To say that "fussing" has taken the place of drinking among college men is a light way of stating a profound change in college life.

The girl of the period is responsible for this change. Who is she? And where does she come from? And why? And how has she succeeded in molding the college nearer to her heart's desire when her predecessor, the serious-minded co-ed, failed? Why is the flapper? And what is her heart's desire?

[Mr. Cary will answer these questions, and tell more of his findings about the morals of our modern college life in his second article which will appear in the November McCall's.]



## Sore throat is a danger signal

**A**S you know, many illnesses start with sore throat. The mouth is an open door to disease germs.

So, particularly at this time of the year, it is wise precaution to use Listerine systematically.

Recognized for half a century as the standard, safe household antiseptic, it will help you and the members of your family ward off many forms of throat trouble that so often anticipate more serious ills.

Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle is a pleasant, effective precaution. Thousands of families have made it a part of their morning and evening toilets—as regularly as using the tooth brush.

## Ask your best friend about this, if you dare

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) may cause you many an unhappy moment.

Because it is something you may suffer from unawares. And it is so intimate a matter your friends won't mention it to you.



Your mirror can't tell you

Using Listerine systematically, however, will set your mind at ease. It defeats most forms of halitosis immediately. Then you know you are not offending or embarrassing your friends or associates. Use Listerine and be on the safe and polite side.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

**LISTERINE**  
—the safe  
antiseptic





# Double Doom

[Continued from page 34]

to learn the nature of my will, he was responsible. I gather there were no clues?"

"I believe the headquarters men collected a few fingerprints."

"Then I have to beg you not to make use of the knowledge which you have gained from Francesca and myself, not to report your suspicions to the police."

"I shouldn't have dreamed of doing so without first asking your consent."

"I thank you." Wagging a rueful head, Barocco pursued: "Age plays the devil with us, Mr. Manship. No, but it is too true. I am not the man I was, I am no longer fit to cope with problems that would once have seemed trifling."

FROM a source near his elbow a strident whistle sounded. He bent over wearily and unhooked from under his desk the speaking-tube that linked the library and the antique shop. Uttering into the mouthpiece a brief response in Italian, he held it to his ear.

What he heard must have been communicated in few words, yet their import was enough to kindle panic in his eyes, bleach his face, and bring him to his feet in one startled movement. But then his strength seemed momentarily to forsake him, he faltered and swayed, resting a hand on the desk for support. And Rodney, rising hastily, offered the support of his arm together with his sympathy, whatever the nature of the blow.

In a deep voice of woe Barocco pronounced a single Italian word unintelligible to the American, then stumbled from the room.

Delaying a mere instant in doubt what to do, Rodney followed, and in the hallway all but ran into the arms of the girl, Francesca, coming from the drawing-room. He stepped back quickly with a stammered apology, and the girl, catching his arm, called after her father in his native tongue. Barocco, now halfway down the stairs, descending with hasty, dragging feet, made no answer. He disappeared; they heard his shuffling footsteps in the entrance hall. Francesca ran after her father.

At her heels Rodney passed through the door in the party wall, once more to figure as supernumerary in a scene of drama in the history of this strange family.

Aniello Barocco, with a countenance of alarming pallor, breathing with difficulty his mouth twisted with pain, his legs trembling as if about to buckle with his weight, was leaning against one of the showcases that fenced apart the makeshift office and the body of the shop. Her arms round him, Francesca was looking up anxiously into her father's face, seemingly forgetful of everything but fears for him.

At a little distance Liborio was holding a pose of complete nonchalance, back to and elbows planted upon the glass top of another showcase, giving his attention to three businesslike if otherwise unprepossessing men who were engaged in rummaging the desk and the several chests and cabinets which stood in the office space. Another, the police detective Ritchey, was facing Liborio with a leer of triumph and, in his hand, a folded document of some sort, doubtless a warrant.

A fifth detective guarded the Madison Avenue entrance of the shop, at its back a sixth stood sentinel over the iron door.

Out of the corner of an eye Ritchey spied Rodney, and forthwith hailed him.

"Hello, Mr. Manship: nothin' like being the lawyer on the spot when the big smash happens, is there?"

"Ritchey!" Rodney demanded. "What does this mean?"

"Give you one guess, Mr. Manship. I'm still on the Narcotic Squad—and I won't get sent back to pound sidewalks for what I'm pullin' off tonight, neither."

"But it can't be possible—I!"

"Maybe you're as innocent as you make out, maybe not," Ritchey commented with a grim smile. "Thought you said you was these birds' lawyer? Maybe they don't tell Friend Lawyer all their secrets at that; but you ought to know what kind of clients you've got; and if you don't, I'll tell you and the world they're the king-pins of the dope smugglin' machine in this country."

"I don't believe it!"

"Now, listen, Mr. Manship: you ought to know I wouldn't take no chance of bein' broke' for a bonehead play. I got the goods on these guys, been laying for them for years; and today when the tip come through—"

"Tip?" Liborio Baroque put in with an amused, incredulous inflection.

"I said tip: Some of your Wop friends leaked. We know all about how you been getting the stuff smuggled in with antique truck from abroad and distributin' it by resellin' your shipments piecemeal to other antique dealers."

Liborio greeted this statement with a derisive flash of teeth.

"A pretty story, very pret-ty; but without evidence, who will believe?"

"Evidence!" Ritchey echoed indignantly. "Lis'n, friend: I'll show you all the evidence you want inside five minutes. If you think we don't know—"

He broke off as, with an exclamation, one of his associates straightened up from a cabinet of Chinese lacquer in the office space.

"What you got, Norton?"

"Only about enough heroin to give every man, woman and child in N'York the jazz for a week," the other replied with a chuckle. But his next breath was wasted in a yell of warning coincident with a tremendous crash.

With an amazing exhibition of readiness and agility in a man of his age, Liborio had taken advantage of the first moment when the attention of Ritchey was diverted. His fist, carrying all his might, drove the detective headlong backward over a low tabouret and into the cinnabar screen, which promptly collapsed.

Without pause, Liborio dashed for the front of the shop. The man at the door ran to tackle him, but the Italian swerved, found a path through the crowded floor, and leaped upon the low ledge of one of the show-windows.

A mahogany pedestal stood there, among other pieces, supporting a marble bust. Liborio dislodged the latter, and catching up the pedestal, whirled it round his head as if it were a broomstick.

The guardian of the front door, making an ill-advised attempt to close in, was sent sprawling by one blow of the pedestal. It next fell with shattering force upon the window, and the huge sheet of plate glass rang like fluted bell-metal, then, shivering into a thousand fractions, vanished almost bodily, leaving a wide opening framed with jagged teeth.

THE rain of fragments was still clanging and clattering upon the sidewalk when Liborio dropped the pedestal and prepared to leap out. In that act he reared up to his full height, tottering, and fell back, drilled through by a bullet from a pistol which the detective Norton had fired close by Rodney's ears.

Half-deafened, confused with horror and dismay, Rodney heard Francesca call out in terror, and looked round to see her bending beneath the weight of her father, whose limbs seemed to be refusing their office, so that he could neither stand nor hold himself up by the arm which he had flung over the showcase.

In alarm Rodney moved toward the two, but the girl waved him back with a frantic hand, pointing to the broken window.

"No," she panted, "go—find out—I!"

Rodney turned, to be shouldered aside by Ritchey as that one, cursing, scrambled out from the debris of his downfall and ran toward the spot where Norton already was bending over the fallen Liborio.

Rising as Rodney came up with Ritchey, Norton greeted them with an uneasy grin.

"Damn! gun of mine kicks like a mule!—aimed at his legs and got him through the heart."

"Dead!"

"Worse luck! I'll have a fine time explaining why I had to shoot—and all the newspapers yelling bloody murder and printing pieces about a corrupt and brutalized police force."

A sudden commotion, voices of men lifted in warning, the girl crying out in fright, drew them away from the dead man.

Aniello Barocco had collapsed in the arms of Francesca. Three detectives, the guard at the rear door and the two who had stopped behind in the office, had rushed to her assistance in time to relieve the girl of the burden of her father and let him gently down to the floor. Kneeling by his side, she was wildly demanding that somebody summon medical assistance.

"Telephone for an ambulance," Ritchey ordered.

"Let me have a look," Rodney interposed. "Know a bit about first aid—served with the ambulance corps in France."

On his knees he tore open the waistcoat and shirt and placed a hand above the heart. After a moment he laid his cheek close by Aniello's mouth. A shake of his head as he sat back confirmed the fact of death. He did not dare to look at Francesca.

Giving way to a passion of grief and despair, the girl threw herself sobbing upon the bosom of her father.

And presently Rodney got up and stood back, with head bowed, stricken to the heart with pity, his intelligence shaken by a great wonder.

Even as the brothers had foretold, in the same hour

[Continued in the November McCall's]



## How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

**A Simple, Easy Way to Make Your Hair Beautiful—Keep It Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant.**

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

### A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy, Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.



When the hair is dry, always give it a good thorough brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months. Beware of imitations. Be sure you get Mulsified. Look for the name Watkins on the package.

### Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week.

Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.



**MULSIFIED**  
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# Stout Women

## Dress Fashionably—Look Slender



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**NEW YORK**

## Save Our Forests

(Continued from page 46)

should be made attractively available to all who desire to start a patch of woods.

Every farm has its sterile, arid strips, of little or no use to agriculture, useless even for scanty pasturage.

It often has occurred to the writer that in the country, when two young people marry, no better provision for children, who ought to come, could be imagined than the planting of the waste acres with trees that would be a source of income to those children when grown and ready to marry.

As a nation we Americans are inclined to live for the present only. Seldom do we take thought for those who are to follow us—even for those to whom we owe every responsibility.

All woodlands ought to be, and can be, a source of perpetual income to their owners. On the acreage depends the income. Always lumber will be in demand. Always there will be need of home consumption also.

Let the Federal Government control; the State foster and encourage and make acquisition easy. Would it be a hardship if a State law made it obligatory that a certain percentage of every farm should be planted and maintained in forest?

There is another matter which the writer has considered recently; the planting and maintenance of county forests in every state. Every county contains land worthless for any other purpose.

What finer memorial to those who served in the Great War than a County Forest, offered, planted, guarded and maintained in honor of those who fell by those who survived?

Such forests, properly controlled, could maintain themselves—pay for their up-keep.

Could anything be finer for a soldiers' memorial than a beautiful woods where the timid wild-life of the region might find refuge and breed in safety—where the springs and brooks would be protected, where the people could enjoy the quiet and charm which only the green silence of the woods affords?

This country's well-being, prosperity—yes, its very survival—lies in the swift resurrection of its forests.

Somehow this work will have to be done, and done very soon.

How would you do it?

## Men, Women and Divorce

(Continued from page 44)

Neither Seer, Sage nor Science will ever be able to discover where love lies sleeping.

When St. Peter casts up the final reckoning, I am sure many men and women will find unexpected credit for having gone through life for the sake of the family and society, at peace with an impossible man or a near-impossible woman.

In the human, as already mentioned, it is the mentally frail who fail to respond to the usages of the law of the land. They are the victims of a permanently delayed development. Probably in most instances they grew up under a careless or more or less criminal environment.

Herbert Spencer in *Education*, writes:

"Is it not an astonishing fact that, though on our treatment of our offspring depend their lives and deaths and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents?"

As a people, we neglect our young in some very vital points; neither by association, nor in the school, if they attend one, are they supplied the environment and instruction necessary for their best all-round development. We are a nation gone mad over law-making and regulation. We attempt to legislate honesty, temperance and righteousness into human beings after they are made, and neglect them in the making. A small part in this effort directed to those in preparation for life's activities would do away with the occasion for much harmful, irrational and expensive law-making. Let there be much more information for the child, and there will be much less call for reformation in the adult. Right principles of living may be taught the young as other things are taught. The time to do it, the time when character is formed, is in the receptive years of youth—while the mind and body are yet young and before the soul is seared.

Your children and your friends' children will not alone constitute society twenty-five or fifty years hence. Thousands of the more or less neglected, hungry, ill-clad children of today will occupy this world with them. Society of the future is in the making by society today.



## She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

**MARMOLA COMPANY**  
236 Garfield Bldg. Detroit, Mich.



## Make Cute Gifts With this Magical Outfit

Unique Christmas gifts! Clever things of your own handiwork. Easy with "Enamelac," the Decorative Art Enamel. Stunning on Parian Ivory, picture frames, vases, trays, vanity cases, boxes, pottery, book-marks, etc. Charming work at trifling cost; for presents or to sell.

**Special! Complete Outfit Only \$3**

Vanity Case for Decorating Included FREE

Outfit complete in hinged box—6 cans "Enamelac" (6 colors) Turp, Shellac, 3 brushes. All only \$3 on this offer. Mail coupon with \$3 (check or currency) and give your dealer's name (Dept. store, gift, or art shop) and we will send Outfit postpaid and include FREE a beautiful Ivorene Vanity Case for decorating. Money back if not delighted. Mail coupon or letter today for prompt delivery. The Prang Co., 1922 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**The Prang Co., 1922 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

I enclose \$3 for an "Enamelac Outfit" and Ivorene Vanity Case, as per your "Special Offer" to readers of this magazine.

Name .....

Address .....

Name of my Dealer .....

## FRECKLES

**How many times have you tried to conceal them!**

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You need have no previous experience in order to learn to successfully operate the Auto Knitter. Its operation is fully explained by the instruction book which comes with every machine, and if you are willing to apply yourself to the work—and to follow the instructions given, then there is no reason why you should not be successful with Auto Knitting as a spare time money making occupation.

## A wonderful Work Record Less Than 5% Rejections

The Auto Knitter is for workers—for those who are serious in their desire to make money in their spare hours. The Olde Tyme Wool Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere—from new workers, who are just beginning their work, and from old friends of long standing. Here are socks from novices as well as the experienced, socks from careless as well as painstaking.

And yet, out of the huge total sent in to us, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Olde Tyme All Wool Socks.

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-around efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter worker, that the rejections on this home work, performed in thousands of different homes are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do so too?

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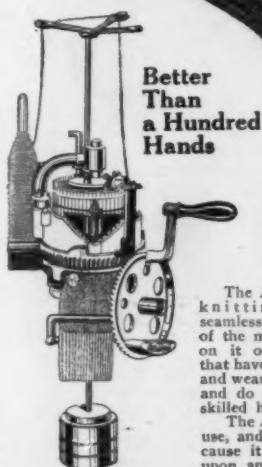
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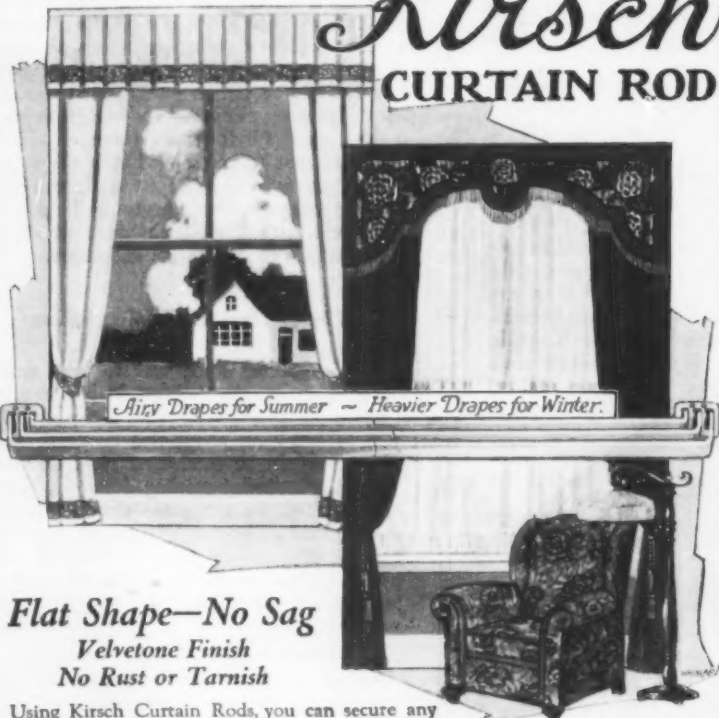
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## Not as Bad as She's Painted

[Continued from page 24]

"Somebody ought to talk to you like a Dutch uncle!" he assured her, grimly, as her widening eyes sought his. "I'm going to make a stab at it."

They had entered the restaurant before Kay had a chance to recover herself. A moment later she was seated opposite him at a table for two.

"You needn't look scared," he remarked.

"I'm not going to bite you," he remarked.

"What are you going to have?" he interrupted, with perfect serenity.

"Nothing!" said Kay, with emphasis.

"Steak for two," Kelly told the waiter.

She had already decided on a pose of dignified silence, but she could not resist a dig. "I suppose hard work *does* give you a big appetite!"

"I might have suspected your name was Kilkenny," countered he. "I've heard of the famous cats that took after your family—"

Kay flushed. But being Irish too, she had no lack of repartee of this sort. "I've heard say that Boru had red hair and a temper to match. But they do say he was a gentleman—"

"Which I am not!" finished Kelly, and grinned. Then, on an impulse that made him seem very boyish, he leaned toward her. "Let's not scrap—I'm really trying to help you."

The obvious answer to that was that she valued his help less than nothing. Yet in spite of herself she hesitated and while she hesitated the waiter returned and deftly slid a plate in front of her.

"They say," Kelly went on, whimsically, "that the cats never stopped fighting except to eat. But they did eat! Won't you dig in, please?"

"I'll pay for my half myself," she said. "You'll feel better when you've eaten," he agreed, cryptically.

SHE did. The food, the lights and the music all relaxed her. At the next table two girls sat with their sleek-haired escorts. In their eyes she saw what she interpreted as derision of Kelly's uniform and the Irish in her rose, as to a spoken challenge.

"He could break both their men in two without trying," she thought. "And as for looks—"

Here she became conscious of Kelly's eyes upon her and she blushed confusedly, at the thought that he might have guessed hers. But of course he hadn't. As she sat there, lovely in spite of her artificialities, he forgot his announced intention of talking to her like a Dutch uncle.

"I hated to have to arrest you the other day," he said abruptly.

This had not been true at the time but he believed it now. She could see that.

"I didn't know about the license," she confessed. "I hadn't driven much."

"Really!" he echoed, in mock surprise.

They had, without realizing it, progressed further than the mere breaking of food together. So far indeed, that Kay laughed too.

"I'm sick of this traffic stuff anyway," he went on. "I'm going to quit it. I've got a place in the country—"

The secret he had kept so long was out. But he never stopped to wonder that she should be the first to share it, or even to doubt her interest. Swiftly and impulsively he described his cottage, the cultivated acres and the old owner who had sold so cheaply because he wanted to go to his daughter's home in Ohio.

"And there's money in it—it's near the Boston market, you see," Kelly went on. "And—well, it's in my blood I guess. My father used to tell me about my grandfather's farm in Connaught—one of the biggest and best there was in the whole country!"

"I'd like to see it—your place, I mean," murmured Kay, with never a thought that this might be construed as a bid for an invitation.

"Won't you come out with me—next Sunday?" he asked, at once.

"I—why—" She paused for words and evoked memory instead. So:

"What," she asked, "does the judge do if—if you can't pay your fine?"

Kelly looked startled. "You don't mean that you can't!"

Kay caught at her lip as she considered. And then—the faith in which she had been bred, meeting one of the greatest of human needs, established the confessional—she told him the whole story. Defiantly, daring his disapproval but with a growing sense of peace as she came to the end.

"Good Lord!" he murmured, "but you certainly do need a guardian!"

In his eyes, however, there was that which mitigated his words. For as he looked at her there had come to him again that vision of youth incarnate. And—well, it is not only lightning that is swift to strike or tinder that is swift to flame. Yet

when he spoke his words were commonplace—too commonplace!

"I'll pay your fine," he promised—his thoughts were racing elsewhere.

"You will not!" flashed Kay. "I—wouldn't let you for—anything!"

He looked up startled. Then:

"Oh, Lord, I don't blame you for getting red-headed," he groaned. "But we O'Haras were ever a mad lot. My grandfather went to a fair one day to buy a cow and brought back a bride instead. He'd never laid eyes on her before, but they lived to celebrate their golden wedding. We fall fast but we fall hard, we O'Haras!"

The waiter intervened inopportunely. "Anything else, sir?"

Kelly looked at him as if he had never seen him before. "Yes—no—oh beat it!"

Then his eyes came back to Kay. "There's everything about the house that a girl could want except a girl to want them," he explained. "And if you come—"

In his eyes was a passionate wistfulness—and a light that all but blinded her. "I'd look fine as a hick, wouldn't I?" she murmured.

This was the mere mechanics of speech; she was too breathless to think of what she said or how it might sound. She would not have hurt him then for worlds, but this he could not know, and it was as if she had struck him.

"You'd look a damned sight better with some of that paint off your face," he retorted.

The swift change in his eyes and voice stung her.

"You talk as if we were already married," she shot back. And then she blushed and added hurriedly, "I'm engaged anyway. He's—he's away—"

Never are woman's eyes so like the fabled wells in which truth lies as when she is telling an awful one. Kelly believed her! As his expression changed yet again, she was stirred to the depths, yet she could not speak. And so he paid the check—so much had passed that she had forgotten she was to pay her share—and they emerged once more into Tremont Street.

There he broke the silence. "Well—good night," he said, awkwardly.

Apparently she did not hear. He glanced at her, she seemed lost in the contemplation of a lighted show window. But presently she spoke.

"I"—her voice was so low that he had to bend to hear it—"I—I could wear one of those sports suits on—the farm, couldn't I?"

The sports suit received not even a glance from him. He was gazing at her, incredulous of eye.

"But you said you were engaged!" he managed finally.

Kay's eyes stayed steadfastly before her, but he could see the blush spread to her ears.

"I wasn't going to have you think that all you had to do was whistle and I'd come to you," she said, hectically. "And if you think that just because I'm broke and you're sorry for me—"

Of course she knew that it wasn't just that. But being feminine and conscious of her power she must abuse it.

"Sorry for you!" Kelly exploded. "I—I—do you mean—"

Kay gave him a swift, startled glance. "No, no," she protested. "I don't mean that. I mean that—that—"

She should have been more explicit. What she wished to say was that perhaps, in the fulness of time, when they knew each other better . . . but he misunderstood. And—well, some girls are kissed on their hair, others on their cheeks; cases have been apparently authentically reported where several have been kissed by very impetuous lovers right on the mouth! But Kelly was more than impetuous. He was a mad O'Hara!

Kay was kissed right on Tremont Street!

SAY boss," phoned the court reporter of the *American* some sixteen hours later, "I've got a good one. Strong cop—remember the story about him—pinched a girl Saturday. Peach! Paid her fine—ten bucks—in court this morning. Resigned from force and married her an hour later. Going to live in a love nest for two twenty miles out. How much do I get—a column?"

"Keep it in a half," replied his chief, but took the curse off that by adding, "for the first page!"

And there it appeared.

"Oh!" cried Kay, who looked just as a bride should. "Look at it—isn't it awful!"

The lineal descendant of kings, who appeared much happier than any king has managed to since old King Cole passed on, looked at her instead. And presently she glanced up at him.

"Silly!" she said, irrelevantly. Then:

"You're—you're musing my hair!"

"Do you want me to stop?" he asked. Apparently she didn't.



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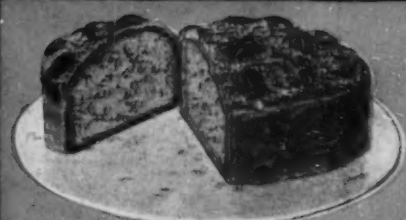
## Chocolate Layer Cake

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening with 1 cup sugar, beating well; add 1 beaten egg, 1 cup milk slowly, and mix well. Add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour sifted with  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder; mix in 1 teaspoon vanilla and bake in 3 greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Put together with chocolate filling and icing made with 3 cups confectioner's sugar to which is added slowly sufficient boiling water to make smooth paste; add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 oz. unsweetened melted chocolate and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated orange peel.



## Pineapple Layer Cake

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening; add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar slowly; add 2 beaten egg yolks. Sift together  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk and add alternately with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and fold in 2 beaten egg whites. For filling and icing—Put 3 cups confectioner's sugar into bowl; add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk and beat until smooth; add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon small pieces of canned pineapple; add 1 teaspoon melted butter. Spread between layers and sprinkle with small pieces pineapple drained well. Spread icing on top and sides of cake and add pieces of the pineapple while icing is still soft.



## Maple Nut Cake

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening with 1 cup light brown sugar; add 2 egg yolks; mix well and add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk; sift together  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and two teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and add; mix in one cup finely chopped nuts—preferably pecans—and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 minutes. Cover top and sides with maple icing as follows: add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon butter to 2 tablespoons hot milk; add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups confectioner's sugar to make smooth paste; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon maple flavoring and spread. Sprinkle with nuts while icing is still soft.



## Royal Cream Loaf Cake

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening well with 1 cup sugar; add 2 egg yolks; add 1 teaspoon lemon extract; add, a little at a time,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup rich milk or thin cream. Add 1 cup flour sifted with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cornstarch and 5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Fold in 2 beaten egg whites and bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes. Make frosting as follows—Put 1 unbeaten egg white into shallow dish; add gradually  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups confectioner's sugar beating with wire whip until of right consistency to spread; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and spread on top and sides of cake.



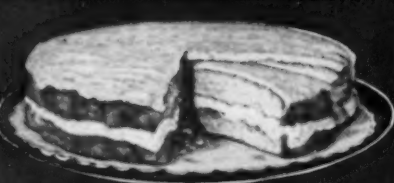
## Chocolate Roll

Beat 2 egg yolks; add 1 cup sugar slowly and 4 tablespoons cold water. Sift 1 cup flour with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, add alternately with 2 beaten egg whites. Spread very thinly on greased pan. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Turn out on damp cloth—trim edges; spread with filling and roll in cloth while warm. When cool remove to plate, and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Filling—Scald  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  squares unsweetened chocolate. Thicken with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour mixed with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold milk; add 1 tablespoon butter. Beat  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 egg and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt together and add. Cook over hot water until smooth and thick. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla and spread.



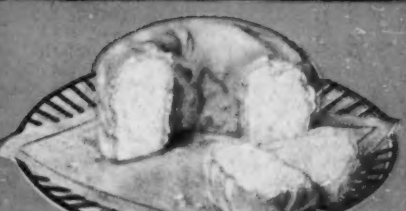
## Royal Dinner Rolls

Sift together 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, and 6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Rub in 1 tablespoon shortening; add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk and mix to smooth dough; turn out on floured board; knead well to make smooth. Cut dough into small pieces to make rolls about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches long by 2 inches wide; form each into smooth roll with square ends. Place on greased pans far apart and stand in warm place 20 minutes. Brush with butter; bake in very hot oven 10 minutes; brush again with butter; bake 5 minutes and serve hot.



## Orange Cream Layer Cake

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening; add 1 cup sugar slowly, beating well; add 1 beaten egg. Sift together  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, and 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and add alternately with 1 cup milk, a little at a time. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and bake in 2 greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Spread 1 cup sweetened flavored whipped cream thickly between layers. Cover top with orange frosting made with 1 cup confectioner's sugar added slowly to 1 tablespoon cream. Add pulp and grated rind of 1 orange,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon orange extract and 1 tablespoon melted butter.



## Three Egg Angel Cake

Mix well and sift together four times 1 cup sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup scalded milk very slowly, while still warm, beating continually; add 1 teaspoon almond or vanilla extract; mix well and fold in 3 egg whites which have been beaten until light. Turn into ungreased angel cake tin and bake in slow oven about 45 minutes. Remove from oven; invert pan and allow to stand until cold. For icing add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon butter to 2 tablespoons hot milk and gradually add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups confectioner's sugar; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla and spread. (Use the yolks of the eggs for a Royal Sunshine Cake.)

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## For the Modern Colonial Bedroom

By Ethel Davis Seal

**W**HETHER they be quilts primly colorful with patches; candlesticks that hold squat candles twinkling back of slender bell-shaped globes; mellow, deep-drawed desks that invite explorings for secret cubby holes that spring into sight at the touch of a magic button; fourpost beds that yearn for years of yore when tester valance dangled gracefully; slender fan-backed chairs that cast slim shadows, or dainty tiptop tables that may be spread for tea, Colonial things appeal to our imaginations.

Deep in the heart of every woman, is the longing for a Colonial house, with quaint and gleaming mahogany, chintz and ruffled muslin, and a fourpost bed. We come by our love of these things legitimately, surely, for we are heirs of a folk who made and changed the furniture of an old world into a harmonious and useful furniture that thrills us today. It is *our* furniture.

When I think of our debauches with Victorian walnut, the bleakness of Craftsman, the triteness of parlor suites, the blandness of golden oak with its shine and prune-seed carving, I rejoice anew that the highboys and secretaries our grandparents hid in the barn, the dropleaves and slabbacks, are being put back where they belong in our homes.

Nowadays it is exceedingly smart to furnish a new home entirely in antiques. Young couples haunt old and dusty shops, and poke exploringly into the barns and attics of remote farms, in the hope of acquiring a find that, after expert doing-over, will be worth many times the price paid for it. Often their quests yield rich gains. And I have been in many new houses that were richly beautiful in old possessions, Sheraton or Hepplewhite sideboards, finely restored corner cupboards, dignified with the newer idea of sparsely set shelves, Windsor chairs that recall hoop-skirts and ringlets; tall, stately desks, gateleg tables and the reeded legged dropleaves, chests, old bureaux, Queen Anne mirrors girandoles, highboys, secretaries, and here and there, everywhere, new pieces out of new shops, so skillfully made and matched that it were difficult indeed to tell them from the restored old pieces. These are houses furnished after my own heart.

Particularly is Colonial furniture popular in the bedroom. Sometimes there is an old chest of drawers in the family

that can be matched with a fourpost bed of new make, two or three new chairs, or antiques, and in the future a highboy may be purchased. Or one may buy all the furnishings necessary for a Colonial bedroom in a new shop.

A delightful modern Colonial bedroom may be furnished on this wise: a jaspé stripe paper in putty and cream, used without a border; white woodwork, dull blue painted floor, rendered serviceable by a coat or so of varnish or shellac; oval rag rugs banded in blue and gray, with narrow bands of black; at the windows simple overdrapes in blue and white English chintz, showing also a hint of yellow and black; glass curtains of white ruffled muslin; twin fourpost beds with carved pineapple ends and bedspreads of chintz; a chest of drawers over which a wall mirror is hung; a low-boy that is used as a dressing table, with an adequate mirror hung above it; a wing chair upholstered in plain blue; a Windsor in mahogany to match the rest of the furniture.

**E**VERYTHING here is Colonial, and yet the spirit of up-to-dateness is everywhere; in the bedspreads that are scalloped and do not reach below the side stretchers, in the absence of floor valance on the bed or the upholstered chair, in the scalloped pillow throw of plain blue stretched across the flatly laid pillow on each bed, the ends of this plain strip of material reaching to the edges of the chintz spread, the up-to-date straight lines of the chintz drapes and thin white curtains, neither of which is tied back, the modern silk-shaded lamps, the good-looking pillows.

Of course it is more than possible to do the Colonial bedroom with great adherence to detail, adding, for instance, the floor ruffle on the bed and the upholstered wings; this assures a quaint and old-fashioned air.

Another attractive Colonial bedroom of modern flavor may be papered in pale gray, and have ivory woodwork and a floor painted green or gray, or stained in walnut. The uncarved mahogany fourpost bed may be made gay with a coverlet of leaf-green taffeta trimmed with ruffles if one should desire to be very festive; or a green saten edged

with upholsterer's fringe makes a satisfactory and cheaper substitute. The Queen Anne highboy, with flat top and cabriole legs, is painted leaf green, as is the chest of drawers with claw and ball feet and the wall-hung gilt-framed mirror. The windows are curtained first with glass curtains of cream voile, then with overdrapes of cretonne, with small figures in rose and green on a black ground. This same material upholsters the modern wicker chairs which are at home in any setting; and the tiny home-made oval rag rugs used on the floor are in black and rose and green.

**I**N furnishing a modern Colonial bedroom it is not necessary to buy a set of matched furniture, though this is entirely possible. One may pick up odd pieces from time to time, until the furnishing of the room is finished. In this way the cost is spread over a period of time, and one is apt to pay more for each piece, with the result that the things are far handsomer than they would have been if bought in a single suite, which in lump sum sometimes staggers the modest pocketbook.

Whether old or new furniture is bought, a list of Colonial pieces suitable for use in the bedroom will be illuminating, for the choice is large. The beds are usually fourpost, though the types differ; sometimes the posts are tall, coming within a few feet of the low-ceilinged room; sometimes they are so low as barely to reach a foot above mattress height; some of the taller posts are heavily carved, spiral turnings and carved pineapple ends being distinguishing features; but just as many of them are uncarved and end in the plain ball, or the uncarved pineapple shape.

Even if antique furniture is desired, a sacrifice is usually made in the matter of the beds, since modern ones are much more comfortable with their box springs and mattresses.

In the bedroom one may use any one of the many types of mahogany bureau or chest; some of these are low and uncarved, as simple as a bit of mahogany can well be; some are of the scroll period, heavy, with perpendicular scrolls of wood running from top to bottom of the front, one on either side of the series of drawers; some are deliciously reeded and carved, with claw and ball feet, some are more plainly Queen Anne, some are gorgeous highboys, topped by the broken pediment.





## SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING

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A well decorated house is not a matter of dollars and cents, but of materials and sense. Good taste demands harmony of line and design and livableness in the color scheme. Each room should be decorated with its specific purpose in mind.

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### Bissell's Play Size Sweeper

Really sweeps and teaches little girls tidy habits. Three models, at a quarter and up—a few cents more in some sections—at dealers



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**BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.**  
220 Erie St., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers

## The Last Cartridge

[Continued from page 11]

stopping in front of the house. Why there must be some trouble." Her voice quavered on that last word. And then suddenly her pale glance pierced him. "Margot!" she breathed.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Delcevere," a man's voice sounded from the hall, and the man himself in flannels and tennis-shoes, his unbuttoned green sweater showing a shirt open at the neck, emerged from the shadows. "Your daughter has pulled a tendon in her leg, I think—a slip on the tennis-court. I shouldn't have frightened you like that, but Miss Margot insisted on sounding our approach. Ah hello, Hugh! Glad to see you! I shall need help to carry her into the house."

Madge Delcevere did not stay her progress. "Thank you, Mr. Stewart," she responded. "Call up Dr. Tyler, Thomas," she said in passing to the butler who had opened the door. "Get Miss Delcevere's bed ready, Ellen," she called to the maid who came rushing downstairs. Her light figure flew down the steps. When Stewart and Varick appeared, she was sitting in the front seat of the car, her arm around her daughter's shoulders.

In a short time, the men had carried Margot up the stairs; Dr. Tyler had arrived; Stewart and Varick were talking alone in the living-room.

"She's all right," Madge suddenly appeared before the two men. "She'll have to use crutches for a week or two. It's a pulled tendon as you said, Mr. Stewart. I'm grateful to you for thinking so quickly. Dr. Tyler says it would have been much worse if she'd walked on it."

Rodney Stewart had arisen, at her entrance, to the extent of an exceedingly graceful height. Now he bent to the extreme of deference. "I knew of course that she shouldn't do that," he declared. And, "Weren't we once Madge and Rodney to each other?" he interrogated.

"I wondered if you had forgotten," Madge answered deftly. "And now that I've thanked Mr. Stewart, let me thank Rodney."

"I hope you'll let me drop in once in a while to see how my poor victim is standing it," Rodney Stewart continued. "Somehow my conscience hurts me; for she was my partner. If I'd only taken that ball—the least I can do in amends is an occasional nosegay and some sweets."

"We shall be glad to see you," Madge assured him. "And I do wish you could bring Lillian sometime. I should so like to talk over old times with her."

Rodney Stewart's face shadowed. "Poor girl!" he said. "I wish I could. But she has so few good days. And she has to be so careful not to exhaust them by social excitement of any kind. She'd be delighted to come if she were well enough. I'll drop in sometime tomorrow, Madge."

He shook hands with his hostess; gathered up the sweater he had shed to carry Margot upstairs; turned to Captain Varick.

Any judge of male physique would have been forced into a comparison of the two men as they stood together. Of about the same height and both tall, Hugh Varick's slimmness was padded with a tense, faintly-curved muscularity; yet the contours of his handsome, distinguished face were long and lean. He was as quick and noiseless in his movements as a boxer. Rodney Stewart, on the other hand, a tawny type and debonaire, inclined a little to facial fullness. In the body, however, he was a shade too slight. He moved with the extreme of grace—the grace of a professional dancer.

Madge Delcevere revealed herself to be no judge of men. The instant he departed, "What a beautiful figure Rodney has!" she said. "And oh, how young he looks—in spite of that dash of gray in his hair!"

Varick parried slightly. Perhaps he remembered the vague, undeveloped physique which the gym of college days had so unrelentingly revealed in their friend. "He always did wear his clothes well. And he always was a handsome beggar. But when it comes to our crowd, Madge, remember nobody looks as young as you." He arose. "Of course, I hope I don't have to tell you if there's anything I can do— However," he ended lightly, "you can rest serene on one point. You said a moment ago you were afraid there might be a problem. There can't be one for two weeks at least—with her tied by crutches to the house."

Madge laughed and agreed. "You mustn't take all this maternal nonsense too seriously," she abjured him.

**R**ODNEY STEWART is a graceful creature," she was saying a minute later to Margot.

Margot dropped her magazine, rolled over on the bed so that her glowing eyes sluiced her mother with their light. "Isn't he?" she agreed eagerly. "And oh, mother, he dances so gorgeously!" She rolled back so that she faced the wall again; took up

[Turn to page 66]



1922

## Gordon HOSIERY



1872

WITH sport wool hosiery the prevailing style, more than ever this fall and winter, you can now get the greatest assortment of Gordon Wool Hosiery, in the better stores. Not only in the latest shades and weaves, but of the same dependably durable Gordon quality that has characterized Gordon Hosiery for generations.

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Man, woman, child, can have suitable Gordon Hosiery, at the desired price in silk, wool, lisle or cotton nearly everywhere. Always ask for Gordon Hosiery by name.



1892



1902

## BROWN DURRELL COMPANY

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Established 1872







# Face Pores Give Up Their Poisons To New Magnetic Clay!

Men and Women Amazed as New Discovery Almost Instantly Reveals a Hidden Beauty.

**N**EVER before has the attainment of a smooth, clear, beautiful complexion been as simple, as inexpensive as now. Anyone can now have a fine-textured skin, radiant with the fresh coloring of youth, smooth and firm as a child's. In only 30 minutes, mind you! In one short half-hour you can have a brand-new, beautiful complexion!

It seems almost magical! Tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimpleheads are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

## What Is This New Kind of Magic?

It's all very simply explained. The face is covered with millions of tiny pores, through which Nature intended impurities to be expelled. But when dust, bits of dead skin, and other harmful accumulations clog these tiny pores, the impurities cannot escape. The skin becomes dull, coarse, colorless. Soon poisons form in the stifled pores, and blackheads and pimples make their appearance.

Ordinary methods cannot relieve this condition. Water clears the surface of the skin, but cannot get at the tiny mass of impurities and accumulations *beneath the surface*—the bits of poison that are hidden away in the pores that are causing all the trouble. Massage may help temporarily, but stretches the skin and eventually causes wrinkles.

Only now, after years of research and experiment, has the positive, natural way been found to relieve the condition of clogged pores *at once*. Certain elements, when combined in just-right proportions, have been found to possess a remarkable potency which acts on the face pores as a magnet acts on a bit of steel. These elements have been blended into a fragrant, cream-like clay which is as easy and pleasant to use as a face powder.

Each particle of this amazing new kind of clay is like a tiny, invisible magnet. When you apply the clay to your face, it seems almost as though millions of tiny magnets were drawing the pore-poisons and accumulations to the surface, absorbing them, lifting away the blackheads and eruptions. The feeling is one of physical relief—refreshing and invigorating.

## How to Use Domino Complexion Clay

That's what it is called, this remarkable discovery—Domino Complexion



*Gentle as the touch of a fairy's wand, powerful as the influence of a magnet, is the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay. As though the fairy-wand had touched each clogged-up pore, the poisons and impurities are released. And as though each particle of the clay were a tiny magnet, these poisons and accumulations are drawn to the surface, instantly lifted away, absorbed.*

Clay. It is applied with the tips of the fingers, just as an ordinary cream would be applied. You may read or relax while it is doing its wonderful work. In a few moments it will dry and harden into a fragrant mask. There will be a cool, tingling feeling as the tiny pores awaken, and as the magnetic clay draws the clogged-up impurities to the surface.

In a half-hour, remove the clay. With it you will remove every blackhead and pimplehead, every pore-poison and impurity, every bit of dust, dirt and dead skin. Your complexion will be transformed!

And when you remove it, your skin will have the soft texture, the fine, delicate coloring of youth. You will declare that a fairy must have touched your face, gently removed the blemishes and impurities, and revealed a new beauty!

The wonderful beautifying effects of clay have

long been known to beauty specialists. Indeed, many kinds of clay have been used in beauty parlors for years. But only now have the just-right elements been found which, when combined, create a magnetic clay—a clay that draws the impurities to the surface and lifts them away.

Domino Complexion Clay is guaranteed to satisfy you. It acts alike on all skins because it is natural.

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If You Act At Once

To enable everyone to try Domino Complexion Clay we are making a very special offer. If you act at once we will send you, without any money in advance, one of the new, freshly-compounded jars of Domino Complexion Clay. When the postman delivers the package to you, give him only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment for \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. If, within 10 days, you are not delighted with the clay and what it does for your complexion, simply return it and your money will be refunded at once. Mail this coupon—or a postcard—now. Don't miss the unusual special offer. Tomorrow may be too late—do it today! Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no marks to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 5710, 269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 5710  
269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me one of the new \$3.50, freshly compounded jars of Domino Complexion Clay, for which I will give the postman only \$1.95 plus postage in full payment. Although I am benefiting by this special offer, I retain the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar within 10 days, and you agree to return my money if I am not delighted with results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

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## Actual Letters from Users!

"Received the jar of Domino Complexion Clay and wish to thank you for it. I have noticed a marked difference in my complexion. The Clay has made it smoother, clearer and has removed the blemishes that I have had trouble in trying to remove before. I shall continue to use it, and recommend it to my friends."

Miss B. C. Sullivan,  
P. O. Box 676, Pawtucket, R. I.

"In the short time I have used Domino Complexion Clay my skin has improved so much that my friends are asking what I am using. It has made the texture of the skin finer and closed enlarged pores."

Mrs. E. Bogardus,  
37 Cottage St., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I received the Complexion Clay and find it wonderful. I see a wonderful change in my face since using it. I am delighted, and am telling all my friends about it."

Miss Agnes Scott,  
193 Falls Road,  
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Styles for the woman of society, the "tailored maid," the business miss and the woman in the home.

So trim, so graceful, so faultlessly correct, so comfortably wearable and shapely through all their months of service.

And there is so much more of Value in Dorothy Dodd shoes that you cannot afford to be without them. The name is your surety of satisfaction. Look for it!

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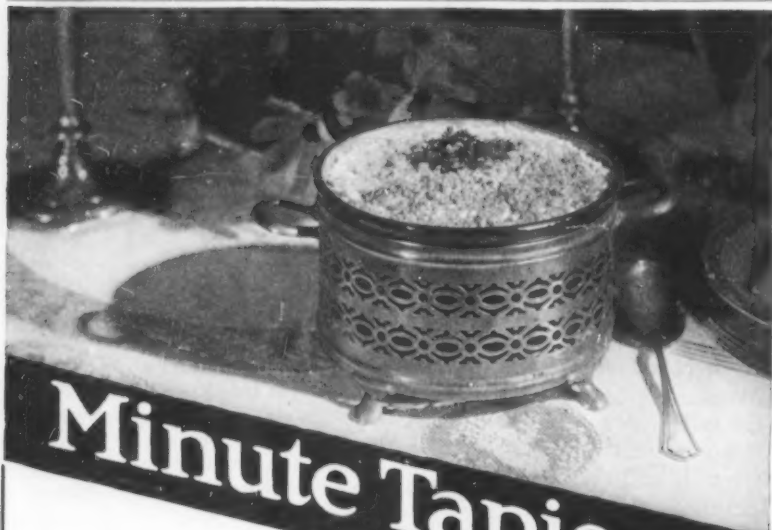
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## Minute Tapioca

For Lunch or Supper

### Escaloped Minute Tapioca

Heat  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water in a double boiler, add 3 level tablespoons Minute Tapioca and cook 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of any left-over cooked fish or meat, chopped, and cook 5 minutes more. While this is cooking, beat the white of 1 egg until stiff, add the yolk and beat again, then add it to the tapioca and season to taste. Remove from the fire and put into a well-buttered baking dish, cover with bread crumbs and bits of butter, salt and pepper. Bake until brown about 40 or 45 minutes. Serve hot.

Serve Minute Tapioca in entrées, soups, sauces, and desserts. It is nutritious, easily digested, and a favorite food with everyone. It requires no soaking and is thoroughly cooked in 15 minutes. Always to be identified by the red package with the blue band and the Minute-Man.

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Makers of Minute Tapioca, Minute Gelatine, and Star Brand Pearl Tapioca



## Up and Coming

[Continued from page 60]

do her good. Besides, he was still eager that she make friends with Justine. But the moment he looked at Justine's regal self wearing a smoldering red brocade and a diamond coronet on a level with her dark, even brows, he realized he had attempted the impossible.

"So glad both of you are here," she said, extending her hands. "You shall not escape until I've exacted toll. Mrs. Bynight, you must have a try at the fish-pond."

Jones laid a bill on the table.

"And how about a bookplate—half of the price goes for the crippled children, you know," Justine continued gaily.

Martha shook her head. "I write my name in," she confided. "Those labels always seemed like a public library. Jones has one."

"But an impossible thing that someone gave me years ago—I want one of your designing," said Jones. "You must study my aura and lay bare the esoteric secrets of my soul in your black and white symbols. How does that sound?"

"You mean it?" she asked softly.

"Of course—I've meant everything I ever said to you." His finger tips, as they laid down another bill for deposit, managed to touch her own.

Martha studied the crowd.

"I don't believe you would use the one I would design—"

"I have ordered a bookplate—you don't dare refuse me!"

"You shall have one. Prepare for the worst." She turned to acquaintances who lingered nearby.

The rest of her visit, Martha kept close to her son's elbow. She felt disturbed and disapproving. She prevailed upon him to leave shortly after ten o'clock. Laden with foolish purchases and gay favors, they left the hall.

BERTHA and Poppy were among those who attended the bazaar, not to purchase what they termed "bad buys" but to scrutinize Justine.

Late afternoon when Justine spied Bertha and Jones together, Jones in that unwilling, don't-detain-me-please attitude, she suddenly realized who the girl was. Despite her dauntless spirit, she was amazed to find that it hurt.

Bertha and Poppy had waited for Jones' arrival. They sallied up to him in a spirit of conquest.

"Are you surprised to see us here—ashamed, likely enough?" Bertha began.

Jones wondered how he could be rid of them. "It's cheap to hang around for me. What can I buy you?"

"Take us to supper in the flower-garden tea-room," she proposed.

"I'm not able to stay on myself—I'm toastmaster at a club affair."

"Introduce me to your friends," she jeered.

Poppy played benevolent rescuer. "Look at this cutie," holding out a coral beaded belt. "This is my choice—what's yours?"

"I'll have it," Jones told the debutante who was all eyes and ears. "Take this jet one, Bertha, it would become you—the two, please—keep the change. Thank you so much." Then to Bertha and Poppy, "I'm glad you came! Good-by—I'll phone!"

Before they could protest they were escorted to the door, the band drowning out Bertha's unpleasant remarks.

Outside Poppy explained her tactics. "Never stage a big scene unless you've the key to the door," she advised soberly. "You'd have done well raving there with his sort standing around." Bertha was silent.

"That's as fine a girdle as I ever saw," she added. "Shall we go to the Dutch Grill for supper?"

Bertha tossed the girdle away. "I hate him," she said between set teeth. "I hate her—I don't want the thing."

Poppy recaptured the package. "I'll care for it until you come to," she informed Bertha more in sorrow than anger. "Sometimes I think you're getting a little off."

That night Jones waited to take Justine home but she would have none of him.

"Mr. Finlay has made up a party—we're going to supper."

"Finlay," Jones wrinkled his eyebrows. "That Lap reindeer herder! You know his story—rescued by missionaries—educated by them—made a stake in Valdez and had sense enough to spend part of it for a real education, dancing-master airs, et al. Surely you don't approve of him?"

"Why not? an ex-reindeer herder? It suggests Santa Claus, that title—a most delightful person!"

"You think I take you seriously?"

"No, that is why I can't have anything to do with you"—dusting the counter with an amusing stage parlor-maid air of concern.

"May I take you home tomorrow?"

"No, nor the next nor the closing day—nor ever."

[Turn to page 64]

## "The Write gift"

is a magic gift which not only confers pleasure upon the one to whom the gift is given, but does itself reward the giver.

The gift of Boxed Writing Paper is a delicate invitation to correspond, a friendly suggestion for the continuation of the relationships that prompted the exchange of gifts. There is a proper size and style for every need or occasion. From 25c to \$25.

Devote more attention to the stationery counter the next time you go shopping. The helpful clerk will enable you to successfully answer the vexatious question, "What shall I give?"

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## "Acting" Your Best

Grace and Ease Are Your Most Captivating Powers

By Elsie Ferguson

**W**HETHER it be at a royal ball or a reception on Fifth Avenue or an island in the South Seas, men are instinctively attracted by woman's self-possession, her ease, the rhythm of her movements, her grace.

We American women, I am afraid, have paid too little attention to this quality, through the vogue of dancing, and particularly of classic dancing, has in recent years proved a powerful stimulus in that direction.

I was glad to see the debutante slouch pass peacefully away and to witness women holding themselves more erect and keeping their shoulders back. To my mind, too, there is more grace in the corsetless figure than in one that is too rigidly corseted; it is as ugly and annoying to see anyone too severely corseted as to observe a woman who should be corseted and isn't.

Though there are some poses that are definitely labeled "graceful," it does not follow that postures outside that group need be awkward. One woman can sit hunched in what appears the most gauche attitude possible, while another, with the proper relaxation, can develop lines of grace in almost that identical position.

Relaxation is the secret of grace, but there are limits beyond which it should not go. I have watched women who relaxed in so ostentatious and exaggerated a manner that they seemed languid and ill at ease. This gave them the air of being indifferent, and when one is indifferent one is both uninterested and uninteresting. Remember that you cannot be graceful if the lines of your head and neck are distorted; if you sit, as I have seen girls in restaurants, with your head thrust forward, resting your chin on your hand.

My wise mother had her difficulties, as most mothers have with their daughters, in teaching me to hold myself erect. So that I should learn to do this without any awkwardness she used to make me walk about the room with her sewing basket on my head. This compelled me to keep my head up and, at the same time, developed a sense of balance.

My mother also made me sleep without a pillow except in winter when I was permitted a low one. This kept the back of my neck straight, and I have no hump there today such as you see in many women. This hump, by the way, is often the cause of deep chagrin in later life, as if a woman accumulates flesh at all it seems to delight in lodging there.

She would be graceful if she

didn't have hands and feet! Of how many girls and women, particularly the former, might that not be said!

A girl's hands or feet seem large and awkward to her and this in itself is sufficient to render her self-conscious and gauche. By learning what to do with her hands and feet she may change her mental attitude as well. For instance, if her hands seem clumsy and conspicuous when she puts them in her lap palms down, let her learn to turn her hands, putting the palms up with the fingers relaxed. If she places one hand on the other they will not seem so noticeable.

**S**HE may train her feet in the same manner. If they, or her ankles, seem too large she can cross her feet and half tuck them under her chair. If her feet are crossed they do not seem so big, as the line of one arch, crossing the other, gives a longer, narrower effect, and if one foot is held slightly behind the other they both seem smaller than if they are placed squarely beside each other on the floor.

A great deal can be accomplished with the hands by practicing relaxation of the wrists, and piano exercises are excellent for both the wrists and fingers. In the same way the arm can be rendered graceful; if it is laid upon a sofa or the arm of a chair and permitted to relax it will fall naturally into pleasing lines.

Of course, training of this kind creates at first a feeling of self-consciousness, but in time the attitudes, so practiced, become natural and are adopted without any deliberation.

If an actress is graceful it is because she is willing to go to the proper pains to render and keep her body flexible and pliant. But that is not all. Every move she makes upon the stage is studied in advance; she knows just how many steps it takes her to reach the fireplace, on which foot she will turn to face the actor who is on the stage with her; when she sits down she knows whether or not she is going to lean on the arm of the chair.

In private life one cannot and should not be so studied. But just the same the woman who is most attractive, the girl who is most popular, is the one who is not satisfied merely to be good-looking and well dressed, but who also is careful to "act" her best as well as look her best.

If you long to be graceful, I shall be glad to send you instructions for exercises. Write to me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



## To be lovely tonight and ten years from tonight

Have you ever stopped to think how you will look ten years from tonight? Now you are lovely—admired—with the subtle gift craved by every woman—the gift to fascinate, to appeal, to be known as an individual, as a distinct type!

### WHICH WILL IT BE?

But what will those who are admiring you tonight say about you ten years from tonight? Will it be "How beautiful she is"—or—"She once was beautiful."

### IT ALL RESTS WITH YOU

Whether you retain your youthful beauty ten—twenty—years from now, or whether you fall in defeat before the age-telling lines and wrinkles and withered skin.

### YOU CAN MAKE YOUR BEAUTY PERMANENT

Just heed the advice of a master artist on aids to beauty—Monsieur Vivaudou—the master beauty scientist of France.

### IF YOU ARE CAREFUL

He just asks you to be careful about the powders, rouges and toilet preparations you buy, to be as cautious about the name of the maker of your toi-

letries as you are to look for the Sterling mark on silver. Just follow the lead of beautiful women whose continued patronage is proof sufficient that no preparation can be better made than those, the purity and intrinsic quality of which are guaranteed by the famous name—Vivaudou.

### VIVAUDOU ASKS YOU TO MAKE THIS TEST

Personal use of the irresistible Vivaudou toilettries will convince you of their effectiveness more quickly than all the words in the world. Vivaudou wants to send you with his compliments a dainty beauty case containing seven of his secrets of beauty—Mavis Face Powder, Toilet Water, Rouge, Lip Stick, Cold Cream, Nail Polish and Vivomint—the new tooth paste.

Be guided by this name—it means safety, beauty, happiness—today—forever

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This case is not for sale; it cannot be bought. But if you will send 25c to cover mailing and packing it will be forwarded you immediately.



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We only ask you to send us the top of a carton of either Liquid Veneer or Liquid Veneer Mop Polish and 20c to pay postage and packing. This is a temporary offer and will be withdrawn very shortly, hence use coupon below, and act quickly.

The Hand Mop is a wonderful help in reaching those hard-to-get-at places like banisters, railings, chair spindles, fluting, crevices and corners. It is a great labor saver on large surfaces, such as automobiles.

You will be delighted with the way Liquid Veneer Mop Polish will transform dirty, dull, scratched surfaces to their original beauty and finish, leaving a high, dry lustre and polish.

And don't forget the old standby, Liquid Veneer. On the market for over twenty-five years. It cleans, polishes, preserves and beautifies pianos, furniture, woodwork, automobiles, all at one sweep of the cloth.



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Gentlemen:—  
Enclosed find 25c (25c in Canada), coin or stamp, and top of a carton of Liquid Veneer or Liquid Veneer Mop Polish for which send me, post-paid, one regular 50c Liquid Veneer Hand Mop and a liberal trial bottle of Liquid Veneer Mop Polish.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City and State.....  
From McCall's Magazine

## Up and Coming

[Continued from page 62]

"Was it because—she was here?" He was helpless with shame, anger.

"Which she?" smiling mercilessly.

"Your mother was a dear—"

"You're beastly, but why can't I see you home?"

"Because we are like two congenial persons, one obliged to live in North America and one in South America. They would like, both of them, to be on a neighborly basis—lending books, sharing flower seeds and sitting before wood fires of a winter's evening, that stimulating intimacy. But one is in North and one in South America, so they merely express their wishes and let it go at that."

"I believe in bridges, since you use such similes—"

"As for the other, she is unimportant." Justine's fingers trembled as she laid aside the duster.

"I'm sorry I bothered," he said, turning away, but she laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"I was going to mail this—the rough design for the bookplate—won't you post it back with any suggestions?"

He hurried out and did not look at the bookplate until he was in his study. Then he realized how wise and tender Justine really was.

The center of the design was a scene from his own near-estate, the front of the house veiled with trees. At the four corners were sketched the symbols of "his aura." A carpenter's chest was one, with a laurel wreath and a wee, half-hidden American flag to tell that "bread labor" might become fame in America. Another was a self-complacent Buddha—Jones' impersonal life that the world lauded. A third was a palette covered with cobwebs—delayed ambition. The fourth was a type of heart and around it was a chain so small it required a magnifying glass to confirm the suspicion, the chain leading to a minute cradle. Her scorn for his rôle as a "model son." She had told it all! He laid it aside.

Was there no hint of the future—of herself? Picking it up again he saw that entwined about the letters of his name there were birds, each flying a trifle higher than the other—hope gradually reaching fruition!

[Concluded in the November McCall's]

## Our Churches, Our Schools and Our Colleges

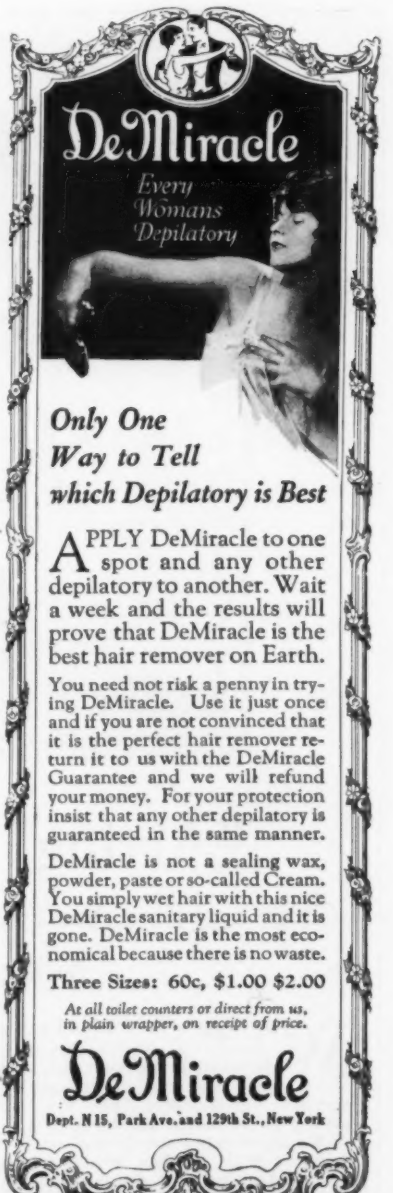
[Continued from page 2]

so swift and bitter is meted out to him that but one warning of the kind is needed.

AS most churches are equipped today to handle every physical, social and spiritual need of the people, so are the schools and colleges. School children of today are given strict physical examination, their teeth watched, their eyes, their hair, and their general physical condition. They are taught, in connection with their school lessons, drawing, painting, music, very frequently, dancing and domestic science.

Public libraries do wonderful work in the education of the people, and one of the straws which point toward what is going to happen to us ultimately, if we do not mend our ways, can be found in the children's rooms of the public libraries in our cities. The librarian in charge of the Children's Room in the city of Buffalo pointed out to me the fact that over three-fourths of the little desks in the room were occupied by foreign children. From the hour of their birth the doctrine had been instilled into them that here was their opportunity for equal education, equal social and political rights. They had no aspirations for this country or its spiritual and educational uplift. This is going on in all our public libraries and our public schools.

Never has the world known any nation that, in the length of time measuring the life of our nation, has so equipped itself with churches, schools, colleges and public institutions for the education and the betterment of the people as has this country at the present day. Exactly what our unselfishness in sharing these advantages with foreigners is going to bring to us will be a problem for the statesmen of the future. Certainly we cannot refuse to educate the children of people we allow to come to our shores with homing intent. The greatest thing I can see that we can do is to begin to breed a spirit of Americanism into the bone and blood of our own children, to point out to them that they must avail themselves of the benefits we offer, that they must not allow children of foreign birth and blood to surpass them in mental achievements.



## DeMiracle

Every Woman's Depilatory

### Only One Way to Tell which Depilatory is Best

APPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so-called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00 \$2.00

At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.

## DeMiracle

Dept. N 15, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York

## MESSANGER'S PLANS MAKE MONEY for CHURCHES

Any church can quickly raise funds by selling Messenger's

### Scripture Text Art Calendars

at a big profit. 12 famous biblical pictures reproduced in four colors.

Endorsed By Ministers Everywhere

Needed in every Christian home and easily sold. In one church, twenty members sold 500 in 10 days. You can do as well. Everybody helps. 1923 calendars now ready. Write for special prices to churches.

**MESSANGER PUBLISHING CO.**  
314 W. Superior St., Dept. 36, Chicago, Ill.



## RELIEF FOR YOUR TROUBLE ZONE

—the nose and throat

## LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

Give Quick Relief

## NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

**GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)**  
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**WE WILL PAY YOU \$500!**  
Many representatives receive \$500 a year just for spare time, introducing PRISTINA FABRICS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, etc. You can do as well. Write today.

**FITCHER'S DRY GOODS COMPANY**  
401 Fitzcharles Bldg. TRENTON, N. J.

## Wedding

Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$1.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, \$1.00.

**C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1033 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## A Smooth Satiny Skin

results from the use of this fragrant complexion cake, requiring three months in the making and composed of the very affinity oils of the skin itself.

It cleanses—nourishes—beautifies—rids the pores entirely of dust, blackheads, and blemishes—producing a smoothness as velvety as roses' petals.

## SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Sempre Giovine—Meaning "Always Young"

Oh, Youth! Tender as the blush of early dawn and fresh as the sparkling dew! What can I do to preserve thee! This longing finds echo in every human heart.

Youth is not merely a matter of years—for the old may look young and the young may look old. A fine, clear complexion gives youth to the appearance. Keep your complexion "always young" with Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay.

Prove to yourself that such a wonder beauty cake really exists by sending your name and address for a 7-day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay are "always young."

**Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company**  
Dept. 2087  
Grand Rapids, Mich.





# No More Gray Hair—Says Science

**Wonderful, Clean, Colorless Liquid Restores Normal Color Results in a Week**

## Secret Sought by Thousands Now Revealed

What is the story your mirror tells? Have you reason to feel that your friends are whispering: "She is showing her age. See how gray she is?"

Or are you a man still full of the ability to win and yet regarded as "too old" for active service because your hair is gray?

But no matter how gray your hair, you have it in your power to see it restored to its former color with all the glossy richness which it showed in early years.

"I have tried so many things," you say. "All the hair dyes ever sold, and yet you see—"

Forget the failures. They are past. Now you are to be told the secret of restoring the natural color with a wonderful, clean, colorless liquid. You are to be shown how in the privacy of your own room, with hardly an effort, you can make a change which will bring youth to your appearance, joy to your heart.

## A Remarkable Treatment At Your Service

This treatment comes in the form of a liquid, clean and colorless, and containing properties which quickly restore the lost color to the hair and give it renewed vigor. Simply apply it to the scalp and hair and soon you see the lost color returning to give your hair its former luxuriance and beauty. And surprising as it may seem, this preparation is not sticky, greasy or messy, and it will not stain the skin. It is as agreeable to apply as water.

Now you have the secret. Its name is Kolor-Bak. And now you also have the means of banishing your grayness in the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.

## Nature's Aid—A Tonic to Scalp and Hair

Kolor-Bak is actually a scalp and hair tonic because of its cleansing, stimulating qualities which promote health and strength—thus aiding Nature to bring about a normal condition of the hair.

You will find also that Kolor-Bak brings perfect uniformity in the restored color. The hair will be the same color from scalp to tips—it will not be dark on top and gray beneath. It will not appear streaked or faded. Having this uniformity in the restored color is quite as important as getting rid of your grayness.

You not only have this uniformity, but you see your hair come back to the actual shade it had in the past. Application of this remarkable liquid to gray hair means that hair once brown becomes brown once more, once red it becomes red, once black it becomes black, once blond it becomes blond. The one clean, colorless solution does for all.

Every scientist, every physician, knows that gray hair is hair that has ceased to receive its normal supply of coloring matter or pigment from certain tiny cells (called follicles and papillae) in the scalp, because these cells have become inactive from illness, shock of some kind, scalp disease, dandruff, infection, neglect of the hair, or lack of circulation, etc.

It is simply amazing to see how the grayness disappears when Kolor-Bak is used, no matter what the cause of the grayness.

## A Marvelous Relief for Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Thousands have found that Kolor-Bak works wonders in the most persistent cases of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. It quickly cleans the pores of the scaly matter which impedes circulation and evidently destroys the germs which feed upon the nourishing matter which should be absorbed by the cells and follicles. Thus it helps to keep the hair from becoming brittle or falling out. By removing the cause of the trouble, it brings the scalp and hair to a normal condition. The dandruff goes, the itching ceases and the hair grows thick and glossy, healthy and strong.

## This Guarantee is Your Protection

You need not accept our statements that Kolor-Bak will do all we say. With every full treatment we send our legal, written binding agreement and guarantee—That Kolor-Bak will restore gray hair to its original color, will remove dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair, and will promote the health of hair and scalp.



Always—Youthful Appearance Wins Admiration

## My Hair Was Quite Gray

Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and was becoming grayer and grayer. It was falling out. I began to look older. My scalp itched terribly. Showers of dandruff and scurf appeared whenever I combed my hair. I was simply amazed at the astonishing change produced by only a few applications of Kolor-Bak. The itching stopped with the first application. The dandruff disappeared. My hair soon stopped coming out. The most wonderful thing of all, however, is that my hair is again its original natural color—not one single gray hair to be found in my head. I look ten years younger and I really feel that much younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak! (A typical letter)

## Thousands Tell You How Kolor-Bak Helped Them

"What do I think of Kolor-Bak? Simply wonderful. No more gray hairs for me and dandruff a thing of the past." "It restored the natural color to my hair and has cured my little girl of dandruff."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young." "Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"I would not take a thousand dollars for my Kolor-Bak," writes a grateful man who owes to Kolor-Bak the appearance of youth which enables him to hold his position.

From everywhere come words like the above, praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

## Special Free Trial Offer to Readers of McCall's Magazine

We invite every reader of McCall's Magazine who has gray hair or who suffers from itching scalp, dandruff or falling hair to prove Kolor-Bak without risking a penny.

To give you all the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making

Gray haired—  
"Too old  
for active  
service."

a special proposition, particulars of which will be sent by mail to those who ask for it. No money to send, only the coupon.

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon, which not only entitles you to receive the free trial privilege, but brings our valuable book on Treatment of the Hair—free.

No need to send any sample of your hair, as the one clean Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair, regardless of former color. Mail only the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 1076, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian customers supplied from our Canada laboratories.

## HYGIENIC LABORATORIES


204 S. Peoria St., Dept. 1076, Chicago

Please send your Free Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free book on Treatment of the Hair and scalp.

Name .....

Address .....






**L.T. PIVER**  
*Paris, France*  
(Fondée en 1774)

World Renowned  
**FACE POWDERS de Luxe**

These Delightful Odors may be had in  
EXTRACT, SACHET  
TOILET WATER  
VEGETAL SOAP  
and also in  
the Charming, New  
PIVER Toilet Requisites:  
TALC, CRÈME  
CONCENTRÉ and  
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## Defies Detection

Gray, faded or bleached hair, tinted with Brown-tone, defies detection even under the strongest light. Any shade of brown or black quickly obtained at home. Guaranteed harmless. All dealers 50c and \$1.50. Trial bottle sent direct on receipt of 10c.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.  
819 Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky.  
Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

**BROWNTONE**

NaTone Lemonated Shampoo improves the hair, making it soft, fluffy and glossy. At dealers, or direct, 50c.



## The Last Cartridge

[Continued from page 50]

her magazine; fiddled with the leaves. "What's Mrs. Stewart like?"

"Oh, she used to be his equal for grace," her mother replied. "In the days when we were all dancing together, we used to call her 'airy-fairy Lillian.' She's been an invalid, poor dear, ever since she married. I haven't seen her for ages. People tell me I'd never know her, she's so faded."

"It's so curious," Margot said dreamily with the cruelty which her mother was beginning to realize was not really cruelty at all, only youthful lack of imagination. "Captain Varick seems to belong to your generation; but somehow Mr. Stewart seems to belong to mine. Some people never get old, I guess." The high excitement which was foaming in her when she arrived began to seethe again. "Mother, I tell you what I'm going to do. When the crutches come, I'm going to wind one with my green gauze scarf and the other with the gold one. And when I go downstairs, I'm going to use my prettiest cushions to rest my foot on. There's no reason why one should look ugly just because she's crippled."

Her mother agreed.

Margot added: "And now I wish you'd do what you've so often spoken of doing—have a telephone extension put in my room so I can talk all day long with my friends."

Her mother agreed to that. Life settled down to perfect quiet.

No, Madge Delceuvre decided, there was no problem. And as Hugh Varick suggested, she did rest serene. Later, looking back on the week, Madge wondered at her blindness to the frenzied signals the gods were making to her.

During that time Margot was extraordinarily docile. Afternoon after afternoon, Madge arranged informal girl-teas that could be held at her daughter's couch-side. But Margot did not seem to need this distraction or to desire it. She was distraught in the presence of her guests; lost in dreams in their absence. She seemed perfectly content to stay in her room alone all day long. For intervals, she lay with her eyes set like veiled stars on some series of pictures that her imagination drew. For exercise, she was content to hobble on her crutches from the desk to the telephone. She wrote interminable letters at the one, and she sustained interminable conversations at the other. It seemed to Madge that she could not take the receiver off her telephone without breaking into one of Margot's dialogues.

Hugh Varick called every day; Rodney Stewart every other day. For that first week, of course, Madge sustained these attentions alone. The sweets and flowers that Stewart brought were conveyed to her by Ellen, who invariably returned to the trio below with some gay Margotesque message.

For Madge, however, if Captain Varick was present, these calls were not pleasant occasions. Stewart, who was always socially alert, outdid himself in the performance of little attentions. But Varick seemed preoccupied, constrained in his silences, abrupt in his conversation.

"What is the matter with you, Hugh?" Madge asked one evening. It was the festive occasion on which Margot was to dine for the first time downstairs; and in honor of the event, Madge herself had put on a white lace evening gown filmy as a drift of snow. Before Hugh could reply, she answered herself: "I know. You're getting restless. You're fixing to go away. The wanderlust has got you again."

Varick's answer to this was a flat contradiction, and a "Nothing looks better to me just now than the U. S. A." He was apparently about to enlarge on this theme when the entrance of Rodney Stewart cut his eloquence short. After a curt greeting, he relapsed into silence again.

Madge received the box of sweets which Stewart had brought. "If Margot were not positively elfin in her slimness," she said, "she'd be a circus fat lady with the reckless disregard of calories she's showing. By the way, she's coming downstairs to dinner to-night. Did she happen to mention it over the telephone this morning?"

Stewart's face became a mystified blank. "Did Miss Margot telephone me today? I think not. Perhaps she left a message for me. It's often difficult in a business office to separate today's social calls from yesterday's."

"That settles me in one of my most profound convictions," Madge remarked, "—that the telephone utterly disguises voices. If I were testifying before a jury, I would certainly swear that when I took my receiver off this morning I heard your voice holding a conversation with Margot on the extension."

As Madge left the house the next day for her customary early afternoon walk, Thomas was just emerging, one hand full of letters. Margot's renewed activity had not broken, her mother reflected with

amusement, that chain of frenzied correspondence. "I'll take them, Thomas," she said, "I'm passing the corner." As she thrust the letters, three at a time, under the lid of the letter-box slit, one—unusually thick—snapped out of her hand.

"What was so big and thick that you were sending Rodney Stewart, Margot?" she asked casually on her return.

"A theatre-program," Margot answered in a tone equally casual. "We were talking last night about the production of *The Champion and the Amazon* and we got into an argument as to who played the Amazon. Luckily I had saved my program. It proved that I was right, and I triumphantly sent it to him this morning."

SHE'S all right now," Madge said happily a few days later. Varick was concluding one of his brief, uncomfortable, unexpected calls; this time a mid-morning one, and as usual, objectless. Madge was seated embroidering tranquilly in the warm shade of the garden close, but Hugh had risen to go. "She's still using one crutch, but she scarcely needs it. She's walking to the post-box now. Since Tuesday she's made that trip twice a day."

She stopped and dropped her work. Her eyes lifted to a point just above Hugh's shoulders where, through the break which a little side gate made in the gigantic hedge, she could follow Margot's movements. Hugh did not turn; his eyes remained on Madge's face. A glow of pride was thrilling her gray doves' eyes and warming the pallor of her white skin.

"If I do say it as shouldn't, my child is a graceful creature—even on a crutch." The moving irises of Madge's eyes focussed as Margot paused in front of the box.

Suddenly . . . "What is it, Madge?" Hugh asked in alarm. "You're so white!"

Madge did not reply at once; but her manner instantly showed—although her pallor did not decrease—a perfect composure. "If that crutch had slipped as she balanced herself in front of the box," she explained directly. "A second fall would be much worse than a first, wouldn't it?" She stuck her needle into her embroidery; with slow, precise movements gathered her sewing-implements. "I'll walk to the house with you . . . I think I ought to warn Margot—" Her voice held a kind of panic; but by an obvious effort of her will, she stilled it to calm.

When they reached the house, they could hear Margot's crutch tap-tapping on the floor above. Her calmness quite re-established, Madge said good-by to Hugh.

But once she had closed the door on him, that composure disappeared like a flung garment. For a moment, she dropped the weight of her whole body on the hand which clutched the knob. Then, with a jerk, she pulled herself upright, walked steadily up the stairs.

"Margot," she said the instant when, without knocking, she appeared in her daughter's room, "a moment ago, I saw you take a letter from your blouse and post it at the corner box. To whom was it addressed?"

Madge was standing in front of her three-part dresser mirror, surveying with critical interest, the files of variants it presented of her blooming self. She did not start at the question. She oscillated on her crutch until her eyes—very directly and frankly—met her mother's. "To Rodney Stewart," she answered simply.

Madge grew if possible more pale; but no emotion showed in her face or her voice. "I thought so," she said as simply as Margot. "I realized a lot of things in that instant." She sat down with deliberation on the bed, and Margot, unconsciously imitating her, seated herself on the dresser-chair. "Tell me all about it, my child. What is there between you and Mr. Stewart?"

"Mother," Margot answered in an even voice. "I'm glad this has happened. But I would have told you in a day or two anyway. Rodney and I are engaged to be married."

Madge stared at her. Then something seemed to flare within her.

"Margot . . . You seem to ignore completely the existence of the present Mrs. Stewart, or perhaps you have forgotten it."

"Oh no. I am far from forgetting it." For an instant, it was as though a superficial mask that might be called Girlhood dropped from Margot's face. Under it appeared the most tragic aspect of one of the many masks of Womanhood. In that instant, she looked ravaged. "I think of it all the time. But Rodney is going to get her to divorce him. It will take time, I know. A year at the least—many years, perhaps. But I shan't mind waiting if it's ten, twenty or thirty years. And when at last he's free, we'll be married."

"And in the meantime?" Madge asked. "In the meantime, I am going to New York to live so that we can see each other

[Turn to page 81]





## Moments Which Count

**W**HEN you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticize but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

### Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bedtime, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub, but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means. Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be

used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

### An ancient secret

The value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret — whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

### Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economies which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

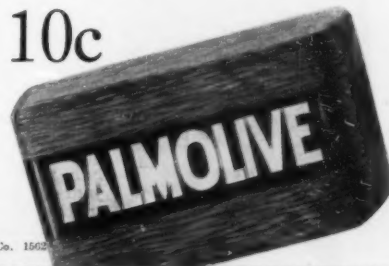
So while Palmolive ranks first as finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

Complexion beauty does not end with the face. Beautify your body with Palmolive.

*Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.*

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

10c



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Canada

*Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo*



## The New Mode Tends Toward Dignity



2875 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer Design  
No. 1216

2894 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Ribbon Transfer  
Design No. 1157

No. 2875, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch for vest and pipings. Width, 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used for girdle.

No. 2894, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch figured silk and  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch georgette. Width,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used for ribbon girdle.

No. 2876, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting for sleeves, collar and trimmings. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 2862, LADIES' DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material, and 1 yard of 36-inch for vest, collar and cuffs. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 2871, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 40-inch lace,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch for skirt and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch for camisole. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. For bead ornament, Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used.

No. 2887, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened by novelty sleeves; 36-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch velvet and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch lace. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



2862 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46

2876 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20



2886 Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50  
Transfer  
Design  
No. 1216



2871 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer Design  
No. 1216

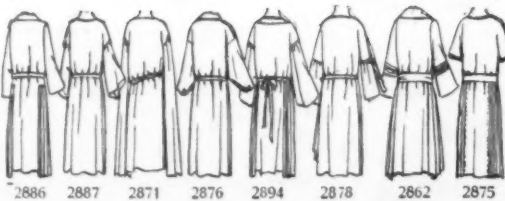


2887 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46



2878 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer  
Design  
No. 1142

No. 2886, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest and sleeve facings. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used for the girdle.



No. 2878, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest and cuffs which may be embroidered by using Transfer Design No. 1142. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



## The Latest Fall Fashions Based On French Inspiration



2896 Blouse  
6 sizes, 34-44

2796 Blouse  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer Design  
No. 1184

No. 2896, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. A blouse which is useful for sports or other occasions is this simple design of silk crepe with hem-titching.

No. 2796, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at shoulders. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Bands of cross-stitch across front and back make the stylish trimming of this blouse. Transfer Design No. 1184 may be used.

2895 Blouse  
7 sizes, 34-46  
2897 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36

## THE OUTLOOK

By

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THE eyes of those who consider clothes are turned toward Paris. This is the hatching season. To the American buyer, the Atlantic Ocean is the size of the Hudson River; boats shuttle across with new merchandise, cables whizz over and back. Every American group discusses clothes from the American viewpoint, whether it is foregathered in the gray salons of the dressmakers, in the Ritz restaurant, or the verdant eating places scattered through the Bois from d'Armenonville to the Chateau Madrid, restaurants that are made more American than ever by the revival of exhibition dancing done by Mrs. Castle, Leonora Hughes, Maurice, Clifton Webb with one of the Dolly sisters.

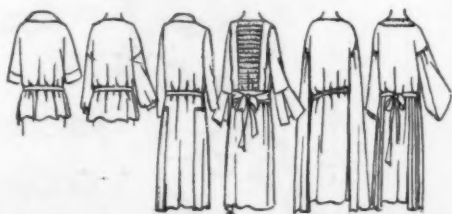
At this season Paris is given over to American professionals and pleasure seekers, and each group talks of little else than where to buy and what to buy. None are so blue stocking that they ignore this topic. The Galeries Lafayette, a colossal department store, resembles the Army and Navy football game. One hears our language, one sees familiar faces, one is caught by the arm and held in a corner and made to give an opinion on what is good, what is new, and what is bad in fashion.

Out of the kaleidoscope of colorful fashions shown by French designers, some will fall by the wayside, others sprout to full growth in fruitful American soil. Not all that is shown will be chosen. This is where Paris gambles.

Here are the probable fundamentals that will influence our new wardrobes.

One-piece frocks will be draped instead of hanging in a straight line from the shoulders. Flat folds of the fabric, outlining the place of the heavy girdle, end in drapery which is finished on the left side with streamers that cascade to the knees. This type of gown is not new. Its significance is in the fact that it is continued.

[Turn to page 70]



2896 2796 2895 2897 2871 2894



2886 Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50  
Transfer Design  
No. 936

No. 2886, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 48-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. For embroidery, Transfer Design No. 936 may be used.

No. 2895, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at shoulders. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch for tucked front and back.

No. 2897, LADIES' THREE-PIECE DRAPED SKIRT WITH YOKE. Size 26 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 2871, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch materials for sleeves. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. The attractive bead ornament may be made from Transfer Design No. 1216.

No. 2894, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch georgette. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. For the girdle, Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used.



2894 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 1216

## The Outlook

[Continued from page 69]

AMERICANS are determined to make the short jumper jacket a feature. They like it. They do not always realize it cannot be worn over draped frocks, but that knowledge will come. It is made in fur, in cloth, in colored suede. It opens down the front or fastens to the chin. It, like blouses, is beltless, but firmly held by a tight band about the hips.

There is an utter abandonment of the cloth sport suit. Heather, homespun and silk jersey are forsaken for velvet, cloxy and thin broad-cloth. Admirably developed knitted wool jerseys are still used for the country. Elaborate waistcoats often take the place of blouses. White lingerie shirtwaists are worn and shown. They are considered new because of their revival at the Paris races in the spring. Such blouses have elaborate front frills of the material, knife-pleated, sometimes edged with filet or Valenciennes.

The three-piece costume will take high position. It is in two pieces as often as three, but everyone understands what is meant. The best houses in Paris produce velvet, plain, striped or brocaded in jumper jackets, to be worn over cloxy, kasha and satin gowns. Women like this economy of time as of money. It is prophesied that this combination of garments will put the tailored suit and white wash blouses into second place after its short run of gaiety and popularity.

Jeanne Lanvin, who has much influence on the American general trade, insists upon a long full skirt shirred at the waistline in many of her new gowns. It is not draped. It hangs straight to the ankles and is topped by a long slim bodice, narrow at the shoulders. There is strong evidence that this type of frock will gain on the draped models, as they in turn have gained on the chemise frock.

[Turn to page 71]

2886 Dress  
9 sizes, 34-502893 Coat  
7 sizes, 14-16 years  
36-44 bust  
2240 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36

No. 2886, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 18-inch lace. Width, 1½ yards.

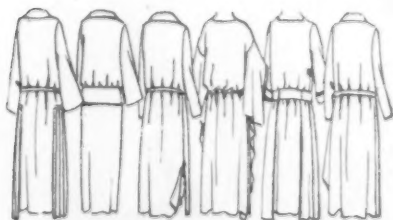
No. 2893, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 2884, LADIES' KNICKERBOCKER DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2866, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with apron tunic. Size 36 requires 1¼ yards of 40-inch material for upper part of dress, 1¾ yards of 40-inch for sleeves and 4½ yards of 36-inch for skirt. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 927 may be used.

No. 2786, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 45-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used for the girdle.



2886 2893 2884 2866 2786 2874

2866 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer Design No. 9272884  
Knickerboker  
Dress  
5 sizes, 34-422786 Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50  
Transfer Design No. 12162874 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer Design No. 1216

2887

2887 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 2874, LADIES' DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 18-inch lace. Width, 1½ yards. For the fashionable cord girdle, Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used.

No. 2887, LADIES' DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of 36-inch printed chiffon for sleeves. Width, 1½ yards. The combination of printed chiffon and silk is very popular.



## The Outlook

[Continued from page 70]

**CORSETTIÈRES** are enchanted over this movement, which brings a chance to revive the corset with a top. Such corsets are creeping in everywhere, although women are irritated over their discomfort after the non-confinement of the topless elastic girdle. None are so obstinate in their use of this girdle as to deny that it produces a thick roll of flesh at the waistline. It will be impossible to wear a narrow, long-waisted bodice over this protruding pad. The only way to efface it, is to conceal it under a veritable corset.

America is less inclined than the French to adopt the normal waistline. There is a definite movement in Paris to place it about two inches below normal, forsaking the exaggeratedly low girdle that shortened the legs absurdly.

There is constant discussion of the new long coat cut in two parts. It is somewhat the kind of thing worn by men during the French Revolution. The top section is slim, the skirt section flares a bit and reaches to the hem of the dress. Sometimes there is a belt where the two parts are joined, or the juncture is emphasized by the broad flap of the pocket in the Revolutionary way. This coat may be worn over one-piece frocks, although it is designed as the leading part in a street suit.

The wide, loose sleeve is shown and worn, but those on the watch towers insist that the incoming tight sleeve will gain power as the season progresses. Wide ruffles of lace are placed in the wrist opening. All manner of extravagant cuffs are used as in the Seventeenth Century.

In one-piece gowns of crepe there are rare pieces of lace placed as collars; wide bands of it are placed on the edges of three-quarter sleeves. It is really fashionable to put white lingerie on any type of frock. There is talk about the continuity of Oriental girdles and the metal belt, while others insist that the ornamental separate belt has had its day.

No. 2878, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; 37-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 18-inch lace. Width, 1½ yards. The new mode is illustrated in this draped model with flowing sleeves.

No. 2862, LADIES' DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 5½ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch material for collar. Width, 1½ yards. This design may be developed in silk crepe or satin.



2868 Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50  
Transfer Design No. 1176

2882 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer Design No. 1145

2875 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer Design No. 1216

No. 2882, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 36-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. For embroidery, use Transfer Design No. 1142.

No. 2875, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and ½ yard of 18-inch contrasting for vest and insets which are trimmed with bands of velvet. Width, 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 1246 may be used for girdle.

No. 2868, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. A distinctive bead trimming may be had by using Transfer Design No. 1176.

No. 2871, LADIES' DRESS; closing at left shoulder and underarm; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch printed chiffon and 2½ yards of 40-inch satin. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used.

No. 2877, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with side draperies. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. A smart addition is the bead trimming for which Transfer Design No. 1219 may be used.



2878 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44

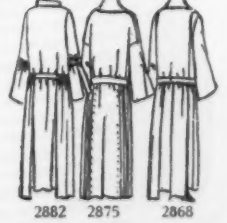


2862 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46



2877 Dress  
7 sizes, 34-46  
Transfer Design No. 1219

2871 Dress  
6 sizes, 34-44  
Transfer Design No. 1216



2882 2875 2868

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HARD RUBBER  
**COMBS**  
For Men and Women

Manufactured by  
American Hard Rubber Co.



## The Vogue for Patterned Fabrics Extends Even to Coats



2894 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 2894, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 27½ yards of 36-inch printed silk, and ¼ yard of 36-inch georgette for yoke and sleeves. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2867, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch printed material, and 2 yards of 54-inch plain material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 2881, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch velvet. Width, 1½ yards. For embroidery, Transfer Design No. 1142 is suggested.

No. 2744, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; 47-inch length. Small size requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, and 2¾ yards of 40-inch silk for lining. Width, 1½ yards. The fur-trimmed cape shown here is quite the mode.

No. 2701, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material, and 2½ yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Combined with a pleated skirt of plain fabric, this short coat makes a delightful costume.

No. 2682, MISSES' SUIT COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material, and 2 yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Transfer Design No. 1141 may be used for trimming if desired.



2867 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20



2744 Cape  
Small, medium  
large

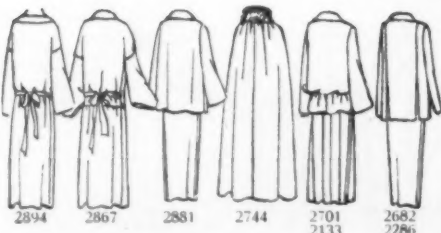
2701 Coat  
4 sizes, 14-20  
2133 Skirt  
4 sizes, 14-20

No. 2133, MISSES' STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 2¾ yards.

No. 2286, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

2682 Suit Coat  
4 sizes, 14-20  
2286 Skirt  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 1141

2881  
Coat Suit  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 1142





## For the Lovers of Sports or of Diversion Less Strenuous



2883  
Knickerbocker  
Dress  
5 sizes, 12-20

No. 2883, MISSES' AND GIRLS' KNICKERBOCKER DRESS; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 40-inch material for collar. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 2876, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting for sleeves, collar and to trim. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 2879, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. In soft silk crepe, this design with pleated panels and cuffs is especially effective.

No. 2894, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch printed silk and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch georgette. Width,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. For girdle, Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used.

No. 2861, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 1219 may be used for the bead trimming.

No. 2863, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece skirt with gathered inset; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. For bead ornament at waist, Transfer Design No. 1216 may be used.

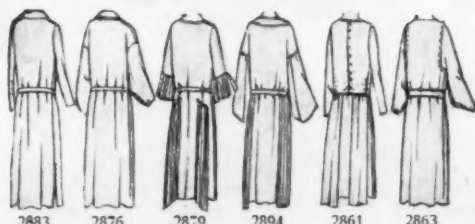


2876 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20



2894 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 1216

2861 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 1219



2879 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20

2863 Dress  
4 sizes, 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 1216



## TREO GIRDLE

*The all-elastic corset*

"If you desire to wear present styles to the best advantage, you must wear a Treo Girdle"—said a Fifth Avenue modiste to one of her fashionable customers.

CLEVER modistes recommend the Treo Girdle because it gives the figure the supple, youthful lines, the free, graceful contour that make this season's pretty costumes so becoming.

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## The Outer Wrap Adds the Drape to Its Already Diverse Mode

COSTUME NOS. 2892-2240. Medium size requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material.

NO. 2892, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material, and  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 36-inch silk for lining.

NO. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 44-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

NO. 2898, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material, and  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. The very latest in coats is the side closing with slight drapey featured in this model.

NO. 2844, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar; 48-inch length. Size 36, View A, requires 4 yards of 54-inch material and  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch lining. View B requires 3 yards of 54-inch material and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material for lining. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. The fashionable cape effect is obtained by the long flowing sleeves further emphasized by a deep band of fur. The same coat in View B has more conservative sleeves though equally smart.

NO. 2832, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, and  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material for lining. Width,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards. Instead of the usual belt, the waistline is marked by groups of tucks. For the embroidery, Transfer Design No. 1044 may be used.



2892  
Suit Coat  
8 sizes, 14-16 years  
36-46 bust  
2240 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36

2898 Coat  
7 sizes  
14-16 years  
36-44 bust



2892  
2240

2844 Coat  
7 sizes, 34-46  
View A

2844  
2844

2844 Coat  
7 sizes, 34-46  
View B

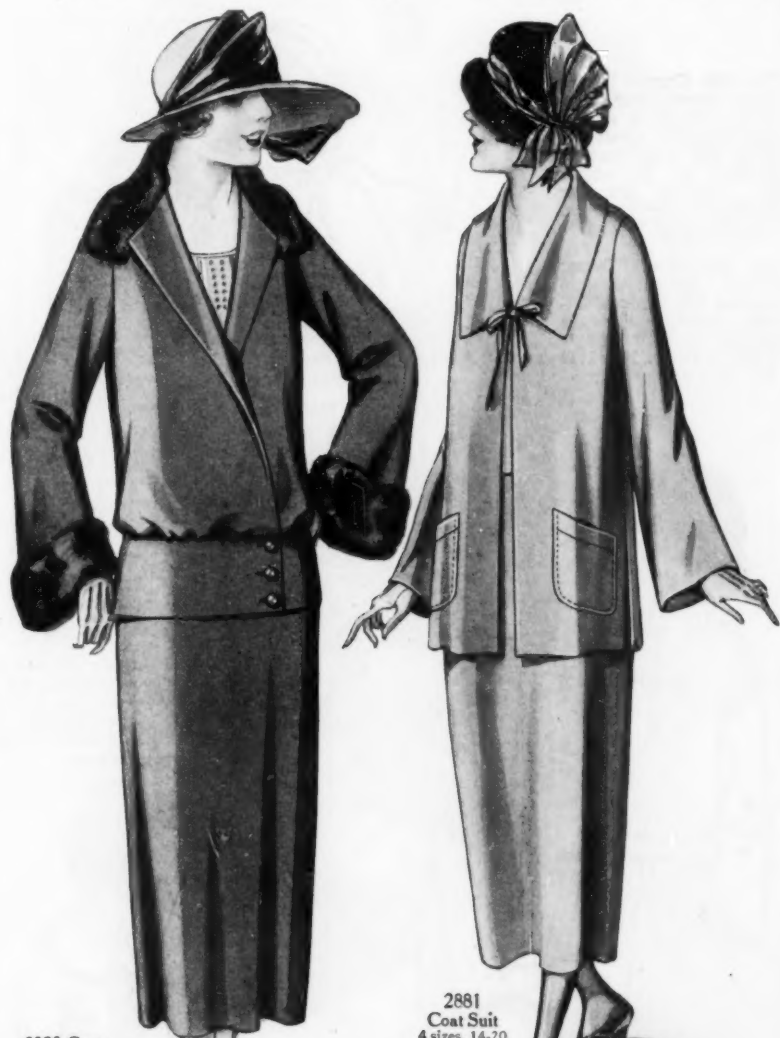
2832

2832 Coat  
7 sizes, 14-16 years  
36-44 bust  
Transfer Design No. 1044

2893  
2240



## Coat Suits And Long Coats Are Favored Alike For The Street



No. 2881, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material with nap, and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Width of skirt,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

COSTUME NOS. 2893-2240. Medium size requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2893, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material, and  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material for lining.

No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 44-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 2744, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; 47-inch length. Small size requires 3 yards of 48-inch material and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material for lining. Width,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards. The cape is still enjoying great popularity this season.

No. 2832, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 48-inch fur cloth for sleeves and collar. The lining requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 2846, LADIES' COAT; 48-inch length. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material with nap, and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch silk for lining. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 1179 may be used for the embroidered trimming.

2893 Coat  
7 sizes, 14-16 years  
36-44 bust  
2240 Skirt  
7 sizes, 24-36

2881  
Coat Suit  
4 sizes, 14-20



2893  
2240

2881

2832 Coat  
7 sizes, 14-16 years  
36-44 bust

2744

2832

2846 Coat  
8 sizes, 34-48  
Transfer Design  
No. 1179

2846



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Jafleur Vanishing Cream	- - -	\$1.00



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**Muffin—**  
1/4 cake Light Brown  
3/16 cake Orange

**Beige—**  
1 cake Sand  
1-16 cake Light Brown

**Bittersweet—**  
1 cake Scarlet  
1/4 cakes Orange

**Poinsettia—**  
1 cake Cardinal  
1 cake Scarlet

**Tangerine—**  
1 cake Orange  
1/4 cake Scarlet  
1/4 cake Sand

**Terra Cotta—**  
1 cake Scarlet  
1 cake Light Brown

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Manufacturers  
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## Quaint Appliqués Enliven Small Frocks

No. 2860, CHILD'S DRESS; raglan sleeves. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Quaint in itself, this dress becomes quainter yet by adding the appliqué girl for which Transfer Design No. 1050 may be used.

No. 2870, GIRL'S DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 6 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. For the gingham appliqué pocket Transfer Design No. 1198 may be used.



2860 Dress  
5 sizes, 2-10  
Transfer Design No. 1050

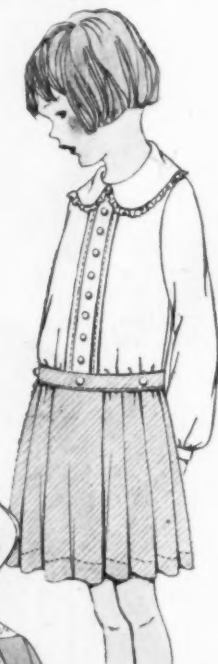
2891  
Romper Dress  
5 sizes, 2-10  
Transfer Design No. 1191

No. 2891, CHILD'S ROMPER DRESS; closing under leg. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch check and 3/4 yard of 36-inch plain material. Transfer Design No. 1194 may be used.



2870 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Transfer Design No. 1198

2859 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Transfer Design No. 1188



2864  
Blouse  
5 sizes  
6-14  
2865  
Skirt  
5 sizes  
6-14

2885 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Transfer Design No. 1196, No. 690

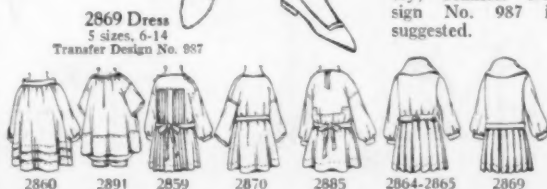
No. 2859, GIRL'S DRESS; closing at shoulders. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. An attractive finish is the cross-stitch for which Transfer Design No. 1186 may be used.

No. 2885, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 8 requires 7/8 yard of 36-inch material and 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 690 may be used for smocking, and No. 1196 for appliqué.

No. 2864, GIRL'S BLOUSE. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Batiste, dotted swiss, lawn or voile is suitable for this blouse.

No. 2865, GIRL'S SKIRT. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 48-inch material. This straight pleated model is excellent for the young schoolgirl, in wool materials to be worn with separate blouses. Cotton fabrics are also suitable.

No. 2869, GIRL'S DRESS; straight pleated skirt. Size 12 requires 2 3/4 yards of 48-inch material and 3/4 yard of 40-inch of a contrasting color. For embroidery, Transfer Design No. 987 is suggested.



2869 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Transfer Design No. 987

2860 2891 2859 2870 2885 2864-2865 2869



# From the Cradle Up



2880 Layette  
Transfer Designs  
No. 369, No. 884



2890 Dress  
6 sizes, 2-12  
Transfer Design  
No. 947



2883  
Knickerbocker  
Dress  
5 sizes, 12-20  
Transfer Design  
No. 1186

No. 2890, CHILD'S  
SLIP-ON DRESS. Size  
6 requires 2½ yards  
of 36-inch material.

No. 2873, MISSES'  
AND GIRLS' COOKING  
SET. Small size re-  
quires 1½ yards of  
32-inch gingham.

No. 2883, MISSES'  
AND GIRLS' KNICKER-  
BOCKER DRESS. Size  
12 requires 4½ yards  
of 36-inch material.

No. 2885, GIRLS'  
SLIP-ON DRESS. Size  
8, ¾ yard of 36-inch  
dotted and 1½ yards  
of 36-inch plain ma-  
terial.

2873  
Cooking Set  
Small, medium  
large  
Transfer Design  
No. 1194



No. 2864, GIRL'S  
BLOUSE. Size 10 re-  
quires 1¼ yards of 36-  
inch material.

No. 2865, GIRL'S  
SKIRT. Size 10 re-  
quires 1¼ yards of 36-  
inch material. Trans-  
fer Design No. 1189  
may be used for the  
cross-stitch on skirt  
and on blouse 2864.



2864  
Blouse  
5 sizes, 6-14  
2865 Skirt  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Transfer  
Design  
No. 1189



2885 Dress  
5 sizes, 6-14  
Transfer Design No. 1209

No. 2880, INFANT'S  
LAYETTE. Cape re-  
quires 1 yard of 36-  
inch material; dress  
1½ yards and petti-  
coat 1¼ yards of 27-  
inch; shirt and shirt  
band 1 yard of 27-  
inch. Transfer De-  
sign No. 369 may be  
used for scallop, No.  
884 for daisy border.

## Folded double— half the trouble



FIFTH Avenue sponsors designs this year that are indeed kind to the woman who makes her own or her children's clothes. For style leaders have decreed that the spirit of a costume shall lie in its trimming, and Bartons Double Fold Red-E-Trim, combining beauty, simplicity and economy, is favored equally in town and country. Being double-fold, it binds and trims in one sewing operation by machine or hand.

Bartons is especially chosen to grace certain of the Butterick and McCall dresses (McCall's No. 2719 and No. 2762; Butterick's No. 3795 and No. 3800). It is universally hailed as a simple, charming finish for children's rompers, doily sets, embroidered bedspreads and table covers, hats and the like. It contributes a colorful note to tennis, golf and beach attire. It spurs every woman to the exercise of her innate talent for creating dainty things.

As an aid in making your own things better and prettier, we will send, at your request, our booklet, "A Dozen Trim Ideas," showing what clever women are now doing with Bartons. You will enjoy devising new uses.

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It Washes

A  
"New Thought"  
Booklet.  
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today.

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You Will Be, Too!**

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of Michigan  
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McCall  
Representative



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Mrs. Hammer  
of Penna.  
Successful  
McCall  
Representative

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**National Toilet Company,  
Dept. "M" Paris, Tennessee**

FLESH  
PINK



BRUNETTE  
WHITE

**Watch your gums—  
bleeding a sign of trouble**

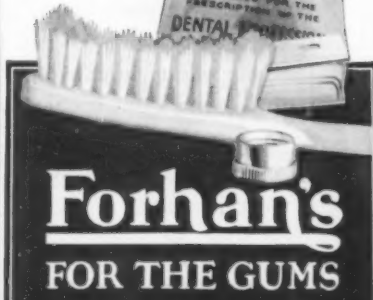
MEDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea poisons generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anæmia, and many other ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

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FOR THE GUMS**



One of our 38 styles  
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## Your Boy and Girl Suitably Coated



2803 Suit  
5 sizes, 2-8

No. 2803, Boy's Suit; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. Use poplin or chambray for a tub suit or serge for a wool suit.

2754 Reefer  
4 sizes, 2-8

No. 2754, LITTLE BOY'S REEFER. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 48-inch material, and ½ yard of 32-inch material for overcollar. The lining requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2783, Boy's OVERCOAT. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material and 2 yards of 36-inch for lining. Just the type of tweed overcoat the small boy needs for fall.

2783 Overcoat  
5 sizes, 2-10



No. 2637, CHILD'S COAT. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material and 2½ yards of 36-inch for lining. With side capes and pockets this little model has attractions enough to recommend it.

2637 Coat  
5 sizes, 4-12

2780 Cape  
Small, medium  
large

No. 2780, GIRL'S CAPE. Medium size requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material and 1¾ yards of 36-inch for lining. The twilled wool fabrics would make an ideal autumn cape.

No. 2761, GIRL'S CAPE. Medium size requires 2 yards of 48-inch material and the same amount of 36-inch material for lining.

No. 2747, GIRL'S COAT. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material and 2½ yards of 36-inch for lining. Plaid material is both serviceable and attractive.

2761 Cape  
Small, medium  
large

2747 Coat  
5 sizes, 6-14



2754 2803 2783 2780 2637 2761 2747

No. 273  
inch le  
waistline  
ed. Size  
of 36-in  
at lower  
wash sat



## For Those Inclined to Domesticity



2889  
House  
Dress  
7 sizes  
34-46

2888  
House Dress  
9 sizes, 34-50

2872  
Cooking  
Set  
Small  
medium  
large

2858 Pajamas  
7 sizes, 14-16 years  
36-44

2738 Slip  
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 2872, LADIES', MISSES' AND GIRLS' COOKING SET. Large size requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 32-inch gingham. Consisting of an apron which completely covers the dress, a becoming cap and sleeve protectors, this design offers an ideal cooking set.

No. 2889, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; short kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch check and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch plain material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 2738, LADIES' SLIP; 34-inch length from natural waistline; 2-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Use wash satin or silk crepe.

No. 2888, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch striped material and 3 yards of 36-inch plain material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 2858, LADIES' AND MISSES' PAJAMAS. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. This comfortable sleeping garment may be developed in crepe de Chine, figured pongee or batiste.



### The 'Wishing Fairy' heard a woman say—

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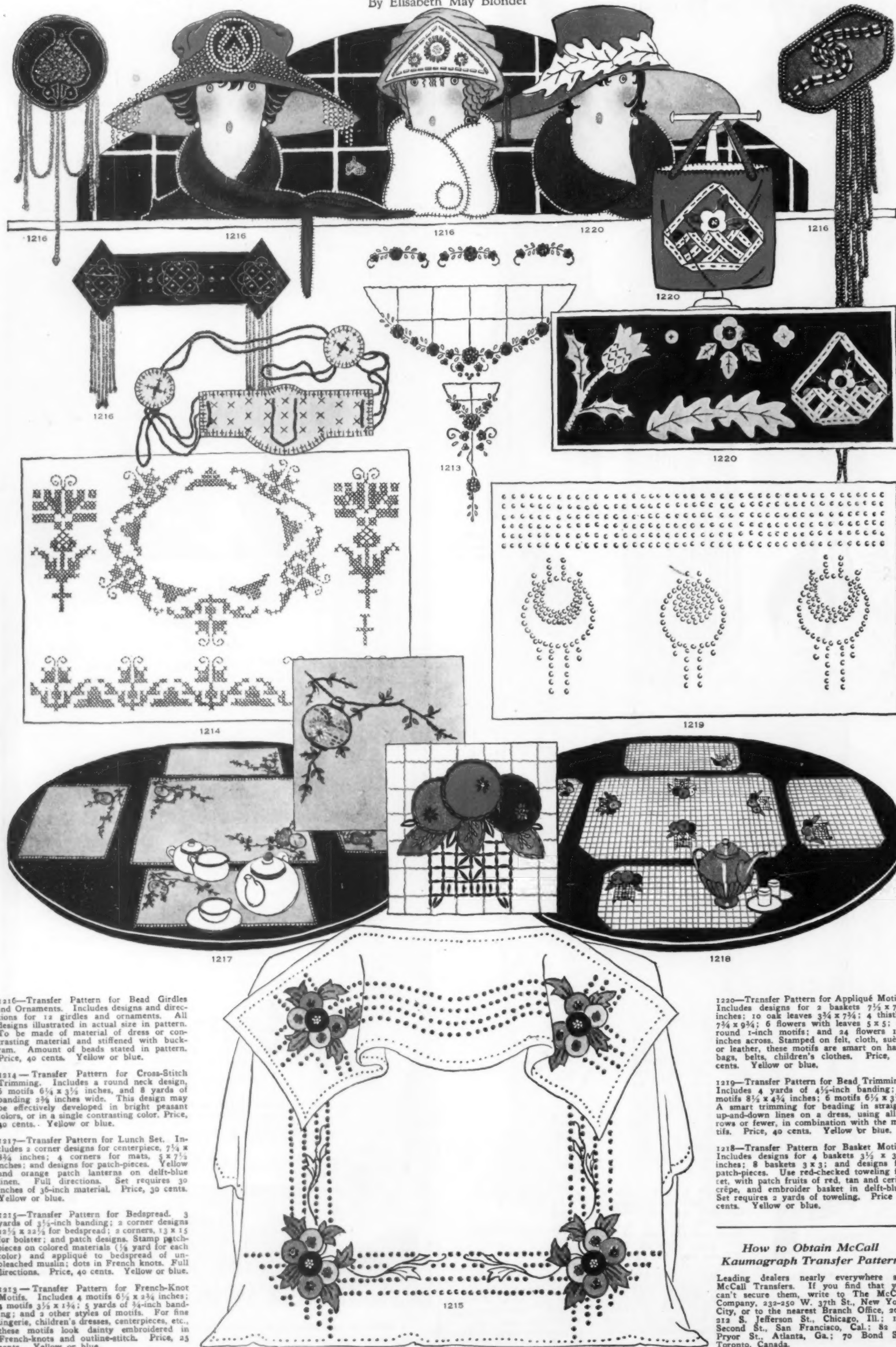
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Dept. K., 363 Broadway, New York City

# 

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1212—Transfer Pattern for Bead Girdles and Ornaments. Includes designs and directions for 12 girdles and ornaments. All designs illustrated in actual size in pattern. To be made of material of dress or contrasting material and stiffened with buckram. Amount of beads stated in pattern. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1214—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Trimming. Includes a round neck design, 6 motifs  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and 8 yards of banding  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. This design may be effectively developed in bright peasant colors, or in a single contrasting color. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1217—Transfer Pattern for Lunch Set. Includes 2 corner designs for centerpiece,  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$  inches; 4 corners for mats,  $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inches; and designs for patch-pieces. Yellow and orange patch lanterns on delft-blue linen. Full directions. Set requires 30 inches of  $36$ -inch material. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1215—Transfer Pattern for Bedspread. 3 yards of  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch banding; 2 corner designs  $22\frac{1}{2} \times 22\frac{1}{2}$  inches; 2 corners,  $13 \times 15$  for bolster; and patch designs. Stamp patch-pieces on colored materials ( $\frac{1}{4}$  yard for each color) and appliqué to bedspread of unbleached muslin; dots in French knots. Full directions. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1213—Transfer Pattern for French-Knot Motifs. Includes 4 motifs  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$  inches; 4 motifs  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ ; 5 yards of  $3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch banding; and 2 other styles of motifs. For fine lingerie, children's dresses, centerpieces, etc., these motifs look dainty embroidered in French-knots and outline-stitch. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1220—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Motifs. Includes designs for 2 baskets  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$  inches; 10 oak leaves  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ ; 4 thistles  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$ ; 6 flowers with leaves  $5 \times 5$ ; 36 round 1-inch motifs; and 24 flowers  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches across. Stamped on felt, cloth, suede or leather, these motifs are smart on hats, bags, belts, children's clothes. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1219—Transfer Pattern for Bead Trimming. Includes 4 yards of  $4\frac{1}{2}$ -inch banding; 6 motifs  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  inches; 6 motifs  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . A smart trimming for beading in straight up-and-down lines on a dress, using all 6 rows or fewer, in combination with the motifs. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1218—Transfer Pattern for Basket Motifs. Includes designs for 4 baskets  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches; 8 baskets  $3 \times 3$ ; and designs for patch-pieces. Use red-checked toweling for set, with patch fruits of red, tan and cerise crepe, and embroider basket in delft-blue. Set requires 2 yards of toweling. Price 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

### How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



# An Old Question

## "How Can I Have More Clothes"

EVERY woman knows what a hard problem it is to dress herself on a small income. You know yourself; you go shopping to find a suit, dress or blouse at a certain price. But, oftener than not, the only things you like particularly, cost more than you are able to pay.

### Have More Clothes This New Way

No longer need you be worried and perplexed about your wardrobe—or find it necessary to pay exorbitant prices for your clothes. The problem has been solved; thousands of women have found the sure, easy way to clothes economy through the simple, up-to-date and practical home-study course in Dressmaking offered by the School of Modern Dress.

### No Experience Necessary

No matter how little you know about dressmaking or sewing, this course will enable you to make clothes with the same correct style and perfect fit that mark the work of the fashionable modiste. You will learn the correct "professional" ways of designing and sewing. You will learn what materials to select, what styles are most becoming to your own or other types of figures, how to make model patterns, how to do the cutting, and how to finish the garment, to the very smallest detail. Nothing has been overlooked. All you need do is follow the simple directions with full confidence. Every step has been carefully and painstakingly mapped out for you by practical dressmakers.

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While learning you are given, absolutely Free, enough materials and trimmings to make six serviceable garments; a smart collar and cuff set, a dainty chemise, a lovely blouse, a useful house dress, a convenient "overall" apron and a stylish afternoon frock. The School of Modern Dress teaches you, as part of the course of instruction, just how to make these garments yourself—you don't have to pay one cent for material of any kind. You get the garments FREE with the course. Besides, you also receive a FREE dress form, if your enrollment is received promptly, and a handsome sewing basket containing all necessary sewing equipment.

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McCall's 10-22

## The Last Cartridge

[Continued from page 66]

freely. I shall probably go to work at— at something."

"Margot!" Madge Delcevere's calmness exploded suddenly with the fierce snap of a lashed whip. "Stop this nonsense instantly."

But that lash of her mother's words did not change Margot's tone or manner. "I ought to know. I've rehearsed what I was going to say to you a hundred times in the last ten days."

By a supreme effort, Madge Delcevere held within the bounds of her will the flood that was beating in molten turbulent torrents at the door of her heart. "Margot, my child, come over here and sit beside me and we'll talk this thing out like friends."

Margot dutifully tip-tapped over to the bed; sat down beside her mother. But a world might have separated her slim figure from the rounded one which curved so yearningly towards her, so unyielding was Margot's air.

"It started with Roddy and me," she began with a perfect facility, "long over a month ago, when I began meeting him at the Club court early in the morning so that he could coach me. We were predestined for each other, I'm sure of that. There was the most extraordinary series of coincidences. Mother, you wouldn't believe... Or if there's anything in reincarnation, we must once have... We found out how we adored each other about a week before my accident— If it hadn't been for that pulled tendon I should probably be in New York now."

"Circumstances saved you," her mother commented quietly. "And now— You've been thinking for days and days in his terms. You must begin to think in my terms and poor Lillian's."

"Oh I know just what you're going to say, mother. You can't say anything that I have not already thought of myself, that we—Roddy and I—have not discussed a hundred times. But we came to our conclusions without any help from outside. I know just what your arguments will be. You will say to me that marriage is a hard-and-fast, indissoluble tie. And I will say to you that I no longer believe that, that none of my generation—I mean the girls I know—believe it. You will say to me also that Roddy owes fidelity to that wife of his. And I will say to you that I don't think he does. She's been an invalid ever since he married her—a drag and a handicap. He's given her fifteen years of devotion. Why should he give her more? You will say to me that I owe you everything. And I will say to you that I owe you a great deal but not everything—not my whole life's happiness. You brought me into the world without consulting me. You had to take care of me; you had no choice in that matter. You've done it wonderfully of course and I love you and I'll return gratitude and service. I'm too proud not to do that. But I won't give up my happiness for you."

"He's taught you your lesson very well," Madge said after one interval. And after another, "Perhaps it will surprise you to know that I will say nothing about any debt you owe me. As to the indissolubility of marriage, and as to what Rodney Stewart owes Lillian— The first is a vast question. Perhaps I'm not prepared to say what I think of that. And as to Lillian—that's Rodney Stewart's problem. Not mine. But when it comes to your leaving me to go to New York—to be near him—and the scandal that will follow—my dear child, do you suppose I'll sit tamely down and submit to that. I'll fight it till I drop."

"Mother, dear," Margot said, and she spoke as one who is patient with another's unreason, "don't waste your energy. You can't win. For as sure as—as sure as anything, just as soon as I can walk, I shall leave this house and go to New York. You can't prevent me. You can't prevent anything. I shall write him and telephone him and receive his letters—oh, you needn't be afraid anybody knows or guesses; we have a telephone code. You can't keep me a prisoner in this house. If you're wise, you'll let him come here because, by hook or crook, somehow, we intend to see each other."

"You are right, Margot," Madge said, "I can't keep you prisoner. I shan't try. And I shan't attempt to keep you from communicating with each other. You may write all the letters you please; telephone whenever you want. But when it comes to any further social relations—He shall never enter this house again."

"Then," Margot said, "I'll go to him now—this instant." A spasm of rage—how strangely it darkened her ingenu face!— seemed to lift her up off the bed; and disregarding her crutch, she started to run across the room. Under her uncertain step, the rug slipped. She came down hard, screaming. She sat upright instantly, made a swift effort at self-control. In a flash, Madge was on her knees beside her.

[Turn to page 83]



## Embroidery Has Become an Actual Part Not Merely a Trimming—of Smart Gowns

Today, embroidery and simple crochet stitches, play an important part in the art of good dressing. Women of taste choose this method of decorating their apparel because it adds beauty and richness to otherwise plain frocks; and for many years the Royal Society trademark has been recognized as a symbol of perfection on Art Needlework Materials.

The dress illustrated is shown merely to suggest the style possibilities of embroidery on garments. It is of champagne color Canton crepe, embellished in shades of burnt orange, tan and brown with

## ROYAL SOCIETY Celesta and Sweater Twist Two Artificial Silks

used by women of fashion for embroidering and crocheting. Intensely brilliant threads, dyed with special dyes in all colors. Celesta is put up in skeins for dress and all kinds of art embroidery. It is made in all the new dressmakers' shades and works up beautifully on almost all dress fabrics.

Sweater Twist, which is made of the same superior fibre as Celesta, is also an intensely brilliant artificial silk, put up in spools of 175 yards and hanks of 350 yards. These yardages are convenient and economical for use on garments that are heavily embroidered or where fringes or tassels are used. Sweater Twist is ideal for crocheting silk sweaters, tams, scarfs, hand bags, insertions for silk bedspreads, lamp shades, etc.

**THE NEW ROYAL SOCIETY LAMP SHADE BOOK No. 21**  
10c in U. S.—15c Elsewhere

Directions for winding the frames, covering, crocheting, making fringe, etc., are given. There is a variety of elegant and artistic shades in this book, also handsome crocheted medallions for a world of different uses.



Royal Society Art Needlework Materials are sold by dealers everywhere.

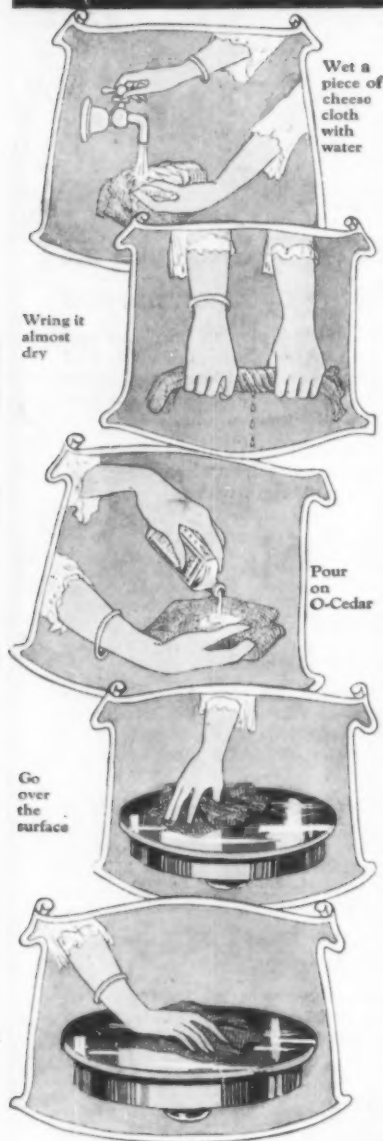
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The O-Cedar Polish Way

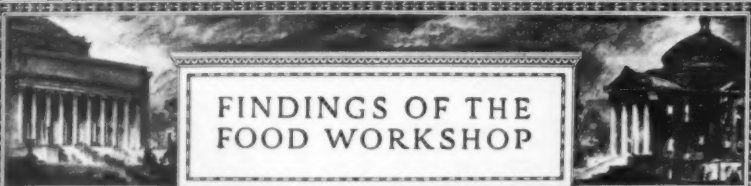


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## FINDINGS OF THE FOOD WORKSHOP

# Everyday Food Bargains

Think of the Money You Save by Wise Buying!

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IN nursery days "To Market, to market" meant a jingly Mother Goose rhyme. But when you've grown up and are running a house and perhaps a nursery of your own, these words become a call to duty. Marketing must be done, and so it's "to market" almost every day, whether you go with your basket or whether you telephone.

We have told you something of The Findings of our Food Workshop at Teacher's College, as to what to buy; but now comes the question, "How much?"

Have you ever given serious consideration to the difference in the cost of food bought in large or small containers? By this we do not mean the difference between the family and the institutional size, but rather the difference between the various containers offered you as a housekeeper.

It is not enough to go to the store with a shopping list and a knowledge of qualities of food. The smiling grocer, filling your order for strawberry jam, will politely say "And what sized jar?" and you must answer. Probably you will be told that you can choose from a medium-sized and two smaller jars costing fifty, thirty and fifteen cents each and on that basis will try to make your decision.

But what you need to know is the amount of jam you are getting in each jar. Do you realize how much money the right answer may save for you? If you buy the smallest jar you will have only two and one-half ounces of jam and you will be paying at the rate of ninety-six cents a pound. But if you choose the pound jar of the same quality it will cost you only fifty cents—a saving of forty-six cents! In small containers the jam costs practically twice as much as in the larger one. Strawberry jam keeps, and a pound isn't very much to buy at one time anyway.

DO you want to serve grape juice? There are several different-sized bottles from which you can choose, tiny ones which hold enough for one person, or the quart bottle which contains several servings but which is not unreasonably large. If you buy five small bottles at fifteen cents each you will pay seventy-five cents for them, and you will get only two and one-half cups of the beverage, while if you buy the quart bottle you will pay just the same amount but will have four cups to show for your money instead of two and one-half. In other words you are paying just forty-five cents a quart more for grape juice if you buy it in the small bottles.

Wouldn't you be interested if you went into the grocery store one morning and found a huge sign confronting you:

### FLOUR BARGAINS

SAVE 49 cents on a 24½ pound bag!

You would not be a true shopper if you passed by unmoved. Although this bargain is not advertised, it is awaiting you every time you buy flour. You can save that amount by buying the twenty-four and one-half pound bag instead of the little three and one-half pound ones. Even though your kitchen

is small you will have space for the larger bag and you will not be long in using it if you make hot biscuits or muffins occasionally.

A popular brand of cocoa is put up in a tiny can—one-fifth pound. You can save fourteen cents on the same brand of cocoa buying your pound in half-pound packages.

Almost any family will use a pound of tea before it deteriorates. It is worth while buying this quantity to save the fifteen cents extra you would spend if buying it by the quarter-pound package.

In these days when salads are so popular a quart of olive oil will be used before it has opportunity to become rancid. It is throwing thirteen cents away to buy it by the pint instead of the quart.

DATES and raisins now almost take the place of candy and are therefore done up in attractive small packages. This is desirable if one portion is all that is convenient to use at one time. But if you are buying for your family why not purchase a fifteen-ounce package of raisins and save nineteen cents or a ten-ounce package of dates and save the same amount? You would not have the joy of the small package—but you would have more money and could buy more fruit.

Not only is small-container buying an extravagance, but the buying of abnormally small quantities of food will always be expensive.

You may think you want just a little cheese and that ten cents' worth will be enough. In our investigations when we purchased cheese by the ten cents' worth we found that we were paying sixty-seven cents a pound, while on the same day we could buy a pound of the same cheese for only thirty-five cents—about half as much!

Do not assume that the price difference between small and large purchases is exorbitant. It is based on economic reasons. Take the case of the grape juice, for instance. If you buy the smaller bottles you are paying freight on quite a lot of glass. There is the same cost for sterilization, filling and capping the smaller bottles as the larger ones. Handling food is expensive and the small bottle must be packed, unpacked, put on the shelf, taken down, wrapped and delivered, just like the larger one.

Of course there are times when the buying of the smaller package is more economical in the long run. A seldom-used spice which deteriorates should not be bought in a large can and kept for a year or so, losing its strength as it ages. If you use pimientos only occasionally as a salad garnish it is unwise to open a large can, take out one and leave the rest to spoil.

But these are exceptions. For the person who only occasionally prepares a meal, it is wise to plan closely and to have no left-overs.

At the bottom of this page is a money-making market-list showing only a few of the bargains to be had by careful buying. In every case we have suggested buying small amounts, a pound, a quart or less, such as can be easily used. And look at the saving—\$2.94—a start toward a Christmas fund!

### YOUR MONEY-MAKING MARKET LIST

WHEN YOU BUY	IF YOU TAKE THE LARGER CONTAINER	YOU WILL SAVE
Strawberry jam	16 ounces instead of 2½ ounces	\$.46
Cocoa	1 pound instead of 1-5 pound	.14
Flour	24½ pounds instead of 3½ pounds	.49
Tea	1 pound instead of ¼ pound	.15
Grape juice	1 quart instead of ½ pint	.45
Olive oil	1 quart instead of 1 pint	.13
Raisins	15 ounces instead of 1½ ounces	.19
Dates	10 ounces instead of 2½ ounces	.19
Cheese	1 pound instead of 10 cents' worth	.32
Butter	1 pound instead of 10 cents' worth	.23
Jelly	15 ounces instead of 2½ ounces	.19
		Total, \$2.94



## Now Bran

Comes in a dainty

We hide flake bran in soft rolled wheat to make the dish inviting. No morning dainty could be more delicious.

No one suspects the bran, yet these savory flakes hide 25 per cent.

This bran-food is called Petti-John's. Everybody loves it. It supplies whole-wheat nutrition. And the bran is there in flake form.

Order a package of Petti-John's today—your family will thank you.

The Quaker Oats Company

Babies grow strong on Nestle's because it is modified milk in powdered form—

**NESTLE'S MILK FOOD**

Send for FREE Sample and for 72-page "Mothers Book"—FREE

NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY  
1010 NESTLE BUILDING - NEW YORK

## DR. PRICE'S VANILLA

YOU will like the true, mellow, delicious flavor of Price's. It is pure and of balanced, just-right strength, neither weak nor too strong.

PRICE FLAVORING EXTRACT CO.  
"Experts in Flavor" Chicago, Ill.



Served Instantly

**F. BLANKE'S TEA & COFFEE**

Put half a teaspoonful of Blanke's Soluble Coffee in the cup. Add boiling water and you have a perfect cup of coffee. No grounds, no mess, no waste. Blanke's Tea also in soluble form.

**C. F. BLANKE, TEA & COFFEE CO.**  
DEPT. 5 ST. LOUIS, MO.

**LIEBIG**  
COMPANY'S makes  
Extract of easier  
Beef and better



## Why Spend what Kalamazoo Buyers Save?



Get Manufacturers Prices on Stove Ranges and Furnaces

Pearless Combination Gas and Coal Range

OVER 400,000 satisfied customers have saved money on the Kalamazoo Direct-to-You Plan. Why should you spend what they save? Figure it out for yourself—who can make prices as low as the manufacturer? No matter where you buy your range, furnace or stove, someone must first get it from the factory. Why don't you get the wholesale manufacturer's price and save money?

### Send for Our Catalog

A postal will do. This is our 21st Anniversary. We are celebrating with lower prices. We bought our iron and raw materials when the market was low—you get the benefit. Our catalog illustrates and describes the complete line of Kalamazoo ranges—shows our beautiful new blue and gray porcelain enamel combination gas and coal ranges, heaters,



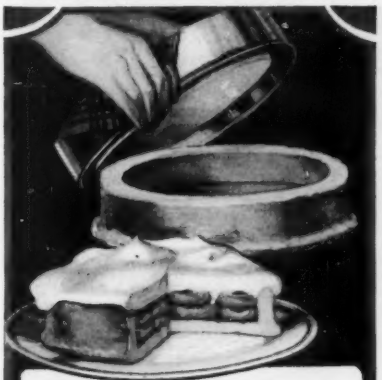
Pipeless Furnaces \$52.95 and up

etc. Also shows Kalamazoo Pipeless Furnaces from \$52.95 and up. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Thirty days trial. Cash or easy payment. 24 hour shipments. Also get our low prices on furniture, kitchen cabinets, sewing machines, washing machines, dishes, cream separators, roofing, paints, fencing—many other farm and home necessities.

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

Ask for Catalog No. 198 Kalamazoo Stove Co. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Use THE NEW McCALL PATTERN "it's printed"



Patented Aug. 23, 1921

## MARY ANN CAKE SHELL PAN

revises all the ways of making cake—even bakes the bottom of the cake outside the pan—a shell dainty and tender as a fresh honeycomb—deep enough for a liberal filling of fruit, jelly, custard, preserves, ices, etc.—family size big enough to go all 'round the table—banquet size for individual service. Dozens of new desserts for every entertainment—novelties that will excite the wonder of every guest. Mary Ann Cake Shell Pan is made of one piece of highly polished aluminum—like cooking in solid silver—cleaned as easily as a china cup—wears forever—sold in every State—large and small towns—department stores, hardware, china, house-furnishing, general stores, gift shops—or sent direct to you, if your dealer does not have them. Take the lead in entertaining. Both sizes nicely boxed, suitable for gift purposes.

Mary Ann Mfg. Co., Lancaster, Pa. Please send me direct (McC)

.....Family size, at \$1.50  
.....Set Banquet Size (6), at \$3.00  
I enclose no money, but will pay the postman on delivery.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City or town .....  
Dealer's Name .....

## The Last Cartridge

[Continued from page 81]

"You've pulled that tendon again!" she said. She helped Margot onto the bed. Madge Delcevere worked hard that afternoon. Her initial effort was the composition of a letter to Rodney Stewart. The rest of the afternoon was a swift trip in the big car to New York.

RODNEY STEWART'S answer to Madge's letter did not come by return post. But that apparently was only because it was so voluminous. Another letter—its duplicate in weight and addressed to Margot—arrived in the same mail. Madge read his letter three times in the privacy of her own room; then she destroyed it. Instantly she left the house on one of those solitary walks which seemed to grow longer every day.

It was several days later before Madge reopened the subject of Rodney Stewart with Margot. They had been living like two strangers, sharing the same house. With punctilious promptness, Madge had handed over Margot's mail to her—there was always, it seemed, a thick letter with a typewritten envelope. With punctilious promptness, she replaced the telephone receiver whenever it permitted her to eavesdrop at a tête-à-tête on the extension. Now, as she entered Margot's room, her daughter received her with the formal questioning look which one displays to intruders.

Suddenly tears rained down Madge's face. "Margot," she said, "I can't let this go on in quite this way. I want to—I want to tell you—I want you to know that I'm suffering—and terribly. After your father died—Oh those were dreadful weeks! But they were nothing to these days. Perhaps it was because I was younger then. Perhaps it was because death has a certain sublimity. It's perfected—finished. There is no appeal against it. But this! Oh my little girl, my baby, you will not know what I'm going through until you have a daughter of your own. Perhaps you will never know. Oh, I hope so—or that, if you do, I'll be there to help. But now, I've got to hurt you awfully. I don't want to do it . . . but I must. It's the surgeon's knife."

Margot's eyes blazed, then blanked starkly. "Do you mean that Rodney has agreed since this morning to give me up?" she asked on one long breath.

"Oh no. I've had no further communication with him since my first letter." Margot breathed a long sigh. "Nothing else matters—if he still loves me."

"So far as I know he still—if that is what you call it—loves you. When you told me that you were determined to go to him, I took the only step possible for me. You must remember, Margot, that I am a woman—and a comparatively inexperienced one—alone. So I provided myself with the only weapon I could think of. I hired a private detective agency to investigate his record."

"You spied on him?" Margot flamed.

"If you wish—yes. I have here the results of those investigations. It makes strange reading."

"I am not interested in it," Margot declared with a little disdainful laugh.

"In that case," her mother took her up quickly, "you won't object to hearing what I have to reveal. Listen. There are living today two women each of whom expected Rodney Stewart would divorce his wife and marry her."

"If you're going to tell me about that Willa Reardon," Margot said with an insolent flourish in her voice: "Roddy has already told me."

"She is one of them. She left her home for him and went to Europe with him. He soon tired of her. She is working in New York at present."

"She proved to be—Roddy told me all about her . . . everything . . . He couldn't have married her . . . He didn't really love her . . . He offered to settle a lot of money on her . . ."

"And she refused to accept it. The other one—"

"If it's that Edna Boardman, you needn't go any further. I know all about that too." Margot's tone achieved a crescendo of triumph.

"Do you know what's become of her?" her mother thrust suddenly.

"Of course I do," Margot replied in what attempted to be the haughty tone of superiority. But Madge knew instantly, from the infinitesimal pause which preceded her statement, that what was now certainty had been before merely suspicion.

"I'll leave this report with you," her mother said. "I have touched only the big things. There are details that I cannot believe you know. You cannot fail to find them interesting."

"You need not do so," Margot declared, "I shall not touch it."

Her manner had all the aspect of surety, her voice the ring of resolve. Yet, fifteen minutes later, velvet-footing past the room,

[Turn to page 84]



The Grand Prize Cleaner

Of the 600,000 Grand Prize Eureka's now in use, more than 100,000 are the new Model 9 which we announced last April.

Our dealers tell us the new model attained its amazing popularity because it embodies improvements which lift it far above all other vacuum cleaners in performance.

It cleans the thickest, dustiest rugs with greater speed and thoroughness. Its design lets you easily clean beneath low beds and close against baseboards. Its attachments are connected in an instant—and they really clean!

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(47)

# EUREKA

## VACUUM CLEANER





# New Discovery Restores Color to Gray Hair

SCIENCE has discovered why hair turns gray! It is not because of advanced age, as so many seem to think. A wonderful discovery proves that if it weren't for the fact that certain cells in the hair roots become affected, the hair would always retain its natural color. It would never become gray.

The hair derives its color (black, blond, brown, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter, or pigment, in tiny cells at the root of the hair. Through the natural process of pigmentation this coloring matter is sent up into the hair. But when shock, sorrow, ill-health or other causes interfere with this natural process, pigmentation ceases. No coloring matter is sent up into the hair, and it blanches—or becomes gray.

Since the reason why hair becomes gray has now been discovered, science has been directing its energies towards finding an element that would restore the natural color—and has succeeded! An amazing new scientific discovery has been made through which the full lustre and beauty of your natural color is quickly and naturally restored.

## Don't Dye or Discolor Your Hair

Gray hair is not really "gray" hair at all—but hair without color! The grayness simply indicates an absence of pigment in the cells. Therefore, if your hair is gray, it has *blanched*. This means that its root sheaths have become dry; that its pigment cells have ceased to function.

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, restores the colorless hair to its true, original shade. It does not discolor the hair—it *re-colors* it through a simple normal process.

Tru-Tone is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is positively harmless and cannot injure the hair or scalp. It is pleasant and simple to use—none of the muss and trouble of an ordinary color restorer. It works with nature, not against it. If your hair was auburn originally, Tru-Tone will restore it to its auburn color. If it was blond, brown or black, Tru-Tone will restore it to the shade and lustre nature intended it to have.

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid—almost colorless. It contains tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone not only restores the natural color to your hair, but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time.

## Backed by \$10,000 Guarantee

So confident is Domino House of its wonderful discovery that a deposit of \$10,000.00 has been placed with the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia to protect every user of Tru-Tone. It simply must restore the color to your hair—or it costs you nothing. Every man and woman with gray hair, or hair that is beginning to turn gray, is urged to try this remarkable discovery at once.



Although gray hair is not always a sign of advancing age, it cannot help but make you look older. Restore the natural color of your hair and take on a new youthful appearance. Science has found the safe, natural way to restore the original color.

This is an exact illustration of a gray hair, magnified many hundreds of times. A indicates the hair shaft which springs from the follicle E. The pigment that supplies the hair with color is given off at the tip of the papilla H.

This guarantee protects you absolutely. Tru-Tone simply must do what we say it will. We take all risk. You are the only judge, and if Tru-Tone does not delight you, we are the only losers.

## Special Free-Proof Offer

Nothing can so thoroughly convince you of the wonderful power of Tru-Tone in restoring the hair to its natural color as trying it. That is why we are making this very special free-proof offer.

If you will fill in the coupon below and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-sized bottle of Tru-Tone. Don't send any money—just the coupon.

**ONLY \$1.45**

If You Act At Once

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only \$1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for \$3.00.

After a fair test of Tru-Tone, if you are not delighted with what this marvelous discovery will do for your hair, just return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once. This special free-proof offer is very unusual and is made for introductory purposes only.

## Mail This Coupon Now!

Don't delay. Take advantage of this special offer. Let us send you your bottle of Tru-Tone at once.

Clip this coupon and mail it now, before you forget. A post card will do. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer; the test of Tru-Tone need cost you nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW. Domino House, Dept. T-5710, 269 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. T-5710  
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman \$1.45 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon.  
(Price outside U. S. \$1.60 cash with order)

## The Last Cartridge

[Continued from page 83]

Madge heard the furtive crackle of legal cap. Nevertheless when she returned to her chamber that night, the report was lying on her desk. Beside it was a note in Margot's small, accurate, clear script.

I knew this would make no difference, and it hasn't. I may leave any day now; for my foot is much better. Perhaps it would be kinder not to tell you; but I feel fairer doing so. I do love you and I'm sorry to make you suffer.

Involuntarily, Madge clawed the receiver off her telephone. She breathed a number into the transmitter. Another second, "Hugh!" she called poignantly.

"What is it, Madge?"

"I want you to come . . . I want . . . I . . ." She dropped a laugh that was like a shower of tiny icicles breaking on the transmitter rim. "Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous? Please, pay no attention to this brainstorm. I had one of those moments when . . . I felt so alone . . . I had to know that I had a real friend somewhere . . ."

There was a pause as though Hugh steadied his voice. "I feel certain there's something I can do for you, Madge."

"No. I assure you there's nothing. Good-night!"

"Madge—"

"Good-night!" She hung up; walked to her bed; dropped on it; lay there till sunrise.

At the other end of wire, Hugh's face had convulsed murderously. "Damn him!" he muttered.

HUGH called the next afternoon. He found Madge indoors, reading. "I'm going into town in the car," he announced without the preliminary of greeting and with no reference to the conversation of the evening before. "I wondered if there was anything I could do for you there."

Madge hesitated; picked up her book, dropped her eyes to it. "No," she said finally, "I think not."

"I was going to say that if you were by any chance, wanting to take a trip to town I'd—" Hugh's eyes still roaming, caught on an object at the further end of the room resting against the door-frame—a long, slim object inconspicuous to any but an eagle glance. For an instant, some strange change—expression it must have been; it was too black to be a mere rush of blood—invaded his face. Then he was all calm indifference. "All right," he said. "I'll be off. Good-by."

"Good-by," Madge answered.

Hugh ran down the path to the gate; jumped into his car and started citywards apparently with the intention of breaking every speed-law on the route.

Madge watched the car disappear. Something like terror broke the movelessness of her white face and then, as though at the impulse of some interior explosion, she leaped to her feet. But she stopped suddenly; listened. From above sounded the tap of the stick, which Margot had substituted for her crutch. For the first time since her second fall, she was coming down the stairs. Her face set to composure again, Madge waited.

Exquisite in a cape suit of a gay striped silk, as perfected in all the details of her dressing as any fashion mannequin, Margot appeared. She wasted no words.

"I'm leaving now, mother," she said, "to go to New York."

Madge showed no change of expression. "How do you go?" she asked in the most casual of tones.

"On the four-fifteen train. I expected to be able to hire an automobile; but I can't."

"He will not be at the station to meet you," Madge stated rather than asked, in her civil, colorless tone.

"No. But our arrangement has always been that when I decided to take the step, I should go right to a certain hotel in New York. Roddy will know just how to advise me."

"Oh yes," her mother agreed. "He is an adept at that."

Margot ignored this. "I don't think I want to stay in the house any longer. But I do want to tell you that I love you, and it's killing me to make you suffer."

Madge smiled faintly.

"So I think I'll go down to the station and wait."

"As you wish," Madge said. "But as it happens, I'm going out myself. So you can stay here if you prefer."

She arose as she spoke and with a measured step walked to the couch; picked up her wrap, slipped her arms into it; picked up her hat, walked to a mirror, placed it at a careful angle on her head; picked up her veil, adjusted it with a meticulous care; picked up her gloves, coaxed them on with careful smoothings.

Irresolutely, Margot watched her mother. There was a swift, clear precision—it was almost as though it were a scene in a play—in Madge's movements

[Turn to page 89]



## For Nervous Headaches

**Vaseline**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**MENTHOLATED**  
PETROLEUM JELLY

Is the relief from headache or neuralgic pains worth one cent to you? That's all it costs for an application of "Vaseline" Mentholated Jelly. With the first indication of a headache rub a small amount of it gently on the forehead and temples. So convenient, effective and economical!

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.  
(Consolidated)  
State Street, New York



## Can Any Woman Afford To Look Masculine?

Positively not! And, moreover, there is no excuse for your having a single hair where it should not be. Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser. Do not confuse ZIP with ordinary depilatories. ZIP gently lifts out the roots and in this way destroys the growth. Rapid, simple to use, fragrant, safe and painless, it leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Women everywhere are discarding the old dangerous methods and are now using ZIP for destroying superfluous hair on face, under arms, and body; creating the new arched brow; clearing the back of neck below bobbed hair; freeing the forearms and limbs. Avoid imitations.

Three Types of Superfluous Hair. Which type have you? Write for Free Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you, or when in New York call at my Salon to have FREE DEMONSTRATION.

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562 Fifth Avenue, (46th St.) New York  
Please send me your Free Book, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," also free sample of your Massage and Cleansing Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

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~ night



Use Rigaud's Cold Cream and Tissue Cream at night—to cleanse and build.

Use Rigaud's Vanishing Cream in the morning.

How lovely you will be tomorrow is something you can decide this very night! For years, many of the most exquisite complexions have owed their beauty to

## Rigaud's COLD CREAM TISSUE CREAM VANISHING CREAM *Fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden*

Rigaud makes a perfect *Cold Cream*—fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden—that works its way into the pores, cleansing them of dirt, allowing the skin to "breathe" and take on the look of radiant health.

Rigaud makes a superior *Tissue Cream*—fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden—to be applied after you have cleansed your skin with Rigaud's Cold Cream. This Tissue Cream helps flabby muscles become firm; it improves and refines the texture of your skin, and brings a look of youth to those who are faithful in its use.

And then—after you have given your face the opportunity to breathe all night, through all its multitudinous pores, and have given it the nourishing "food" Rigaud's Tissue Cream provides—you will be ready, when you rise, to bathe your face in cool running water, to pat it gently dry, and—as a perfect base for your light film of powder—to apply Rigaud's *Vanishing Cream*—fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden.

Decide today to win loveliness for yourself—go to your druggist's or department store, now, and select these three essential creams—

RIGAUD'S COLD CREAM  
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GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., NEW YORK  
Sole Distributors  
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## Has Summer Left Its Mark?

Remove Tan and Sunburn from Arms and Neck

By Elsie Waterbury Morris

THIS is the time of year when a curious sight may be observed at almost any evening party.

The music may be as gay as ever, the dresses lovelier than ever before, but there is liable to be one thing out of the picture. On at least half of the women present may be seen strange patterns of sunburn and tan at the base of the neck, contrasting oddly—unbeautifully—with the delicate white of the shoulders.

Indeed the division between tan and white is usually so pronounced that by it you may know what the season's most fashionable neck-line has been.

Has it been a summer of V-necked blouses and bathing suits? Then behold numberless V-shaped designs blazoned on white shoulders. Has the round neck been more popular? Then dozens of circular studies in sunburn appear.

If we have been so careless as to acquire an Indian-colored complexion and neck during the summer, now is the time to get rid of it, as well as of the other too decided marks of summer.

Face yourself frankly in the mirror and see just what your particular harvest has been. Has your skin become roughened or tanned to the color of leather? Is your hair dry and brittle, with a lifeless look? Have you an array of telltale freckles which betray the fact that you scorned hat, parasol and even protecting creams during hot weather? Do your hands look as though they belonged to a farm laborer rather than to a fastidious woman?

Perhaps your blemishes are not so extreme as any of those I have mentioned. I suppose, however, that there is hardly one of us who escapes entirely, even though we vowed in the beginning of summer that this year we really would be careful. Beauty resolutions are just like other resolutions—they are more easily made than kept, and so even those of us who laid in a plentiful supply of creams, powders and lotions in May, find that by September we have grown careless and done many of the things we promised ourselves we would avoid.

A rough, red complexion and an afternoon dress do not make a good combination, while brown arms and neck with an evening gown certainly are altogether ludicrous.

There is another quite different reason why these summer blemishes should be removed. The skin which has been browned during the summertime loses a great deal of its natural oil. This means that it becomes harsh, dry and subject to wrinkles. In other words, the price of a heedless summer may easily be premature old age of the skin.

Fortunately, if one loses no time in the autumn, the effects of carelessness may be counteracted before much harm is done. The process is likely to be a slow one, for the skin which has become leathery in texture and color cannot be restored at once to its original smooth whiteness, but if one is faithful a great deal may be done in a comparatively short time.

LET us take, for instance, the problem of whitening the skin.

First of all, your skin must be treated very gently. It has already been abused by sun and wind, and further ill-treatment would only make bad matters worse. Use very little water on the face and neck, and a great deal of pure, delicate cream. Work your cream in nightly. This will help to restore the oils of which the skin has been robbed during the summer.

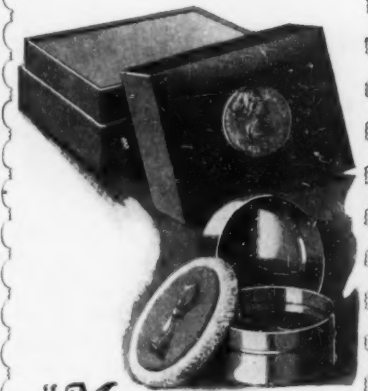
As for bleaching the skin, one of the simplest and most effective skin whiteners is lemon juice. Do not apply lemon juice direct in its pure form, but mix about a half teaspoon of lemon juice with a small quantity of face cream and use this on the face, neck and hands. After you have applied it, wipe off the surplus and leave the remainder on over night. Mix this preparation up fresh each night as you use it, since if the mixture is allowed to stand, the lemon may affect the cream.

In addition to the preparation which I have described, the hands may be treated with a hand lotion or cream.

I have not space, here, to treat other, related subjects. Is your hair dry and lifeless looking? Are your elbows rough and red looking? Have you an accumulation of fine lines about the eyes from going hatless? I will send you instructions on these points if you write to me in care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope, please.



~ morning



"My mother's prettier than yours!" you've heard some little child boasting.

Can your child say the same? What are you doing to keep pride alive in the hearts of your children—your husband—your friends?

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You will be delighted, too, that Rigaud's Face Powder can be selected in such a variety of tints that your use of this Face Powder can be artistic—invisible, yet effective!

After you have applied Rigaud's Face Powder, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden, over its ideal base—Rigaud's Vanishing Cream, also fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden, you can add a lovely rose flush to your cheeks—tipping the lobes of your ears, too, for naturalness—with Rigaud's Rouge—fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden!

Then, your mirror will tell you what your friends' tribute will corroborate—you have loveliness that can be a little child's proud boast!

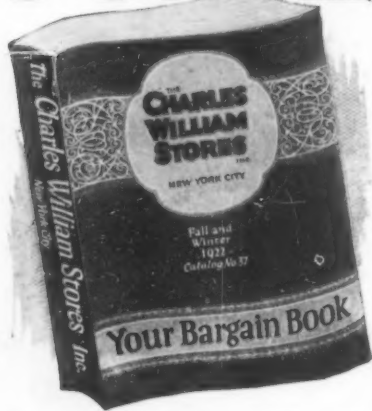
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(Please Write Name and Address Plainly)

## A Flyer in Glass Slippers

(Continued from page 30)

Leonie, for awhile, anyway. It's really much more convenient."

Wheeler's nod, thoroughly matter of fact, was unconscious tribute to the success of Sara's bluff. She fitted into the Leonie background like a Van Dell bottle into a James painting.

It was at the Leonie, introduced by a casual woman acquaintance, that Sara met Carter. Carter was a very rich, very dull bachelor of perhaps forty-five, who also lived at the Leonie. It is the irony of such things that Carter, after having dodged feminine pursuers successfully for some twenty-odd years, should take to pursuing Sara, humbly, respectfully. Harrington Wheeler soon became jealously aware of Carter; the dull little man was much in evidence.

"Why is this Carter always hanging around you?" Wheeler demanded during one of the Leonie's Saturday evening dances.

"I really couldn't say," Sara smiled with demure mischief. "It may be that he's trying to marry me for my money."

"It may be, at that," Wheeler warned her. "Just because a man has plenty of money himself doesn't always keep him from liking a wife who brings her own."

"Oh!" said Sara.

Then for some minutes she was very quiet. A sick understanding swept over her. Harrington Wheeler thought she was rich. He thought, doubtless, that she was one of the thousands of young women throughout the country, with independent incomes, who are working for the novelty or interest of it alone. Of course, Vesey frocks, a room in the Leonie, sixty-dollar hats—these are not the common portion of the self-dependent young business-woman.

"... doesn't always keep a man from liking a wife who brings her own."

Had Wheeler spoken merely in generalities, or was his statement, like most statements, founded on his own convictions and tastes? Certain facts came back to Sara uneasily. He had never noticed her at all when she had worn her plain blue serge and had looked her own part—a poor girl earning her own living. She had wanted her quality background merely to make herself seem notice-worthy, exquisite. Had it been more deeply deceiving? Had it suggested, rather than cherished femininity, the clipping of coupons, all the heavy, solid attractions of much money out at interest?

"I must tell him the truth right away," Sara thought guiltily. "If he likes me for money that I haven't got, if he's a cool-headed young man sensibly looking for a 'wife who brings her own'—well, the sooner we both find out the truth, the better."

It was a sensible decision, surely, and once made, the sooner carried out the better. Still, Sara kept absolutely silent for several minutes and then began nervously to talk of something else altogether. It was the sudden thought of going back to a life in which Wheeler played no part that felt like paralysis and stayed.

For during these weeks, Wheeler had changed from a rich, handsome, pleasant stranger, from an impersonal "quality consumer" to a man whose smile across the little restaurant table would make Sara's carefully ordered dinner tasteless husks compared with the nectar and ambrosia of merely being with him, a man whose comings made her gala days, whose goings left her world a sudden, almost unbearable dullness. Oh, it was a common enough road that she had walked, a road so blithe and sunny that many a girl before her has stopped, aghast, to discover how far she has traveled it. Hard common-sense, prudence, even a good deal of pride, itself, had slipped off somewhere along the way.

"Oh, I wish he were poor," she thought, "so that he wouldn't mind my being poor, too! Why did I ever think I'd mind a cheap little house in a cheap little suburb? How I'd love to can his tomatoes! Or if he does want a wife with money,"—Oh, what a bluffer pride really is!—"if he wants a wife with money, I wish—oh, I wish I had enough to tempt him!"

In the meantime, there were the weekend, the Leonie dances when the light touch of his arm at her waist set wings to her silver heels, long Sunday rides into the country, flaming hours that were worth, after all, whatever they might cost her later. So Sara did not tell him. A dozen times, it was on her very lips, but always the thought of a life without Harrington Wheeler clutched at her throat and choked back the words.

Then came a Tuesday. Sara was just closing her desk to leave for home when she felt somebody looking at her. She glanced up to see Wheeler standing in the office doorway, smiling. She had not known he was coming before Saturday. Quick prickles of excitement swept down her arms; she hoped that she was not

blushing but she felt an ecstatic warmth that belied her hope.

"If you've a date for tonight," he was saying, "I shall cut my throat and die horribly all over your office rug."

"You needn't. I have a sort of date but—it can be put off." And silently, to herself, "You're a fool to be so eager." But drowning the prudent warning was a thrumming of her very spirit. "He's here! He's here! He's here!"

They went to the Van Rensselaer again that night to dance with the Harson client and his wife. Woven into the warp of the evening was the glittering gold thread of unmistakable attraction. Wheeler's glance across the table at her, his difficulty in paying attention to the general conversation—"But perhaps if he knew, even if he didn't care about the money, he might feel it had been a nasty deceit..." Oh, all about the edges of the woven golden magic were the black shadows.

It was the last dance. There is a something always about the last dance, a sweet, aching wistfulness—Ask any woman who has ever danced it with the man she loved. It does not need the obvious Home, Sweet Home and Good Night, Ladies, played in waltz time. It can thrill just as poignantly in the rhythm of the season's hit.

"It isn't raining rain," sang the orchestra. "It's raining vi-o-lets!"

The silence after the last notes still trembled. Wheeler's arm tightened around Sara, their hands clung. For a moment they stood as though by their very nearness to hold fast all the fleeting sweetness of youth and love and spring.

"Little sweetheart!" Wheeler's voice was husky.

The magic flashed in blinding incandescence around Sara. The heavy shadows pressed close.

"On the way home I must tell him!"

Then the inopportune client insisted on driving them home in his car. Wheeler was catching the last train for Philadelphia, there was the merest moment at the entrance of the Leonie under the eye of the drowsy but evidently interested little bellboy.

"Till Saturday," said the man.

"Till Saturday," echoed the girl.

THE next morning, calamity broke. It did not come in a wild, sudden storm, but started with a gentle trickle.

It was the first of the month. Sara had an account at one of the good shops, and she had realized that she had charged a trifling item or so during the month. Then there was a dentist's bill, a Leonie bill for extra service, a bill from the taxistand. She looked at this taxi bill longest.

"And I used to feel mildly luxurious when I took the bus instead of the subway," she thought with a rueful grimace. "As for taking a taxi—well, I did it about once a year and only hoped some friend would see me getting in or out."

She walked down to the office that morning in order to try to think out her bill problem, but the walk, instead of solving it, only presented another. For spring had come indeed today. There were tulips in the corner of the park, pink geraniums and daisies blowing in window boxes. The balmy sunshine glowed golden on Sara's wintry little hat, the sleeves of her Vesey frock were prickly hot against her arms.

"I'll have to have new clothes. You can't wear a woolen dress—even one of Vesey's—all summer!"

But there were the bills. Her weekly salary did not quite cover her weekly running expenses. How could she ever manage to catch up the deficit and buy one spring dress? The thought of asking for a raise in salary occurred to her, but Hortense pricked that bubble before she had been in the office ten minutes. Hortense had known, of course, of Wheeler's attentions; she knew that Sara was living at the Leonie. Sara was discreet, but Hortense surmised other attentions, other luxuries. She was too human to resist a little smack of pleasure at the duty she saw clearly.

"I feel it's my duty to warn you," she told Sara early that morning. "I was out in the files yesterday afternoon and I overheard Mr. Miller and Mr. Heindrichs talking about you. They think your work has been falling off."

"They do!" Sara felt too much surprise to conceal it blandly.

"You know," Hortense cautioned in her big-sister tone that made Sara long to slap her, "you can't have your mind on a million other things and do good work."

Sara swallowed her pride.

"You don't—did they—they didn't speak as though they were thinking of letting me go, did they?"

"Well, no," Hortense admitted. "They seemed to think you'd pick up speed again."

[Turn to page 87]



It is every woman's right to keep her youthful looks

Gray Hair comes like a thief in the dark, stealing youthful looks while a woman is yet young in body and in spirit. It is unfair to yourself to have this handicap in life—it is unnecessary, as you will realize upon reading this announcement.

## Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

A prominent society woman said: "I discovered Inecto Rapid when we were in Europe last Summer and my husband says—'It has taken twenty years from my appearance.'"

Inecto Rapid was originally brought to this country by returning tourists from Europe, where 97% of the finest hairdressers use it exclusively. The ultra-fashionable shops in this country, like the Plaza, Comodore, Biltmore, Waldorf Astoria, also use Inecto Rapid exclusively. From coast to coast beauty parlors, including Burnham and Marinello shops, unreservedly endorse Inecto Rapid.

The Hairdresser, the accepted authority on Hair Coloring, has given to Inecto Rapid an unqualified stamp of superiority.

Well informed women not only praise Inecto Rapid but consider it as essential to their toilette as face powder and creams. Until the discovery of Inecto Rapid, however, when a woman's hair became gray, streaked or faded she either accepted the inevitable sign of age, or applied some so-called restorative which produced an inharmonious effect or destroyed the natural texture and beauty of the hair.

Inecto Rapid, on the other hand, is specifically guaranteed to color gray, faded or streaked hair in any desired color in 15 minutes and to preserve all the original beauty and texture.

Its results cannot be detected from natural even under a microscope. Inecto Rapid is harmless to the hair or its growth. It never rubs off and is unaffected by perspiration, sunshine, salt water, shampooing, Turkish or Russian Baths. It does not prevent permanent waving or any other hair treatment.

Inecto Rapid has created the art of hair tinting. It is controllable to the minutest variation of a shade from ash blonde to raven black.

This great European preparation is different and accomplishes marvellously pleasing results because of the Scientific and Ethical principles upon which it is founded. Inecto Rapid is the discovery of Dr. Emile de Pasture Institute, Paris.



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- 1—To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.
- 2—Not to cause dark streaks following successive applications.
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- 7—To color any head of gray hair any color in fifteen minutes.
- 8—To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, shampooing, perspiration, Russian or Turkish Baths.
- 9—Not to soil linens or hat linings.
- 10—To produce a delicate ash shade heretofore impossible.

Thousands of women successfully apply it in the privacy of their own homes. Every woman who is not completely satisfied with the color and texture of her hair owes it to herself to know all the facts about Inecto Rapid.

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Please send me gratis full details of Inecto

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Form W-5

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This dainty, companionable, upright is our smallest and least expensive, yet it is essentially a musician's piano. Not a dollar spent on it for display nor a penny spared which could add to tone quality, structural integrity or intrinsic worth.

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**Moore Push-Pins**  
Glass Heads—Steel Points  
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To hang up things

Ask your dealer to show them

Sold Everywhere **10¢** per packet  
**Moore Push-Pin Co.**  
Wayne Junction Philadelphia

## A Flyer in Glass Slippers

(Continued from 86)

She would have to, Sara told herself grimly. And in the meantime, it would be a most inopportune occasion to ask for a raise. All day long, the more she thought about her worries, the darker and heavier the clouds appeared. It was the next morning, however, that the storm really broke.

Hortense, whose brother had expected to stay until July, announced that he had been called home and that they would be giving up Sara's apartment right away.

"You won't have any trouble renting it again, I'm sure," Hortense assured her cheerfully.

"Oh no, of course not," Sara assented with a hollow nonchalance. She was by no means sure of this. At the best, she would doubtless lose a week's rent and the price of advertising, of having the apartment thoroughly cleaned for a new tenant. At the worst, she might not be able to rent it at all.

So absorbed was she in this cataclysm that she opened her sister's letter mechanically and read it through, scarcely grasping it. Suddenly she caught her breath and read again.

"... and the doctor says she must have the treatment three times a week for several months. She is just worrying herself to death over it, talks about 'being a burden on my girls.' You know how proud she's always been of making her dinky little income pay for everything. I tell her it's nothing, that we'll never miss the money. Can you make it for half? I don't see how we can possibly manage more than that with the new baby and everything."

"Do write her right away and cheer her up. I wish to goodness this had come at any other time when we could do more, but George is worried all the time as it is."

Her mother sick—needing her help. Like the startling sound of a voice breaking into a dream, a feeling of stark reality swept over Sara. The last few months seemed unreal. It was as though after weeks of gay masquerading she had come suddenly back to her old self, her old loves, her old problems. Two worn-out Vesey frocks, a pair of slippers worn thin by dancing—these were her resources.

For a long time, Sara sat staring at the letter dully. She glanced at the pile of bills on her desk, then back to the letter. Suddenly, she straightened up. She laid the letter on top of the bills, set a paper-weight firmly on them all. She squared her little shoulders under her Vesey frock. Let it prickle. It was all she would have to wear until she was even with the world.

"I'm moving back into my own apartment tomorrow," she told Hortense.

Then, as though she had laid all her dreams under the same firm paper-weight, she went briskly to work at her job. It takes more than a fancy bottle to make Van Dell perfume out of Standby Soap.

It was broad daylight, Saturday afternoon, when Wheeler reached One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street. In the warm spring sunshine, the ugly iron fire escapes climbed brazenly up the front of the flat building, noisy children were playing in the street, the tailor's shop was a bustle of activity. From the cash-and-carry grocery on the corner, flaunting its "Sugar-Five-Cents-a-Pound" came Sara Penfield, her arms full of bundles, her dress a cheap little last-year's gingham. Cinderella was back among her ashes. And ashes made just as much difference to Sara's prince as they did to Cinderella's.

Outside the door, he took Sara's packages in his arms; inside the door, he laid them down and took Sara herself.

"But I tell you," she persisted at last, "I'm a cheap adventuress. I went around all dressed up in clothes I couldn't afford—"

"You earned the money you paid for them, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"And you turned down Carter when you could have married him and his half million, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

Wheeler's laugh, exultant, tender, drowned her words.

"A hot lot you know about the ways of cheap adventuresses!"

"But I—"

"And you give up a lot of fun to help out your mother, and you figure that you've got to pay your bills. When you're up against it, you plug right in and change the rules without whining. I hope you never have to, little dear, but—well, just if things ever should go wrong, I'm glad to know the kind of little dead game sport I've got."

"Oh, but I—"

Over and over he stopped her self-reproaches in the immemorial fashion. Though he might as well have let her go on if it relieved her mind. For anything she might say now would make not the slightest difference in the world. As well shout vainly to a pre-convinced public that Van Dell perfume is not exclusive, Standby Soap not pure. It is useless to batter away at a result of sound advertising psychology.



## How to Overcome Constipation in Children

Physicians tell how to combat this condition in children without laxatives

NATURE is a stern taskmaster. She asks for strict obedience to certain hygienic laws, chief among which is regular and thorough elimination of poisonous food waste. Upon the mother rests the responsibility. Incomplete and irregular evacuations lead in time to chronic constipation, with its long train of major and minor ills.

Biliousness, coated tongue, loss of appetite—all warn that poisons from the intestines are flooding the little body. It is a serious condition. Not only is nutrition and proper growth interrupted at such a time, but the child is a prey to serious diseases. The germs of many contagious diseases find favorable lodgment in a child weakened by constipation.

### Laxatives start dangerous habit

Noted specialists point out that laxatives bring only temporary relief at the expense of permanent injury. They start a dangerous, often life-long, habit unless a more rational means is used in their stead. An authority on

child care advises mothers that the so-called lubricating method is the proper one, as its tendency is to correct constipation permanently.

### Lubrication

In perfect health, a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it does not gripe, upset little stomachs nor interfere with school work or play. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and, like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take.

Doctors recommend Nujol for children of all ages. It is used in hospitals and by leading physicians the world over.

Test Nujol yourself. Your drug-gist sells it.

### For Constipation

# Nujol

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A Lubricant—Not a Laxative

Mistol, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma and Hay Fever. Made by the makers of Nujol.

Guaranteed by Nujol Laboratories

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TRIAL  
BOTTLE**

Nujol, Room 612-T, 44 Beaver Street, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "The Twig Is Bent". (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.)

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## "When Spring Trips North Again Next Year"

By Mrs. Francis King

**I**N a charming book describing her long visits to an Italian farm near Venice, Margaret Symonds sets down this sentence, "On this earth one season is usually spent in looking for signs of the next."

Now, in September, the gardener thinks not alone of winter but of spring. What shall I see in this or that place next spring? Shall that spot be bare or beautiful? Shall it be dull and colorless, a space of uneven soil, a breeding-spot for weeds, or shall I plan now for a lovely flower-embroidered oblong to rejoice the eye early next spring in April and May?

There is but one answer to be made to this question; and it can be given in three simple words: *Plan, Prepare, Plant.*

How shall we plan, in what way do we prepare, when and how shall we plant if we want a little garden of spring flowers from bulbs?

Sometimes I think "plan" is the most important word of the three. All depends on it. The kind of beauty, the height of beauty, is made or marred by the plan. Let us discuss two possible plans, one for a border of spring flowers from ten to twenty feet long by two wide, the other for a little formal garden of such things. The choice may be made easily between them, but let me add that no one who has not tried it can possibly guess at the delight that comes from a small garden of bulbs, complete in itself, a little entity of gay spring color.

First let us consider the formal arrangement.

I think of a most lovely picture in Miss Waterfield's book, "Garden Color." It is called "May Tulips" and shows a little border of spring flowers near a farm house in England. The foreground is a bit of level ground through which runs a narrow brick walk, widening into a square in one place, a square on which a sundial is placed; and then going on a few feet to three steps up, made necessary by a sudden rise of ground. The walk is at a right angle to the upward slope. The steps are built in a low, stone retaining wall, about two feet high, which serves two purposes—it keeps the earth of the bank in place, and it makes a perfect background for tulips. On either side of the steps at the top are two round balls of stone, about a foot in diameter, which give a decorative touch; the ground beyond runs gently upward through an old orchard. Against this low wall is the gayest imaginable spring bloom, growing in a border about two feet wide just below the wall. A little knot of pink-and-white striped tulips (Prosperity would be a lovely tulip here) with two or three plants of

**I**N HER charming garden at Orchard House, in Michigan, Mrs. Francis King, Honorary President of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association, has long been working magic effects with flowers and shrubs and with her favorite Japanese cherry trees. In the article on this page, the first of her series for McCALL'S, Mrs. King presents ideas for gay spring borders of brilliant tulips and frilled daffodils.

Mrs. King is noted for her books on gardening, her latest one, "The Little Garden," being listed among the season's best sellers—an achievement never before won by any book on gardening.

pale yellow primroses below, stand to the right of the steps. Beyond, farther to the right, are deep pink tulips, perhaps Clara Butt, with forget-me-nots clothing the ground below them—then more of the pink and white. To the left of the steps the planting is repeated, though beyond the first tulip group of pink there is a little planting of Parrot tulips, those wild, torn-looking flowers that would be so much better for one's use in gardens if they had stiffer stems. These are of course red, yellow and green, yet their colors are made agreeable here with the pinks by the clouds of yellow of primrose, and of sky-blue of forget-me-nots all below this line of tulips. Just beyond the top of the wall, a few low-growing things such as rockcress (*arabis alpina*) and the hardy yellow alyssum (*alyssum saxatile*) creep in low bright bloom, and the whole makes as simple and lovely a garden picture as it is possible to imagine.

**W**HY cannot anyone who has ground which rises and who wants something beautiful to see in spring—something freshly beautiful I mean—why cannot anyone make such a little garden picture as this? The sundial is not a necessity at first, but it adds great beauty to the picture—that, or a well-proportioned bird-bath. The walk might be three feet wide, enlarging at the sundial's place to a six-foot square. Brick is not essential. If one lives in a region where flat stone is easily brought in, this is as fine, if not finer than brick. A flagged walk, laid of uneven stones, gives a look of age and use always welcome to the discerning eye. The border might be a bit more than two feet wide; then I should surely set in among the tulips and early Spring flowers, a few roots of *Iris Germanica*, and *Columbines* of good kinds. Try Mrs. Scott Elliott's hybrids, growing them from seed the year before. Unless you know these you do not know the columbine in its present beauty of form and color.

Next let us discuss a little informal border against a fence or along a hedge, to give bloom for, say, three weeks

with, the fresh green foliage of the peony claims attention and the fading beneath is forgotten.

First, in this border, is a scattering of crocus bulbs everywhere: Mikado, striped like dimity; Kathleen Parlow, a waxen white; *Purpurea Grandiflora*, rich violet; and Largest Golden Yellow. Keep your colors separate but let these little colonies run into each other as flowers do in the woods. Some early tulips are here and there. For a pink effect—Cottage Maid, Pink Beauty, and Murillo, a double. For late tulips in pink, Clara Butt, Inglescombe Pink, Baronne de la Tonnaye. Among the early tulips, some lavender hyacinths will be charming—King of the Blues, pale lavender, Grand Maitre, deep purple. As for daffodils, which should be frequent and in informal groups of from twenty to thirty, Flora Wilson is a lovely variety. So is Ariadne; and *Cynosure* and *Lucifer* are handsome flowers with their orange cups against their white outer petals. Emperor and Empress, the yellow trumpet daffodils, can be bought anywhere. The little low-growing perennial things mentioned before as growing at the top of a low wall, are enchanting if grown below tulips, daffodils and other taller flowers. As for the forget-me-not (*myosotis*) I should grow these from seed. Sow in June or July the varieties Perfection or Royal Blue; let the plants seed themselves after flowering the following spring, and if your climate is fairly cool and your soil good, you should have, as I do, *myosotis* growing like a weed everywhere. No weed so welcome as this, for below lilacs in May, back of yellow tulips, everywhere we see these delicate reaches of sky-blue. They are one of the most heavenly things of our spring.

The very cheapest tulip one can buy, by the way, is one of the most beautiful, and it increases constantly from year to year. It is tulip *Gesneriana Rosea*—a brilliant cherry-crimson, most striking in beauty when raising its handsome heads above these very sheets of blue forget-me-nots.

of spring; a border four feet wide and twenty feet long. And first, after digging deep and preparing well that border (but no fresh manure in it) I should move, in September, to a permanent place there, a few good peonies, spacing these regularly in a long line four feet apart. Never plant bulbs around a peony which stands alone; the result is nothing but a spot of color, meaningless, ugly. There is however no prettier place for them than around the upcoming stems of peonies in the spring border, and as the leaves of bulbs brown and



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# The Last Cartridge

[Continued from page 84]

that could be the emanation of nothing but a desperate resolution. Then, too, subconsciously Margot may have noted that never had her mother looked more perfectly the beautiful thoroughbred creature she was. Having given her last touch to the gloves, Madge walked over to the door, picked up the object the sight of which had brought to Hugh Varick's face that murky flood of rage.

It was a horsewhip.

Margot's eyes caught into her brows in an instant's tangle of puzzled thought. Then suddenly she started. Her stick clattered.

"Mother, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to horsewhip Rodney Stewart."

"Mother! You must be crazy! You—You—"

Margot wheeled. "I'll telephone him at once—and warn him."

Madge did not move. But she spoke; and her words came with the same precision and slowness that had marked all her movements. "Try his home first, then his business office, then the New York apartment and all his clubs. You won't find him at any one of them. He's taken the greatest pains to conceal from me where he is this afternoon. But he didn't succeed. I won't tell you where he is. You wouldn't believe me. But I know. When he leaves that—that place where he is now, I'll horsewhip him."

"Mother! Mother, you are horrible."

Margot's breath began to leave her.

"Where will this happen—when?"

"Very near Fifth Avenue, the middle of this afternoon—about four."

"Mother! It will be in the papers! There will be pictures of you and dreadful headlines and interviews . . . no, not interviews."

"Oh yes! For a member of the famous General Deleceuvre family to horsewhip a member of the New York Stock Exchange . . . It will be in every paper in the United States. My interviews are all prepared. My pictures all ready. I'm too late for you. I can't save you. But, before God, never again—unmolested—will he ruin the life of another young girl. I'll warn—not them. You can't warn youth. But mothers. He'll be a marked man all his life. Mothers shall know."

"Mother!" Margot panted as though she had run a race. "You will be a marked woman all your life. People will point you out on the street. Have you thought of the shame of that?"

From somewhere Madge produced a laugh as dry as the rattle of corn-husks. "Thought of it! But what is that beside losing you! That's a very little price to pay for the privilege of warning other mothers. But it won't really hurt me. Life has hurt me so much lately . . . Life that I trusted so has suddenly closed round me as though it were a box whose walls were lined with knives. That shame will be only one stab more."

The big car appeared at the door. She picked up the whip.

"Good-by, my child. Remember that my love will outlast anything you do. When you need help—and that time is sure to come—I shall be ready to give it. I shall never say a word of reproach."

"Mother!" Margot's voice sprang to a shriek. "Oh mother! I can't let you . . . Mother . . . I won't go . . . Mother . . . I'll stay with you . . . Mother, I'll give him up. . . I solemnly promise. Oh, mother, what is it? Mother! Mother! Oh God, she's dying. Thomas! Ellen! Mother, don't die! Oh mother, don't die!"

For Madge had become a ghastly wax-faced doll; had begun to curve and sag. She slid slowly; for she tried to right herself, to hold to her fleeing senses. She dropped the horsewhip as she fell, a twisted inert mass, onto the floor.

"I'm not dying," she managed to gasp before she fainted.

Late that night, Hugh Varick drove up to the side door of his house. The house was dark, but that seemed to please him. The sigh with which he contemplated the black wall was obviously one of relief. But once he was indoors, the downstairs hall lighted up at the urge of a finger at the upstairs switch.

"You, Hughey?" a sleepy voice asked.

"Yes, Esther," he answered his sister.

"Go back to bed." His voice held an unusual peremptory ring. Nevertheless the blur of a woman's face appeared over the banister. "I can always tell that car of yours as far as I can hear it," Esther said.

"For mercy's sake, Hugh, whom have you been fighting with?"

"An indelicate yokel who disputed the right of way with me. He got out of his car to argue the question and I—" Her brother's accent was grimly self-satisfied.

"I must say you look pretty bunged up."

Hugh emitted a laugh, not unpleasant.

"Well, in the snapper of the ancient anecdote, I'll say, 'You oughta see the other guy!'"

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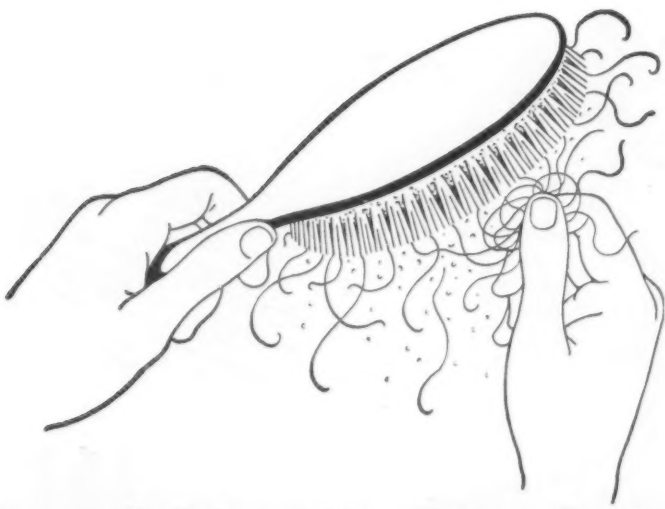
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## A One-Man Dog

(Continued from page 27)

service came the strong call of duty, the urge of instinct. With the first notes of the familiar instrument he trembled all over with exquisite excitement, whined in his throat and hesitated.

Then he turned his head across his shoulder and looked toward that distant town where there was a corner and the moving legs of passers-by. The music—and the town—one suggested the other. They went together in the little brain trained for a single thing. What mattered it that four days' travel in a frozen land lay between?

The brain beneath the little pointed ears could not compass that—the danger, the fearful odds. It could only turn the faithful feet in the way they should go, take up the backward trail.

So now he turned in the familiar restraint of the binding leash, pulled it taut that the blundering steps behind might have firm guidance, and started bravely out, bound for the busy corner.

It was a piteous sight, had there been one in all the wilderness to see—the little dog pulling ahead across the trackless waste, his bushy tail wagging with high courage, the big man swinging forward on his snowshoes, one hand at play on the shiny stops of the old accordion.

Sands knew that he was taking the longest odds of a life that had not been tame, knew that he was trusting his all—his life, his fortune—to the little gray chap, who pulled against the thong.

When the rising cold told the man that it was dark he made camp, dug out a hole in the snow with his snow-shoe, made tea with the oil stove, and refreshed and comforted, curled himself down in his blankets with the dog in his arms.

The next day was a repetition of the first, except that the man, finding it unnecessary, did not play the accordion except at starting time. Too, he felt of Leader's feet and found them tender. So he bound them carefully with rags torn from the lining of his fur capote.

By the morning of the fourth day Sands' nerves were strung like singing wires.

That day must tell the tale—whether or not they had been traveling straight. If all was well, if the miracle of instinct had been wrought, they should reach the town in a matter of a few hours now. If not—only Heaven knew in what far waste of loneliness they were wandering.

He leaned down, gathered the dog into his arms, and laid his gaunt cheek on the little head.

"Go to it, pardner!" he said. "I lay all my chips on you. Let's go!"

It was late afternoon in the pine cosmopolis. The spirit of holiday possessed the handful of humanity gathered in the dreary little town, for it was Christmas Eve there as well as in more favored places. All day the brown-eyed school teacher had watched the straggling street that led away to the snowbound distances.

She had been busy since early morning and a large tree burgeoned in the tiny school-house. The children swirled excitedly around her as she directed their activities. But with all the work and the pleasure of anticipation there was still time for that furtive watching, and, as the day wore on, for a vague though desperate ache of disappointment.

She had not known through the intervening months how much she had banked on Christmas. But now, late on the promised day, when the light was fading and the last yuletide touch was finished, she knew. She knew as she came out and hung the latch in its clip, that if the big man with the earnest face and the grave gray eyes did not appear, that the glories of her Christmas tree would turn to gauds—knew that her heart would ache with an unaccountable misery.

As she hurried down the street on the pine sidewalks she was thinking anxiously of all this, when something arrested her attention. It was the sharp exclamation of a man who stood looking out beyond the Last Chance Saloon.

"By —!" he said wonderingly. "What's comin' yonder? Looks like a circus."

For a moment the girl stood staring in perplexity.

From the dim whiteness of the open country a strange procession was entering the sodden street.

A tall man on snow-shoes, with a pack upon his shoulders and an accordion on his breast was swinging quickly forward—but there was something odd about his progress. He held in his outstretched hand one end of a rawhide thong which led tautly out to the neck of a little gray dog who pulled gallantly ahead, his sharp ears pointed, his eager dark eyes fixed far down the street to that busy corner where the legs of passers-by made a shadow-work against the dirty snow!

She knew the dog—and she knew the man—but this man was blind. Through

[Turn to page 91]

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The scientific name of this new element is Terra-derma-lax. It is blended into a soft, plastic clay of exquisite smoothness. Place it on the face like a poultice. Soon, you feel this laxative working on every inch of skin. In half an hour wipe off with a towel—and with it every blackhead, pimple-point, speck and spot of dirt. That's all. Terra-derma-lax must be fresh, so every jar is dated and shipped direct.

**AMAZING OFFER! NO LABORATORY CHARGE FOR FIRST JAR!**

Prescription cost of this marvelous beauty clay has been \$5. But so all may try it, just one jar (full size) will be sent for \$1.95—the bare cost of materials, plus postage! See offer below:

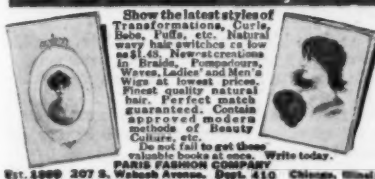
With each jar (two months' supply) comes McGowan's own directions. Pay postman the small, actual cost charges of \$1.95, plus the few cents postage on delivery; or if you expect to be out, \$2 bill enclosed will bring jar prepaid. In either case, anyone whose skin and complexion do not receive instantaneous and astonishing benefits, may have money back.

DERMATOLOGICAL LABORATORIES  
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Please send two-months' supply of freshly compounded Terra-derma-lax. I will pay postman \$1.95 plus postage. My money to be refunded unless results delight me within five days. [144]

Name.....  
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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer has replaced crude dyes in America because the convincing test on a single lock has allowed hundreds of thousands of users to prove the following:

That Mary T. Goldman's restorer restores even and naturally—no danger of an artificial, "dyed" look. Results are sure and certain—you take no risk of freakish streaks or discoloration. Color is perfect in all lights—you are not betrayed by the sun. There is no interference with shampooing or waving. There is absolutely nothing to wash or rub off on towels, pillow or hat lining.

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Mail coupon for free trial-sized bottle and test as directed on a single lock. This test proves that every statement is absolutely true. Fill it out and mail today.

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Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is jet black..... black or dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, drab or auburn.....

Name.....  
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## For You and Your Home On McCall Street

THE MODERN HOMEMAKER BANISHES DRUDGERY when she establishes a home. Do you know about the new mechanical servants which make cooking and cleaning easier? How will you arrange your kitchen to eliminate extra steps?

Our booklet, "The Modern Home," by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough will help you to save yourself needless work and worry. Price, 10 cents.

BUT THERE ARE GARDENS ON McCALL STREET, TOO! What plans are you making for next season's flowers? Do you want borders gay with bloom from April till frost? Can you tell which seeds must be started under glass, and which in the open ground; which are annuals, and which will live and increase with the years, and the height, color, and blooming season of all these?

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HOSPITALITY PLAYS A VERY REAL PART in homemaking. Do you want clever, original ideas for parties? When the holidays come round would you like to celebrate them with appropriate festivities? Are you looking for plans for contests, favors, table decorations, and "stunts" that will make any party "go"?

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"A Trip to the Moon" is an outdoor party. "A Jewel Fête" tells how your church or club or school can give a bazaar. Send two-cent stamp for return postage.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS NO MAID hesitates, often, to entertain as frequently as she would like. Yet there are ways of simplifying table service. "Entertaining Without A Maid," by Edna Sibley Tipton, has been planned to help you in all these problems. Price, 10 cents.

BABY, THAT ALL-IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, is not neglected in these plans for you and your home. Our booklet "The Friendly Mother," by Helen Johnson Keyes tells expectant mothers how to guide their lives during the months before their babies are born, and has the endorsement of a great obstetrician, Dr. Franklin A. Dorman, Director of the Maternity Division of the Women's Hospital, New York City. Price, 10 cents.

SEND YOUR REQUEST, enclosing money or postage for each booklet or piece of service material of the foregoing list, to The Service Editor, Care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

## A One-Man Dog

[Continued from page 90]

the fear and the shock and the ache of pity there shot a glory of joy.

She knew in that instant what life meant to her, had meant ever since those enchanted walks on the windy deck of a wallowing boat, and she did not hesitate.

And so it was that presently there came to the blind man the sound that meant the whole of life to him—a voice broken with tears that cried his name, and he felt two warm arms about his neck, a tender cheek against his face.

"Stanley!" the girl sobbed for all to hear. "You came—you came like this!"

"I'd have come from the end of the world—to you! But it was the dog who brought me—all the way. I'd have died in the snow but for him." He leaned from the girl's embrace, feeling for the thong he had dropped, for the little shaggy head to lay his hand upon it.

But there was nothing there.

Far down the street there went a little gray dog, wobbling a trifle from extreme weariness, but padding ahead with set purpose. Straight to the corner he went, backed up against the pine wall of the store building, raised himself slowly and with tired little paws lifted, still in their bloody rags, begged mutely for alms!

The foundation of good dressing is **Li FALCO**

Underwear for Women Misses and Boys

MADE by Specialists in Cotton Knit Underwear for Women. Garments for all modes of dress, daintily finished from finely woven fabrics and tailored (not stretched) to fit the form. Moderately priced. Always ask for



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All that the name implies  
All sizes  
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If not at your dealer's, send his firm name and 25¢ for sample package. Specify size and style.  
2 1/4 in.—18 pins in box—crimped—The Midget  
3 in.—10 pins in box—loop, crimped, holdfast, or square—Large size  
3 1/2 in.—6 pins in box—loop, crimped, holdfast, or square—Large size

PACIFIC NOVELTY CO., 41 E. 11th St., N. Y.

## Electric Fireless Cooker

Gives every facility of electric range plus every advantage of fireless cooker at less cost than a good oil stove.

### Automatic Rapid Electric Cooker

New Invention  
Revolutionizes Cooking  
Saves 50% to 75% fuel cost

Bakes, roasts, boils, steams, fries, toasts. Needs no watching. Shuts electricity off automatically. Attaches to any electric socket. No special wiring.

Write for FREE Home Science Cook Book, 30-day FREE trial offer and direct factory prices.

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Coloring the Dickens Christmas Cards—Assortment sent you upon receipt of \$1.00 which will net you \$4.65 when colored. Same assortment already colored \$2.00. Catalogue free. THE DICKENS CARDS, Box 24, Medford 55, Massachusetts.

## Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Sani-Flush was made for just one purpose—to clean the closet bowl—to clean it better than any other means—and to clean it with less labor.

It relieves you of all the unpleasant, old-fashioned work.

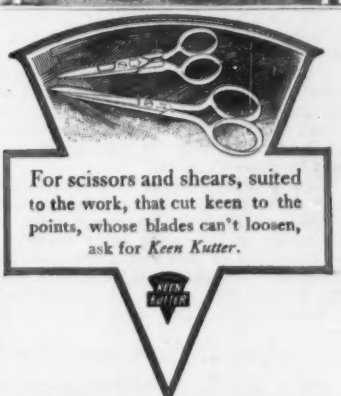
It removes stains and incrustations, and consequently eliminates odors, without the use of makeshift methods—and without injury to bowl or connections.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in your bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25¢ in coin or stamps for a full sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35¢; foreign price, 50¢.)

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For scissors and shears, suited to the work, that cut keen to the points, whose blades can't loosen, ask for Keen Kutter.

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten." —E. C. Krumm  
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## KEEN KUTTER

When you want a change

People tire of the same cooking all the time, no matter how good it is.

For a change, start your meal with a cup of hot STEERO bouillon. It stimulates the appetite.

You can also improve other dishes—hash, stew, gravy and sauces—by adding STEERO bouillon cubes.

Send 10 cents for samples and sixty-four page cook book.

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## STEERO BOUILLON CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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### What the Men Say

**F**OREVER at the back of the minds of women is the wish to know what men think about the intimate problems of life; and the wish remains there always because man seldom satisfies woman's curiosity.

To be sure, the flapper cites "what he says" with a vast faith, but the flapper is too young to distinguish between flattery, bravado and fact. Only the old wife surmises how deep is woman's ignorance of the heart of man.

Whether this ignorance is due to a barrier between human souls, or to the barrier of sex, there the barrier is! Mental, moral, spiritual or physical, whatever it may be, it was set up between Adam and Eve; and Bluebeard's wives have made successive unsuccessful experiments in tearing it down.

In my daily mail I often discover comments by husbands on the topics here discussed.

I hope that what some of these men say may make a fascinating as well as reliable contribution to the knowledge women most desire to possess.

### Situation as Man Sees It

**T**HE common emotional conflict of the day which more than any other threatens the peace of homes is condensed thus by a man:

"If through some trick of fate, a married man meets a woman who fills his heart, satisfies his intellect to a far greater degree than does the woman he has chosen for his wife, what can he do, what should he do?—M. E. P."

This is no modern question; an up-to-date version of it is to be found in this speech addressed by a husband to his wife:

"When I married you, I gave you all the affection I thought I possessed but it seems there was a lot of latent affection in my make-up which another woman has aroused. I can't give it to you no matter how much I want to do so for it was hers from the time it began, it is therefore not mine to give.—C. B. M."

In the above, errant love masquerades in a form far more dangerous than in the following frank statement:

"We are compelled to accept common proof that girls are falling in love with other women's husbands. How can these girls be sure that a few years hence some sweeter, fresher love will not assail John Doe's susceptible heart, and that he will then renounce his wife's successor as easily as he renounced his wife? Such is human frailty.—T. C."

### How It Happens—Men Explain

"It is easy to see how these situations arise," writes A. D. "It is a matter of common knowledge that employed men and women gossip about personal sentimental experiences. When leisure permits idling, it leads to a mutual observation of personal appearance, and a conscious effort to be charming and clever. Physical nearness or propinquity produces a most dangerous delusion. The man and the girl have an hallucination that they have come into something which passeth understanding, an experience the like of which nobody ever had, they believe that their joy will endure forever. And so affinities are made!—D. A."

Another, doubtless an older man, generalizes thus: "There are many loves in a lifetime. We are always reaching out for love. In meeting new acquaintances, we continually search for qualities to love and admire. It is inevitable that a young girl whose emotions have been untouched will love, and love strongly, the first noble character which comes close to her. Sometimes the real man falls short of the ideal, yet he becomes her hero, invested with all the romance of her budding womanhood. And the man probably wooed his first wife with as much fervor and exaltation as he now feels for the girl!—L. S. W."

Our spotlight also reveals this: "Twenty-one cannot possibly conceive the demands of marriage or its duties, cares and responsibilities; and twenty-one without these cares can be more fascinating than thirty can be with them.—O. N."

### Men Tell of Temptation

**U**NDER this head, I have placed two remarkable stories. I have selected them because they will illustrate for many a distressed wife what I believe to be her average power in settling the problem under discussion, that is with a husband of decent standards and honest intentions.

"Five times have I been terribly tempted—not an attachment—only momentary passion; not by careless women, but by intelligent, fine ones, who I verily believe never ventured so close before or since.

"I was so near going over the precipice once that the world rocked round me for days. I was saved at the moment, and afterward by the thought that I could not endure the idea that any woman, no matter how splendid, should



dressed envelope. Address your letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

**T**O get one's trouble off one's mind by telling it to someone else is an old practice which modern psychology recognizes and commends. If you have a personal problem which baffles you, if you feel the need of an understanding and sympathetic listener, submit your perplexity to a woman who has read over 100,000 letters from confused and harassed persons. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send a stamped and self-ad-

be conscious of the fact that she had claimed a privilege which belonged only to the girl I had promised to protect, and had protected for years. What a thing for a wife to hear!

"This experience not only clarified my vision of my wife but added to my capacity to express my appreciation. "If your house burns, you rush in to save your wife; but in a subtle—oh, so subtle!—test of this kind, with all the senses somewhere else, there is no call to the heroic.

"When I come home to her now, it is with the modest consciousness that I am not only worthy, but that I can touch her lips knowing that I saved her from a humiliation no other human being on the face of the earth could have saved her from.

"If I put over an important business deal I am elated. If I was victorious in this other experience, why shouldn't I feel elated? I kiss the hands that perform daily duties for me—I hold her—she is mine! I have paid for her by the truest test, I verily believe, ever applied to a husband. I was not forced—I did it voluntarily.—L. D. R."

I fancy the above confession will call out more admiration from married and unwed women than any yet published on this page. The writer spared his wife the slightest hint of a wife's greatest tragedy. Less fortunate was the one whose rival is thus described:

"She was young and dark and slender, as pretty as a girl can be. The hours we spent at office work without interruption grew more wonderful daily. I gloried in her quiet efficiency as the weight of petty details slipped from my shoulders to hers. Her innocence was charming, soothing. As the year closed I, a husband and father, drifted dangerously.

"My young son, away for the summer with his mother, was taken sick. I had to join my family. For a few days I was wretched. Myself I could not save. I told my wife.

"For the first time in twelve years of marriage, I perceived what a wonderful woman was mine. Her charity, her sympathy, her understanding undermined the whole situation.

"My wife saved me from a humiliating mistake. She simply said that such romances are liable to happen to any man. And she does not now exaggerate or minimize its importance. She is a just woman, and today I am proud that I had no guilt to confess to her. Today I reverence her as well as love her with a devotion which will always last.—M. C. H."

### Wife Can't Be Deceived, Men Admit

**T**HE wife in this predicament "knows without being told," so they have written me. And now the men give the same testimony:

"A wife always suspects when all is not well with her husband's soul. The keen intuition of an affectionate wife can detect the slightest fluctuation in a husband's love.—F. A. G."

"I believe it is impossible for a man to hide his growing coldness from his wife. A wife's intuition is a remarkably uncanny thing and nine times out of ten, she knows something is wrong with his love for her without being told.—K. K. G."

"A man may successfully hide from his wife physical illness but it is not often that he will succeed in deceiving her as to the condition of his mental health. That greatly

over-rated but undeniable 'sixth sense' keeps her apprised of his spiritual state, particularly when it concerns his relationship as a husband.

"That she could remain long in ignorance of his love for another woman is not probable. If she does not know the details, she will supply them from her own fearful and fertile imagination, building such a structure that the actual case usually appears but a flimsy affair in comparison.—B."

### Advice to Girls by Men

**S**EPARATION and absence is the man's recipe for curing an irregular love affair. I fancy it does work rather well—with the men. But let them speak for themselves:

"To the subtle flattery of a young woman's interest, most men are susceptible. Therefore as soon as a girl perceives that she cares for another woman's husband, she should remove herself from his vicinity, lest suggestion play its sure part, and interest beget interest.—B. B."

"Often when a nice girl surrenders the love of a married man, she cries out that she is making the 'supreme sacrifice.' I have this to say to her kind: The wife is making a far greater sacrifice than you. When she shares the duties and joys of a home with a man who loves another girl, and is unaware of the fraud, who is it that makes the sacrifice? Certainly not the girl. It is the wife who has been robbed of her right to defend herself.—J. S. T."

"Women are entering a new and closer relationship with men in the business and the political world. To enjoy clean healthy and broadening comradeship with men, women must learn to control their romantic, sentimental and emotional natures.

"They must not be Eves destroying Eden. They must treat love with logic. Logic would tell any girl that it is dishonorable to sneak into the room of a sleeping wife and take from her finger her wedding ring. This is just what a girl does when she takes a married man's love. To say that the wife does not know the value of it, or that the husband she trusted to protect her had left the door wide open is not an excuse. The world will rightly call the girl a thief.—A. G. B."

"Temptations of various kinds come into the lives of all of us, for a while we may have a raging conflict within us. The problem of self-mastery is for the solution of each individual.—A. E. H."

"Our institutions may not be perfect, but decent men and women realize the necessity of supporting and believing in them until we find better.—F. P. M."

### Justice for Wives, Men Plead

**T**HE net result of reading hundreds of letters from men is the conviction that the average man applies a keen sense of justice to emotional muddles, at least to those of other persons.

"Give the wife a fighting chance!" the men cry. And that is more than two jealous women are willing to give each other.

"What right has a husband to share his affection with another woman?" asks M. J. C. "No man can love two women at the same time and be true to both. If after marriage he finds another whom he loves better, he should tell his wife and decide which one he shall continue to love. My observation is that no man ever desires to hide anything from the wife so long as the spoken word and deliberate action are proper and right."

"While the wife in a triangle case does not possess the perfect and undivided love of her husband, she often does have his loyal devotion which is, after all, one of the highest expressions of love.

"That other love, the love of the girl, real and deep as it is, will not long yield fruits of bitterness if it be resolutely and honorably denied expression and avowal. Story-books to the contrary notwithstanding, Nature has a kindly atrophy for such unhappy lovers. Although the girl and the husband do not believe it, five years hence they will be able to review the episode dispassionately.—H. D. C."

### Monotony in Marriage

**H**OW is it possible for the situations discussed above to spring up?

"The seed of them all is in the monotony of marriage," is the reply of an old physician.

How can a wife combat monotony in marriage? I appeal to McCall readers for an answer.

*Winona Wilcox*





The rug on the floor is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 510—a very popular tan design. In the 9 x 9 foot size the price is only \$12.15

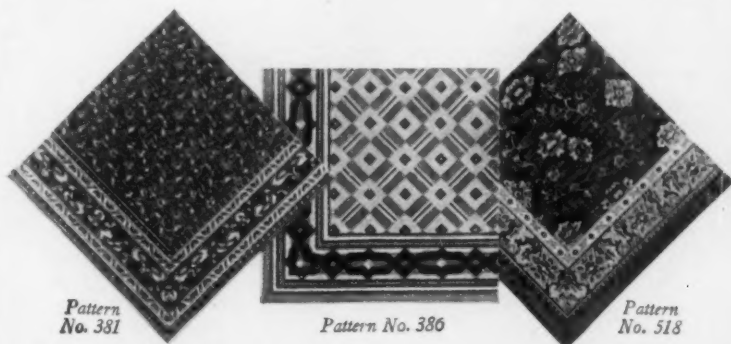
### Don't Fail to Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

Stores which sell genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs usually display a big brother to this Gold Seal in their windows and in their floor covering departments. Be sure to look for it.

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### Rugs that Mothers Appreciate—

"With Congoleum Rugs throughout my house I have much more time to give to my baby. You've no idea of the time and labor these artistic rugs save."

Housewives whose floors are covered with *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs are freed from the woven-rug drudgery of tiresome hours of cleaning. For Congoleum Rugs are wonderful time-savers. A light going-over with a damp mop leaves their bright and lovely colors spotless and sanitary.

Another advantage is that they hug the floor without any kind of fastening—never turn up or ruffle at the edges or corners to trip unwary feet.

The patterns are the most artistic you can possibly imagine, ranging from neat tile and wood-block designs suitable for the kitchen and bathroom to more fanciful and elaborate motifs that will add a cheerful touch of color to bedrooms, dining-room or living room.

Last but not least, the prices are *amazingly* low.

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6 x 9 feet	\$ 8.10	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3 feet	\$ .50
7½ x 9 feet	10.10		3 x 3 feet	1.00
9 x 9 feet	12.15		3 x 4½ feet	1.50
9 x 10½ feet	14.15		3 x 6 feet	2.00
9 x 12 feet	16.20			

Owing to freight rates prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

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**CONGOLEUM**  
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By WALTER BIGGS

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THAT mysterious charm which is only found in the skin of a beautiful woman—you, too, can possess it!

You, too, can have a soft, clear, radiant complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This is your opportunity!

If your skin has been unsatisfactory in the past—too dry or too oily—pale, sallow, or subject to little defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, etc.—begin now to overcome this condition. Find the treatment suited to the special needs of your skin in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Begin using this treatment tonight.

In a week or ten days you will be surprised to find how much your skin has improved.

To keep your skin smooth and clear, use Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly in your daily toilet. The

same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

### *A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations*

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
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